

# PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER

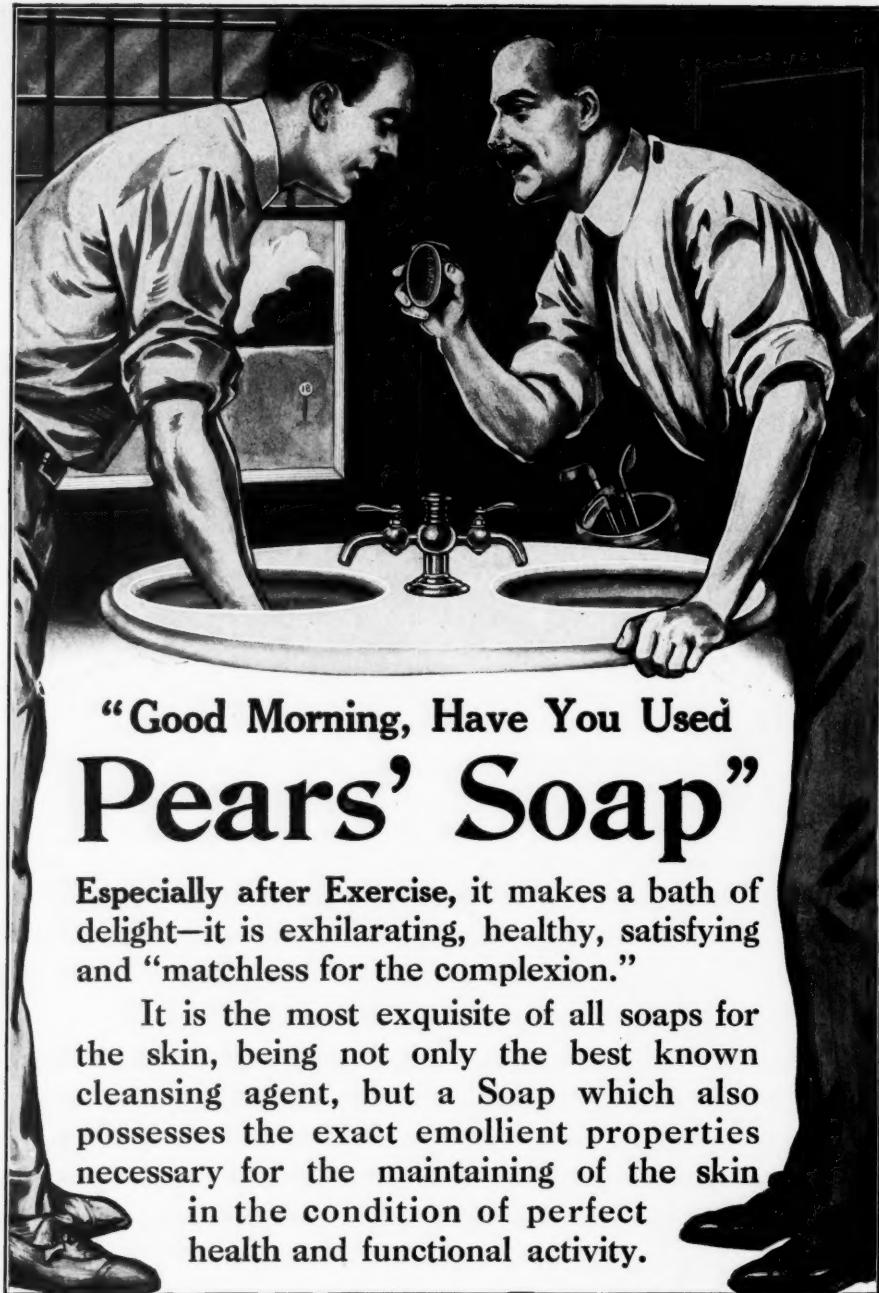


VOL.VII  
Nº2

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NOVEMBER, 1909

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Reign  
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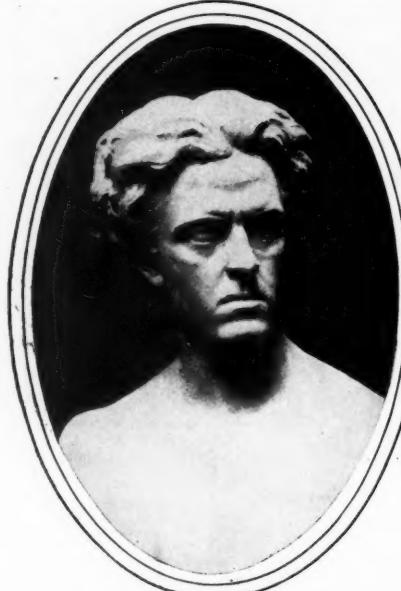
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# PUTNAM'S FOR DECEMBER

## The River and I

UNDER this rather unusual title, John G. Neihardt, the Nebraska poet, begins the story of his descent of the Missouri in quest of exercise, adventure, and impressions. That he got all he bargained for, and perhaps a little more, is not to be

wondered at. One can not make a four-thousand-mile trip of this character without finding plenty for his hands to do and eyes to see—though some of the most momentous happenings of Mr. Neihardt's journey occurred in the darkest hours of the night. Being a poet, as well as a man of action, the adventurer had an experience which his temperament and tastes qualified him to enjoy to the full—and his recital makes as thrilling a narrative as one is apt to find in the pages of a magazine. The subject obviously lends itself to illustration, and the opportunities for illustrating it have not been neglected.



*John G. Neihardt*

THIS is what a Pennsylvania parson did. A preacher of German descent who tired of the towns and yearned, as so many of us do, for a life out-of-doors, is the latest hero of whom Day Allen Willey is the celebrant. Buying a small property ten miles or so from Philadelphia, which barely sustained a horse and a cow, he speedily put it in condition to maintain quite a herd of cattle, by methods which left nothing to chance and as little to the weather as possible. From less than fifteen acres of cultivable land he managed to secure a net income of something like \$3000 a year. One reason why he gave up the farm (at a much better price than he had paid for it) was the inconvenience occasioned by its great success; for the Department of Agriculture's experts made such a to-do about his achievement in their publications that curious visitors descended upon the farm in shoals and drove the Rev. Josiah Detrich almost distracted.

## Making a Small Farm Pay

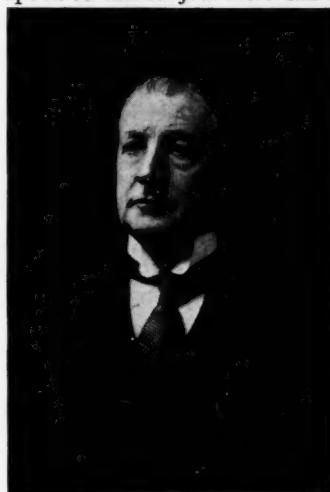
# PUTNAM'S FOR DECEMBER

## What "Conservation" Really Means

PERHAPS the most comprehensive and illuminating article on the subject of Conservation which has yet been written, is contributed by Senator Newlands of Nevada. Of the writer's unusual qualifications to speak on this subject there can be no two opinions. In fact, he is the acknowledged father of the Irrigation Movement which has revolutionized certain parts of the Great West, converting arid and valueless stretches of land into productive and profitable farms and ranches. No one who is interested in the whole subject of our natural resources and their wise utilization and conservation can afford to leave unread this article, with its numerous illustrations.

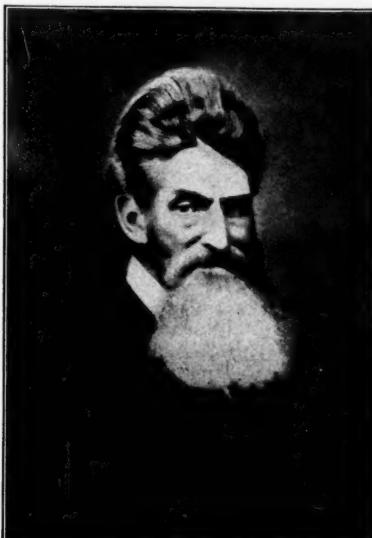
## The Sermon on the Mount

THE question whether the most famous of Christ's sermons contains a practical message for the world to-day is discussed by J. G. Pyle in an essay of unusual timeliness, in these days when Socialism is more rampant than ever; and especially seasonable in the Christmas number of a magazine. The writer argues that socialism as exploited by the founder of Christianity is entirely practicable, and that its practicability has been strikingly exemplified at two periods in the history of Christendom. In fact,



*Senator Newlands*

Mr. Pyle paradoxically maintains it failed only because of its enormous success. How this paradox befall it is worth while to read the article to learn.



*John Brown*

## Brown of Ossawatomie

JOHN BROWN'S soul has been marching on for half a century, and the semicentennial period is taken as the occasion of an interesting paper, outlining this remarkable man's almost epoch-making adventures. Edward Vallandigham, who tells the tale, is a Southerner born, but resident for some years past in the neighborhood of Boston. A nephew of the famous Copperhead, he naturally takes a special interest in events connected with the Civil War; but he has long been sufficiently "reconstructed" to view them with philosophic detachment. John Brown's body may lie in the grave, but the events in which it was the central figure before his execution still make mighty interesting reading.

# PUTNAM'S FOR DECEMBER

## Opportunity and the Man

THIS is a conjunction that does not always occur. Free Rural Delivery and the Mail-Order system of selling goods throughout the country afforded the Opportunity in question; and the man who so notably seized it was a youth to fortune and to fame unknown, but alive and up-to-date in every fibre of his being. The story of his building up, from nothing as it were, a tremendous property and plant, even in the face of the active and powerful hostility of the United States Government, is a tale to hold the most jaded reader. It is safe to say that no one will lay it down unfinished. Walter B. Stevens, who narrates it in graphic terms, does not mention the Man's name, and perhaps few readers of *Putnam's Magazine* would recognize it if he did—which is only another singular fact in connection with an extraordinary career.

*Advice to the Poor - Gratis -  
No. 3.*



*Oh my good woman! - Don't  
bring it near me!! -*

*R. Browning*

*A Caricature by Robert Browning, Sr.*

## Robert Browning's Father

THE poet Browning's father is known to have sacrificed his fortune for a principle, owing to his horror of human slavery; yet he was something more than a mere humanitarian, and now stands revealed, not only as a modest verse-maker, but as a gifted caricaturist. The writer is Francis Herbert Stead, Warden of the Robert Browning Settlement, Walworth, London, who prints a number of clever and humorous drawings, signed by Robert Browning, Senior, recently presented to the Settlement by an old gentleman who knew the poet's father many years ago.

## The Opium Curse

WE have all of us grown up in the belief that the use of opium was a peculiarly Oriental vice—so much so that it has hardly occurred to us to thank heaven for our immunity from the curse. From this pleasant state of more or less blissful ignorance, the reader is apt to be

rather violently aroused by H. C. Weir's presentation of the actual facts in relation to the use of the baleful weed. That nearly a million dwellers in our land are addicted to the smoking of opium, or at least its use in one form or another, is something that the patriotic American will not rejoice to hear. Mr. Weir has so fortified himself, however, that he is unlikely to find any one of his statements successfully challenged.

# PUTNAM'S FOR DECEMBER

## The Sword in the Mountains

UNDER this title Alice MacGowan, author of "Judith of the Cumberlands" and "The Wiving of Lance Cleverage," begins another of her striking stories of the Cumberland Mountains. The present one, which is likely to excel in interest and popularity anything the author has yet written, will have as a background the peculiar conditions that prevailed on the borderland between North and South before and at the time of the Civil War. Always the master of picturesque description, Miss MacGowan has found in this tale and period an opportunity for the portrayal of situations of unusual dramatic value; and her readers need hardly be told that she has made the most and the best of them. Some of the historic incidents which she introduces are unsurpassed in the annals of the great war.



*Alice MacGowan*



*Illustration by John P. Pemberton for "Jerry"*

## The Month's Fiction

BESIDES the beginning of Miss MacGowan's serial, this number of the magazine contains additional chapters of "The Bench of Desolation," by Henry James; "Ten Million a Year," one of Maarten Maartens's delightful Dutch pastels; "Orange Lily," a dramatic story of Italian love and jealousy, by Eden Phillpotts; and "Jerry," a character study of an old darkey, by Ruth Harrison, with illustrations by J. P. Pemberton.

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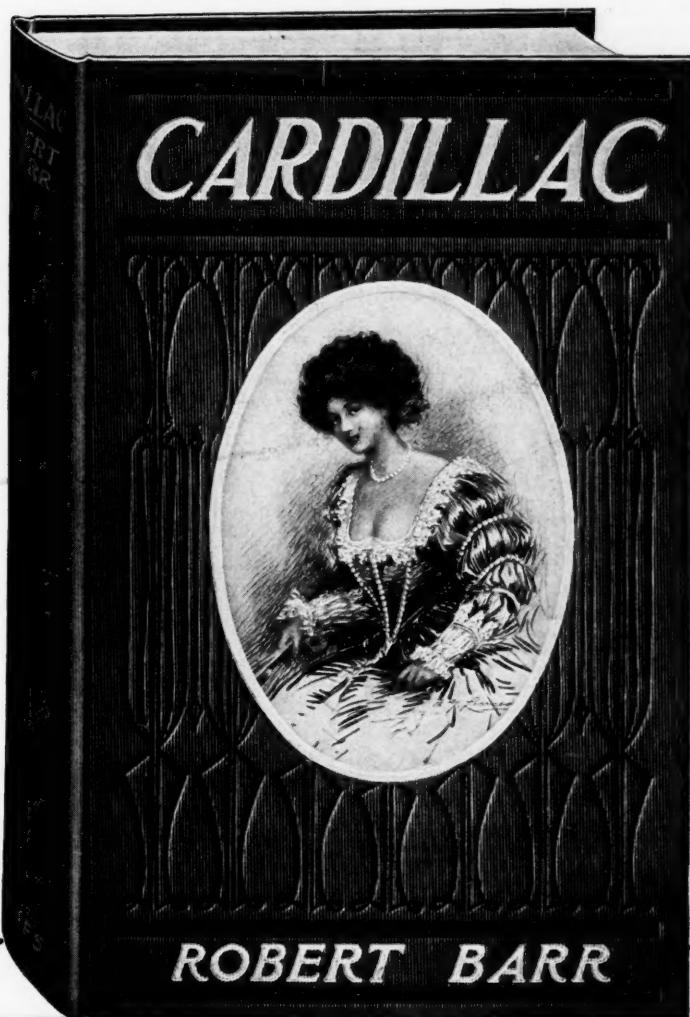


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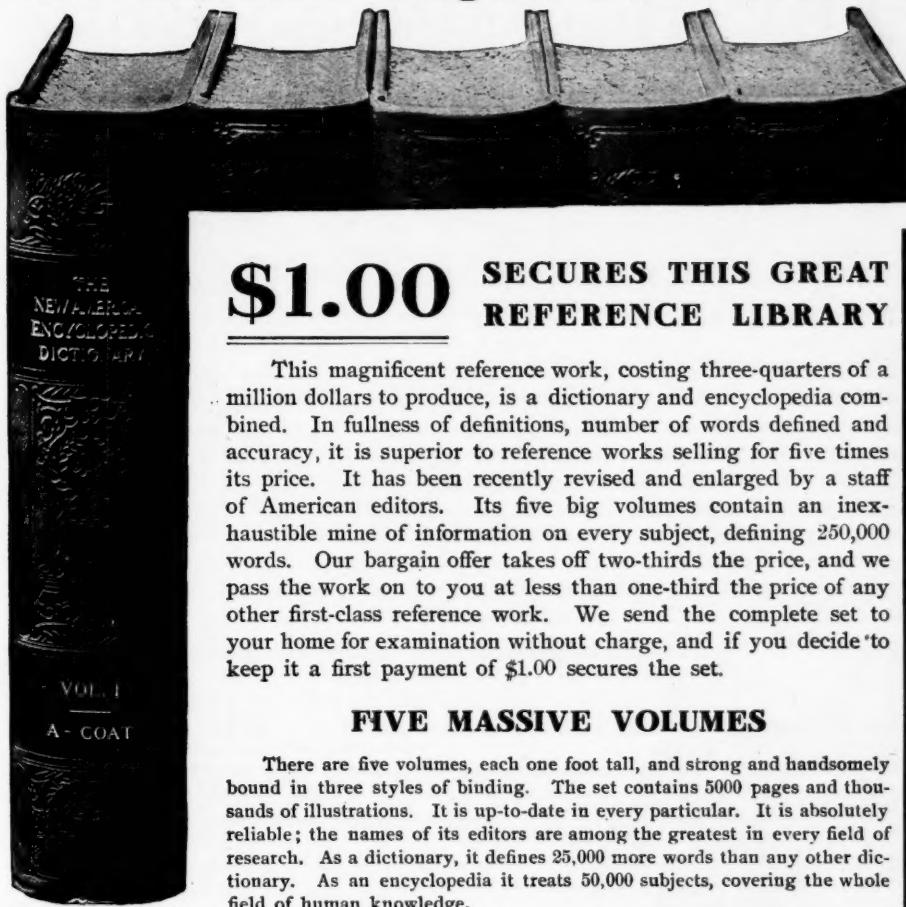
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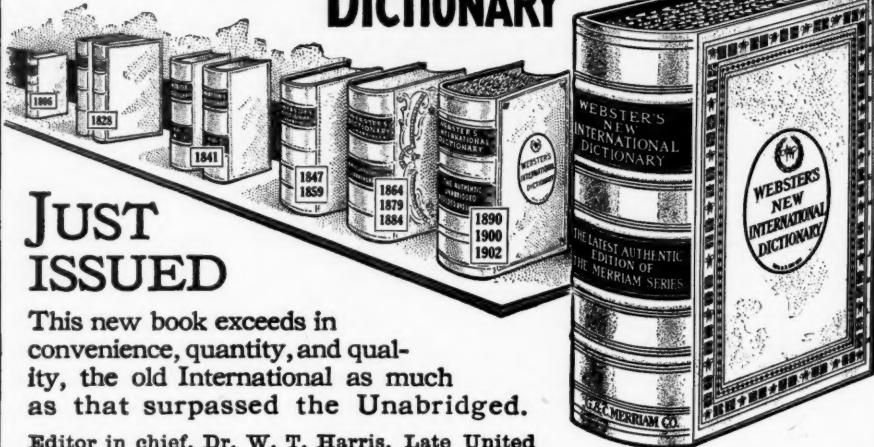
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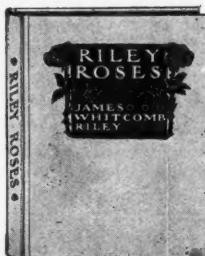
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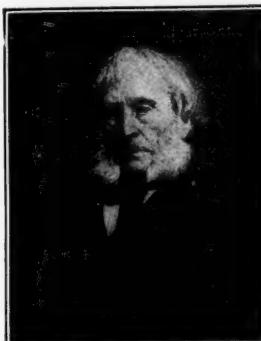
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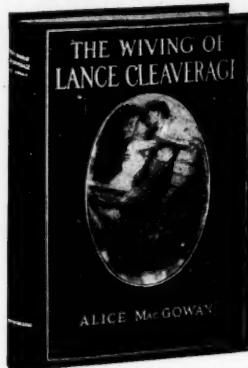
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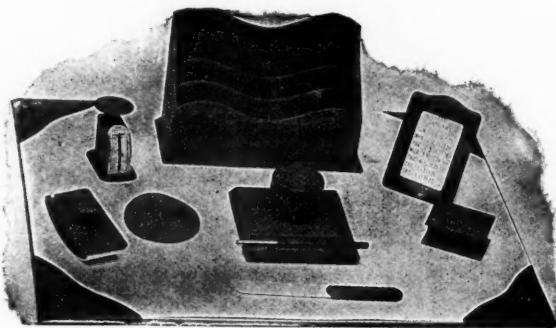
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## NEW BOOKS &amp; THEIR AUTHORS

The Putnams have just published a new novel by Myrtle Reed, an author with a large audience always eager to give an enthusiastic reception to whatever comes from her pen. The new novel, the title of which is *Old Rose and Silver*, is written in that elusive, inimitable vein that has made the author so deservedly popular. It is a story that is sustaining, wholesome, and far-reaching in its human appeal, full of delicate touches of fancy and bits of humor, of dainty chiselling and mellow charm. Daintily bound, the volume will commend itself by its form as well as by its contents.



Mr. Guy Thorne's new novel, *The Socialist*, which the Putnams have just published, is a dramatic portrayal of the social unrest and the clash of class on class. The author furrows deep into society and uncards the unsuspected suffering there hidden. The narrative is varied, brilliant, and throughout propelling, with a dramatic fire that stirs one's blood and a pathos that grips one's throat. The Bishop of London preached a sermon upon Mr. Thorne's previous novel, *When it Was Dark*. One wonders whether the present novel with its even wider human appeal will not receive as illustrious a sponsorship.



Mr. Francis A. MacNutt, whose *Las Casas* and *Letters of Cortes* have made him a recognized authority in his field, has made a further contribution to the literature of early Spanish conquest in America by his *Fernando Cortes*, which the Putnams have just published. Mr. MacNutt has turned the flashlight on that dark period of conquest which is at once the glory and the shame of Spain. Cortes has been so generally described as a cruel swashbuckler that Mr. MacNutt's presentation of his better qualities challenges attention.



The remains of Oscar Wilde, which were buried at Badnaux in 1900, were transferred on July 20th to the Père Lachaise Cemetery,

where Robert Ross, the dead writer's literary executor, had secured a plot. Thus have come, we trust, to their permanent abiding place, the remains of that unfortunate man, the dismal ending of whose brilliant career is set forth with such soul-searching analysis in *De Profundis*. Mr. Ross, whose interest in Wilde extends to his works as well, has included in a forthcoming edition of *De Profundis* a large amount of material not contained in previous editions of the book. This new material is made up in part of the letters written from Reading Gaol, which illustrate Wilde's varying moods in prison. It includes also the two remarkable contributions to the *Daily Chronicle* on the subject of prison life. The Putnams have just published this enlarged edition of *De Profundis*.



To that large circle of readers to whom James Allen's *As a Man Thinketh* has given a helpful, constructive philosophy of life, the announcement that the Putnams are about to publish another volume by the same author will be a welcome bit of news. The new volume, the title of which is *The Mastery of Destiny*, while fundamentally adhering to the line of thought that the author has made his special study, contains much that is entirely new in Mr. Allen's work.



*Madame, Mother of the Regent*, by Arvede Barine, which the Putnams have just published, is a graphic account of that droll figure the Duchesse d'Orleans, sister-in-law of Louis XIV. A somewhat obscure and rather impecunious German princess, she was thrust, by one of those odd whims of fate, into the gay court of France. A turbulent person with a horror for all constraint, who swore German fashion and whose head gear was always awry, she was, incongruously enough, mated to the fastidious and emasculated younger brother of Louis XIV., whose feeble mentality expended itself in an interest for personal adornment. The account of her ascendancy over the courtly French King

## PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

through her robust sense of fun and unrestrained frankness, though it reads like fiction, is substantiated by history.



Mrs. Wilfred Ward's new novel, *Great Possessions*—previously announced as *The Bright Fortune*—has just been published by the Putnams. It introduces the reader to the world of fashion with its veneer of gayety and its masked sorrows, its chit-chat and gossip and tragedy. It is a story of poverty stolidly borne and of wealth recklessly



*Mrs. Wilfred Ward*

squandered, a story of an inherited legacy of evil tendencies that rouses one's pity for the possessor of them rather than one's anger. The book might well be described as an English *House of Mirth*.



The Putnams have just published a volume entitled *What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?* by John P. Mahaffy. Under this title have been embraced the Lowell Lectures delivered by the author during 1908-9. Prof. Mahaffy has in this volume presented his conclusions regarding the modern world's heritage from the Greeks.



The Putnams have just published a revised and enlarged edition of Lt.-Col. W. H. Turton's *The Truth of Christianity*. Although the volume contains over 600 pages, there is scarcely a dull one among them. All the

available space is filled with good solid reasoning put in simple language, which an intelligent artisan can follow as easily as a man of education. The author's easy flow of unlabored thought, his facility of expression, and his fine gift of exposition carry the reader on in spite of himself.



Miss Alice MacGowan, author of *Judith of the Cumberlands* and *The Wiving of Lance Cleaverage*, a stirring Tennessee mountain story just published by the Putnams, has very recently purchased a home at Carmel-by-the-Sea, in California.

The house fronts the matchless sweep of

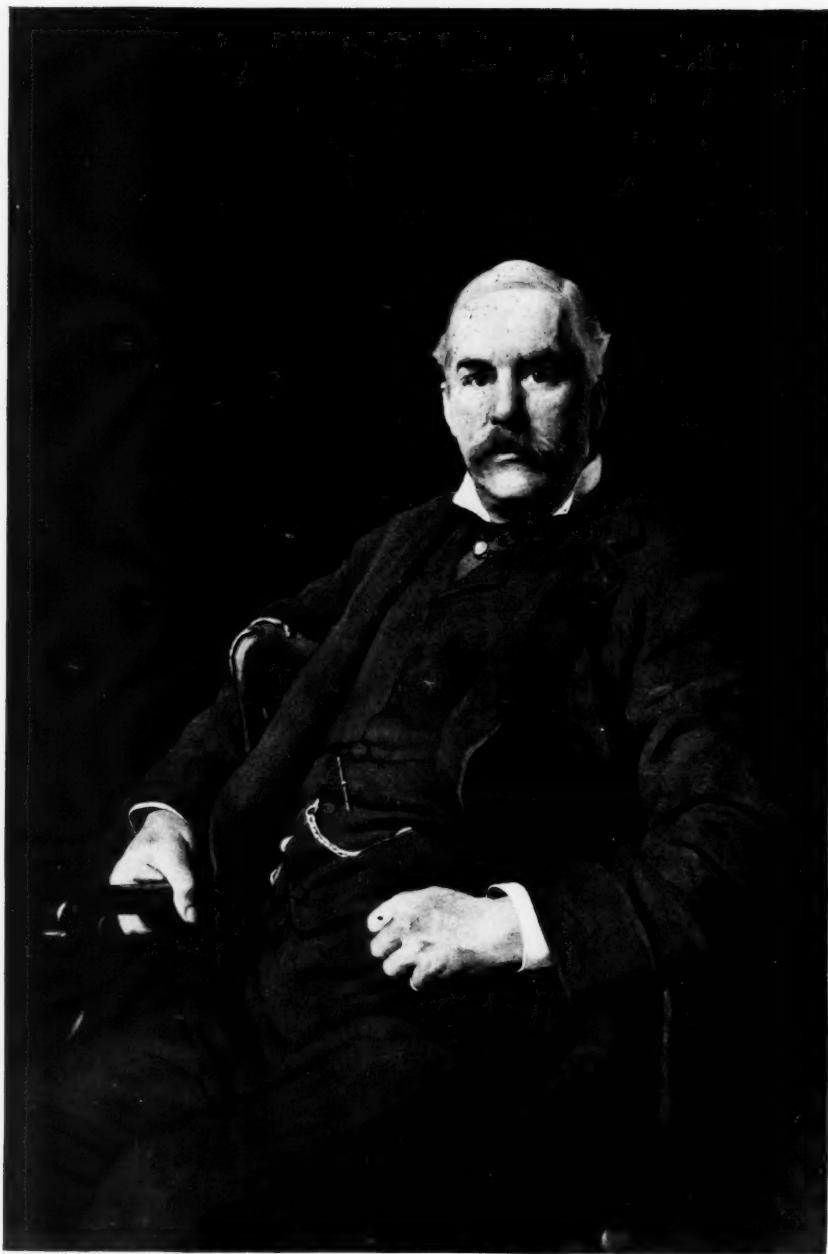


Carmel Bay, from whose blue half-circle, rimmed by crescent sands, Father Junipero Serra named the Mission at this place. A picture of Miss MacGowan, taken on the beach at Carmel, is reproduced herewith.

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From the portrait by Frank Hell

J. PIERPONT MORGAN

# PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VII

NOVEMBER, 1909

NO. 2



## AN AMERICAN MEDICI

J. PIERPONT MORGAN AND HIS VARIOUS COLLECTIONS

By GARDNER TEALL



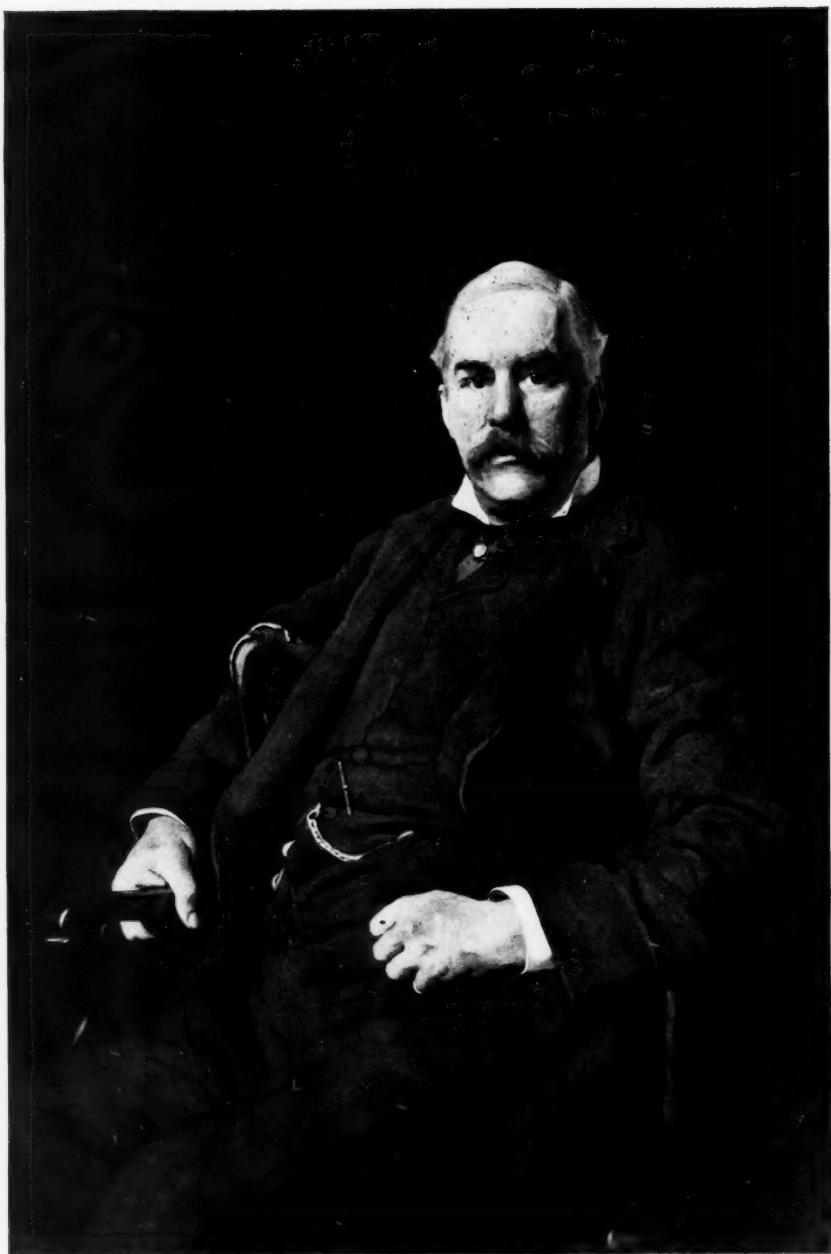
HE collecting of objects of art—paintings, statues, bronzes, ivories, porcelains, enamels, engravings, tapestries, and the like—has, I dare say, seemed, to many people, a simple enough thing if one has enough money behind it all. But it takes more than that—knowledge; furthermore, brains to make that knowledge useful. True, your collector may buy the brains of others, and reap the harvest of their knowledge applied to the acquisition of the world's treasures; and yet all the gold of the Klondike, and all the wealth of the Indies, are resources in themselves insufficient to form a great and enduring collection monumental of the world's best art at all periods.

The man who succeeds in forming such a collection must, himself, know much about the things he gathers together, and even when he associates others with his task (a task which may be his pleasure), one must put to his credit the fact that it takes

brains to detect brains, and knowledge to be sure of the knowledge of others.

The remarkable position held by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan as an art collector and connoisseur cannot be passed over with the mere recollection of his millions. Vagarious statisticians are fond of reporting to their sensation-loving publics that Mr. Morgan's various art treasures represent in value the enormous sum of forty million dollars. I suppose they will supplement their useless labors by telling us, some day, that all these rare things, if placed one upon the other, would reach to the top of Mount Olympus, and back again. Let us hope the gods will not be disturbed by such news, that Ganymede will not be hiding the ambrosial cup, nor Hermes be thrown into a flutter of fear for his golden thyrsus. What Mr. Morgan has done for art, and with art, has been done with the consistency of a constructive purpose, and to an extent that has not been approached from the days of the Medici to our own. It is significant that an Italian writer in

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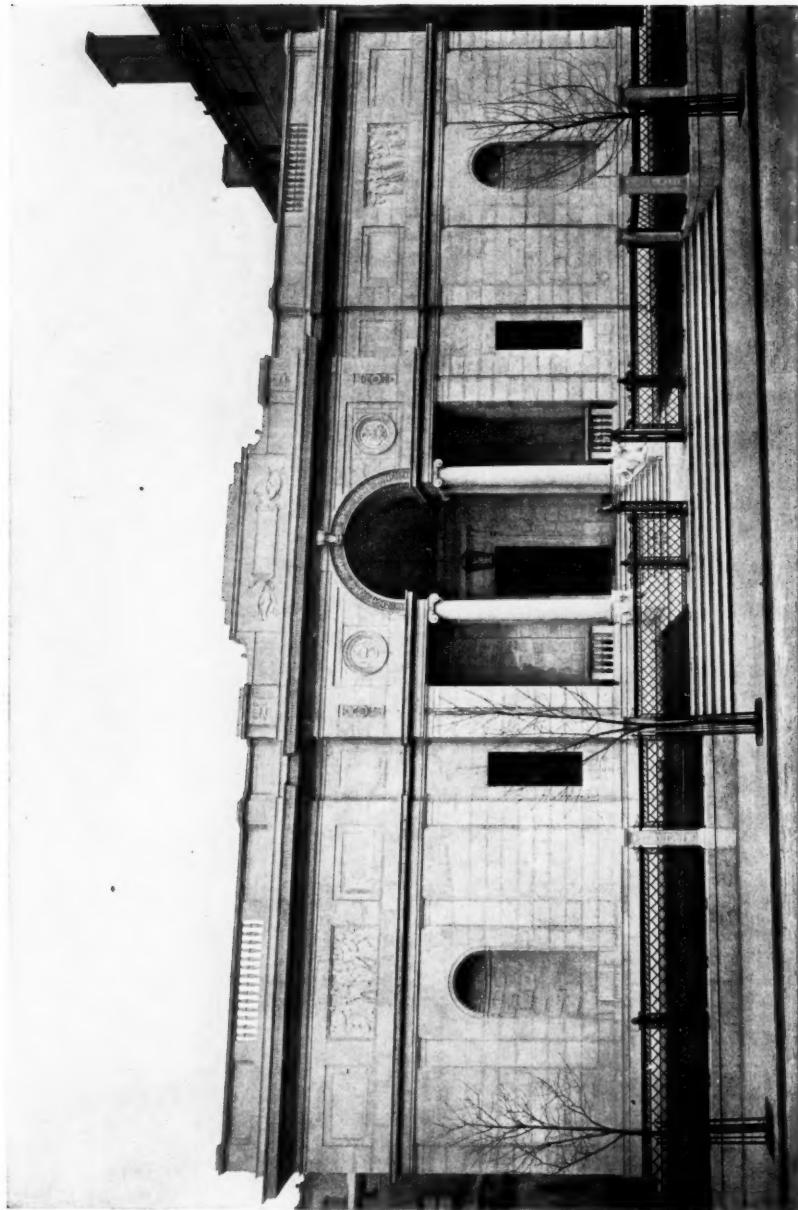


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Designed by McKim, Mead & White

MR. MORGAN'S LIBRARY, 33 EAST 36TH STREET, NEW YORK

The bronze door of this building is attributed to Ghiberti, who spent forty-four years in making the famous doors of the  
Baptistry in Florence (1403-1447)

*La Lettura*, one of the foremost Latin literary journals, should have chosen "The Florentine Morgans of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries" as his title for an article on the art-loving Medici; and that a Russian editor should have referred to Mr. Morgan as "the Medici of America" in turn. The allusion might indeed have been even less localized than that, since, in a dual sense, Mr. Morgan may well be called the Medici of To-day. That both the Medici of the good old days of the Florentine renaissance and Mr. Morgan of New York, in our own young ones, should have been bankers recalls the observation of Stanley Leathes, that art is the foster-child of wealth, but that wealth is not its true parent.

That is quite true. It is not because Mr. Morgan is immensely rich that he has reached an appreciation of art, or a desire to surround himself with art's most wonderful creations; nor did all the gold ducats stamped with the Lily of the Arno open the soul of Lorenzo to art's delights. A Medici or a Morgan must be born with a true capacity for that love of art which is the only foundation for a growing understanding of it—an understanding which alone enables one to become a great collector, in the right sense of the phrase, or a connoisseur, or both. Mr. Morgan is both. To know that he is, will come as a surprise to the many who have seen in his collecting only the catering of a Croesus to the fad of a fancy. Mr. Morgan always has been a sincere lover and student of art and of literature. His enthusiasm for such things was just as great at Göttingen, in the days of his German university life, as it is to-day, in the midst of the world's worries. There he felt, as Goethe in the century before him had felt, a strong attraction for those things to which Winckelmann had given his very life. He learned, too, what Robert Louis Stevenson was fond of repeating, that he who has learned to love an art, or a science, has wisely laid up riches against the day of riches.

In his attitude towards public art Mr. Morgan has always shown his complete confidence in the progress of public taste, and what he has done for art publicly has always been less in the nature of a philanthropy than in the sense of a desire to see art housed in the hearts and souls of the people, realizing the joys its sunshine brings into life's dark corners, and most of all its practical utility as a leaven in life's problems. Then, too, Mr. Morgan has been a champion of good art, that phrase which used to anger Whistler and drive him to the frenzy of explaining that art either is or is not, and that when it is, it's art—good; and when it is n't good—bad, and no art at all. But Stevenson, again, is more patient, and has told us that life is hard enough for poor mortals, without having it indefinitely embittered for them by bad art. So in this sense, after all, there is no use in apologizing for the distinction.

Of course, art never really intended to be collected, galleried, or isolated. Some of its producers may have dreamed, even now do dream, of the fame that comes of being found in goodly company, as though a saint in his cell were not his own best reward! And then there are those others who, with consummate skill, have turned ability into a shaft, threading it to the bow of fortune, anxiously alert, after the twang, for any striking of the bull's-eye of a final labelled resting-place in the target of some museum or private collection. That is not to say that art has no business in such places—no business to create them; only in the time of its creation it was never its inspired intention, however blind and cajoled the centuries have been about the matter, merely to cause things to be collected to satisfy scholarly curiosity, or to satiate æsthetic cravings. True, that if what yesterday's brush, chisel, graver, loom or wheel may have produced, intelligently and purposefully, may not happen to serve to-day's need at all, no one would sanction burning, for its

lime, a statue by Praxiteles, because Olympia has bowed under Time's burden of years, or because the plains of Hellas lend asphodels to deck the tomb of Greek culture. Nor is Giotto's handiwork consigned to oblivion by any century, because the walls of its old convent home crumble to dust.

Tangible memories of a glorious past are always an inspiration for a glorious future, their material form symbolizing the spirit that conceived them, and by far too precious to be thrust out of any civilization's consideration, if only for this alone. Therefore we are always eager to rescue any good work of art from its vicissitudes, and to give it shelter in public or private collections.

Art's manifestations may be bought and sold, but the spirit of it never can be. Thus, when it is the fashion to say that in this or in that object of *virtu* the collector has obtained something that, resold, will again fetch a higher price, it is well to reflect that only his immediate necessities compel the true collector and connoisseur to part with the things that he has loved, that is—to let them go out of his life and beyond it. Then when he has to do that it is his greatest consolation to know that they have not fallen into the hands of the unappreciative. The world is too sceptical of its Cousin Pонses.

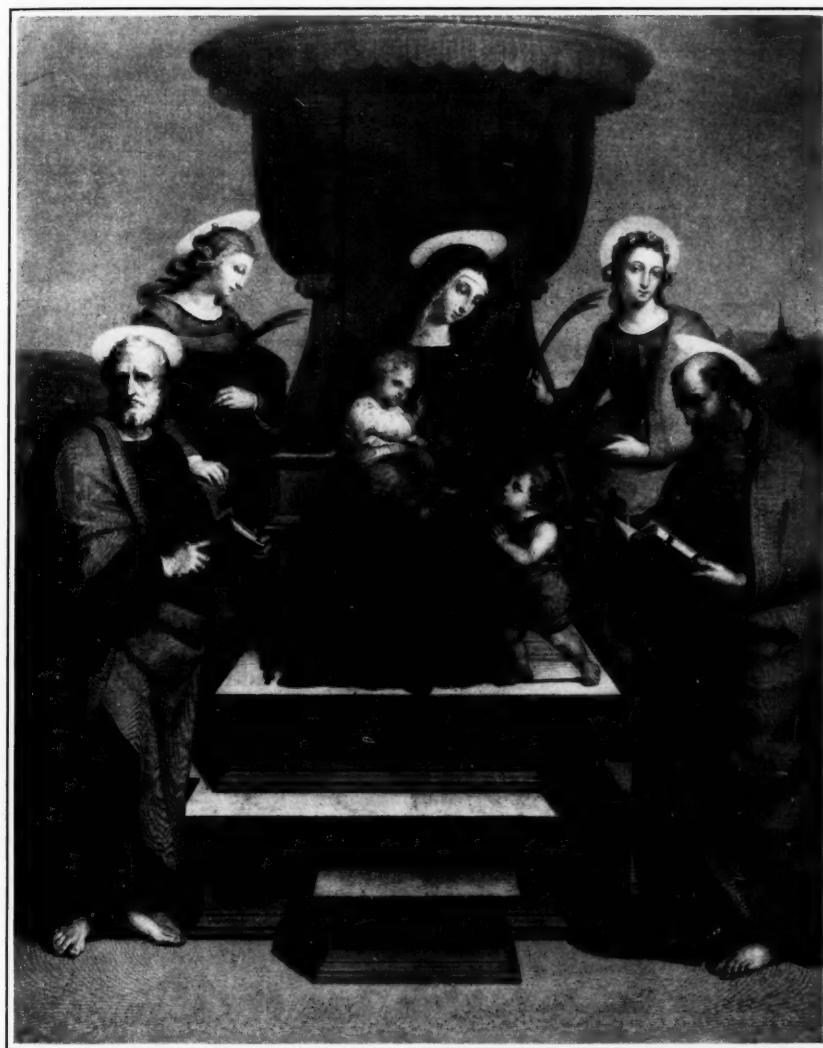
I have heard some great European collectors declare that, although an unkind fortune compelled the dispersal of their *objets d'art*, it was a satisfaction to feel when Mr. Morgan acquired them, that they were going into the hands of a generously enthusiastic collector, even though they may have felt deeply a regret that an American, and not one of their own countrymen, was taking them away. In a sense this, in itself, was a commentary on Mr. Morgan's personal interest in the things he collects, whether it be the weather-vane of the Sainte-Chapelle in Paris, which now adorns a Gothic pedestal in the little rotunda-hall of his London house, No. 13, Princes Gate, or Benvenuto Cellini's bronze bust of the Marquis of

Pescara, which adorns a Renaissance marble pedestal in his library in New York.

Perhaps no collector of modern times has had such varied art interests as Mr. Morgan. Not only are the objects he has collected interesting and representative, but they are masterpieces as well, coveted by the world's museums. That seems to have been the key-note of his desire to form a notable collection—to acquire veritable and authentic masterpieces in all branches of the fine and industrial arts. Many of these things he has presented, or has lent, to great museums and public institutions; others are housed in his American and English houses; and still others are stored abroad. It would take a building the size of the Metropolitan Museum to hold them all, properly displayed.

This reminds one that although Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke has explained that the Metropolitan Museum is a bonded warehouse, and that objects of art brought from abroad may be stored there and exhibited, without incurring the present duties imposed by the United States tariff laws, it should be remembered that this lent little encouragement to the plea for free entry of works of art—a measure Mr. Morgan supported most loyally. As it is, the museums of America are overcrowded, and, even if private owners of art collections desired to bring over the treasures they have acquired abroad, the American museums would not begin to hold them. It would have been the height of extravagance for a collector to pay the recent exorbitant duty in every instance; consequently many Americans as a matter of principle did as Mr. Morgan felt he should do in the circumstances—house part of their great collections in Europe until the ridiculous duty, in effect a tax, was removed by Congress.

As all great private art collections are, sooner or later, accessible to the public, art is not, as the ignorant often declare it to be, a thing for the



From the painting by Raphael

VIRGIN AND CHILD, ENTHRONED, WITH SAINTS

This great painting was in the National Gallery, London, when Mr. Morgan bought it eight or ten years ago, and has hung there ever since

rich. It is only that the rich so often make it a thing possible for the less fortunate in worldly possessions. Therefore to keep a work of art out of the country is to keep an uplifting influence out of a community. John

Ruskin, however we may be neglecting him, had something sensible to say on the subject, condemning those who seem to think the public better off with colored tracts of the story of Potiphar's wife, than ever they had

been with Luini paintings on their church walls, or Donatello carvings on the pillars of their market-places. Certainly the well-directed skill of ancient and of modern times must mean something to our people beyond merely filling their idle hours with drifting entertainment.

As President of the Metropolitan Museum, Mr. Morgan has been untiring in his efforts to encourage the exhibition of those arts that would build up within the people the foundation of a desire to create beautiful things themselves, and also beautifully useful things, as well as to recognize what was worth while in the artistic records of the ages. Thus he has drawn from his private collections many superb examples, things which he has felt had too great an immediate message to be hidden from those who yearned for light upon these subjects, or from those who should yearn for light upon them, and would, were the way once pointed out. South Kensington Museum in London is

particularly fortunate in obtaining the loan of a vast number of those art treasures which the tax on art has kept Mr. Morgan's loyalty to a cause from bringing to America. Although, perhaps, he would like nothing better than to see these wonderful things safe in New York, he, as well as any other discriminating citizen who recalls the causes leading to the Boston Tea-party, would consider it a public folly to pay six hundred thousand dollars, let us say, for the sixty percent *ad valorem* privilege of bringing into the country even a single million dollars' worth of what, in one sense, and in a very definite one as art now stands here, could well be considered philanthropy.

In the South Kensington museum one finds a bewilderingly extensive collection of art objects bearing the information on each label that it has been "Loaned by J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq." There one finds Greek and Roman antiquities, enamels from the hand of Limousin, Courteys, the famous "Adam and Eve Cup," rare ivories such as the fourteenth-century French coffret known to connoisseurs as that of "La Chastelaine de Vergi"; a little bronze Mercury, attributed to none other than Gian da Bologna himself; priceless bits of St Porchare faience, indelibly associated with the memory of Henry II and of Diane de Poitiers; Chinese bowls of the Wan-li period—perhaps the very



IVORY SALT-CELLAR, MOUNTED IN SILVER GILT.  
GERMANY, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

one Queen Elizabeth presented to Lord Burghley; and the exquisite little Græco-Roman bronze "Eros," once shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club — an object recalling the most perfect works of the Lysippian school. Then there are the beautiful tapestries, which one longs to see some day in America; a carved medallic panel attributed to Albrecht Dürer; countless ecclesiastical objects, jewelled reliquaries and the like; incomparable specimens of the majolica of Urbino, Gubbio, Deruta, Pesaro, Faenza, Venice; and again fine examples of Caffaggiolo, such as the "Lion of St. Mark" *bacile*, formerly in the Mannheim collection. It is not strange, then, that the British Government and the authorities of the South Kensington should cherish within their hearts the hope that these things will remain in England, perhaps forever, and that the indifference of the United States towards exempting works of art from the excessive duty now imposed should be



LE TRIOMPHE DE L'AMOUR

By Jean Honoré Fragonard

observed abroad with satisfaction.

Over in the National Gallery one finds another art loan of Mr. Morgan's—this time a great Raphael, "Virgin and Child, Enthroned, with Saints"; reminding one that Mr. Morgan has brought together in his private collection a great number of the masterpieces of painting, his collection including at least three Lawrences, three Reynoldses, four Romneys, Turners, Raeburns, Constables, some splendid Gainsboroughs (including the famous "Duchess of Devonshire"), Hoppers, and other masters of the English school. Then, among the many others, one finds Rembrandt's "Nicholas Ruts," Van Dyck's "Earl of Warwick," the "Anne of Austria" and "The Cardinal Infant Ferdinand" by Rubens, Clouet's "Lady Jane Grey," the noted Trevor landscape by Hobbema, "The Water-Mill," and another Hobbema, the Holford landscape—two of the most beautiful canvases painted by this master. Velasquez is represented by his portrait of "The Infanta Maria Teresa"; and the ten famous Fragonards of the "Roman d'Amour de la Jeunesse," now reset in the London house at Prince's Gate, are known the world over to all art-lovers.\* The room they adorn holds what is, perhaps, the most complete collection of eighteenth-century patch-boxes existing.

In the Prince's Gate house also is exhibited the collection of miniatures in which all the masters of note are represented. In itself, this collection is without a peer. Then from France Mr. Morgan obtained, in its entirety, M. Julien Greau's collection of antique glass, second only to the Charvet collection in the Metropolitan Museum, to which, with its five thousand examples, it would prove a perfect adjunct, and form an auxiliary of inestimable value to the student.

In the field of early antiquities Mr. Morgan has made it possible for American scholars to study, in their own country for the first time,

important Assyrian, Babylonian and Chaldean inscriptions and records at first hand. Two of the collections he has acquired were formerly the property of the Sheik Abu Habba and of the Reverend Father V. Scheil, S. J., professor of Assyriology at the Ecole Pratique des Hautes-Etudes, at the Sorbonne, Paris. As these include some seventy-three hundred lines of text, some dating as early as B.C. 4000, their importance in the field of research, when finally they shall have been deciphered, will be immense. In his preface to one of the catalogues which Mr. Morgan has had privately printed William Hayes Ward says of these inscriptions: "It is the chief object, as I understand it, of Mr. Morgan in bringing to this country the written and figured monuments of the early East, such as tablets, seal cylinders, bas-reliefs, or statues, to put within the reach of American scholars the material necessary for adding to the knowledge of the world." This seems also to be the key-note of Mr. Morgan's whole policy of collecting, whether it be in making a collection of precious gems, such as that which he gave to the American Museum of Natural History in New York, or in making the collection of Chinese porcelains shown in the Metropolitan Museum through his courtesy. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to think of any branch of the fine and industrial arts into which Mr. Morgan has not delved—not merely for a scattered object here and there, a precious bit to please the fancy, but with the purpose, which seems always to have been successful, of creating in each department of the arts a representative collection of distinct value in the history and study of the progress of art.

As a bibliophile our Medici of to-day is a veritable dream of Dibdin come true. The task of a book-worm would be, not so much to discover what Mr. Morgan's library possesses, as to discover what it does not possess, so rich is it in the literary treasures of all time—the handiwork

\* The fourteen du Barry Fragonards were reproduced in their entirety, for the first time in the CRITIC (now PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE) for November, 1901.

of scribe and printer, illuminator, binder and engraver since literature was cradled by the hand of man. Mr. Morgan has acquired volumes that are not to be found in the British Museum, others that have been the hope, and now are the despair, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and others which have never been known to the Vatican, Laurentian, Martian, or the Ambrosian Library. One need not catalogue them here; the attempt to do so would be hopeless indeed. What concerns us, and what is of importance to the American public, is a realization of the great service to America Mr. Morgan has done in bringing within its boundaries these fingerprints of culture; for neither are they here, nor are others to follow them, merely for the satisfaction of a whim. Instead, they index a loyal and noble purpose of bringing to his fellow-Americans an educational influence which Mr. Morgan realized long ago time and the seas had kept from them.

Such libraries as those of the Earl of Ashburnham, William Morris, Richard Bennett and James Toovey—which last Mr. Morgan purchased some years ago in its entirety—have yielded some of their greatest treasures to the persuasion of our Mecænas, who has had them transported to the shelter of his own. Here we find the Ashburnham Gospels, that Golden Book of Lindau which is an unique example of the mediæval binder's craft. Through what vicissitudes has it not passed! Now and then it has been victim to the greed

or necessity of some person into whose hands it has fallen, yet it still remains richly encrusted with hundreds of precious gems, many in their original settings. After all, it is monumental of that instinctive reverence for things of holy association which has permitted it to come down to this day,



PORTRAIT OF A LADY, IN LIMOGES ENAMEL, BY  
LEONARD LIMOUSIN

First half of sixteenth century

so nearly intact as it is. When this volume left England's shores, she lost one of the greatest bibliophilic treasures of all time.

The great Mainz Psalter of 1459, printed by Fust and Schoeffer, after resting with Quaritch some twenty years, has passed into Mr. Morgan's hands. In 1884 it was purchased from Sir John Thorold for £4950—the highest price up to that time ever paid at auction for a printed book. The large initial letters en-



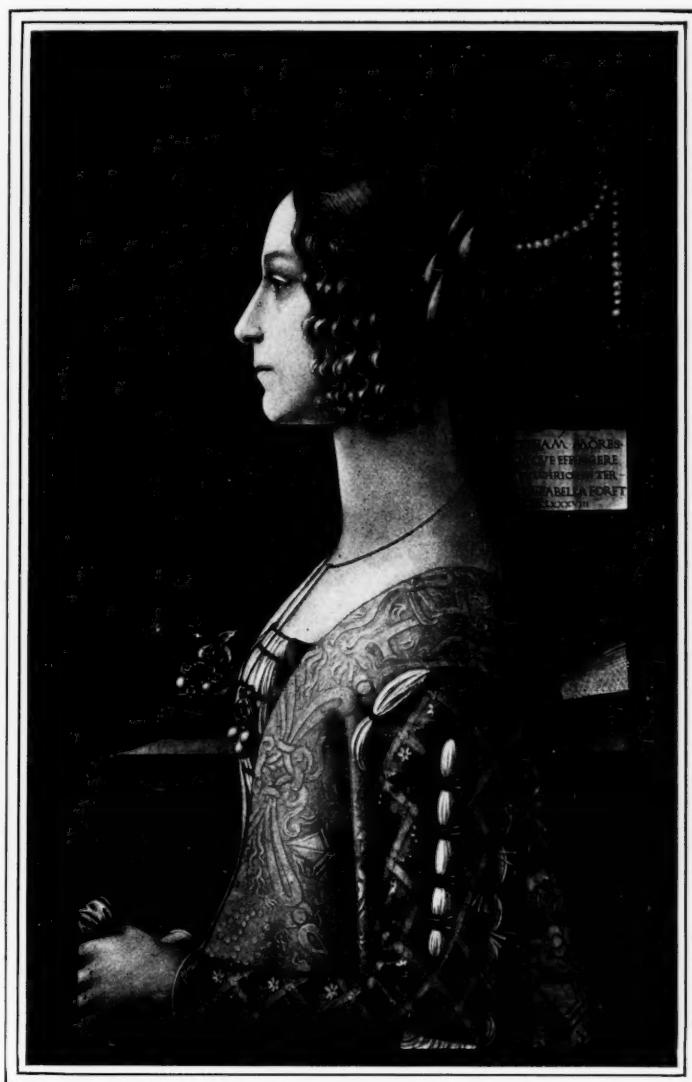
From the painting by Thomas Gainsborough  
THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

This famous painting was bought by Mr. Morgan's father, but was stolen from England before delivery, and brought to America and hidden for years by the thief, from whom the London dealers afterwards recovered it, and sold it to the present owners

graved on wood and printed in blue and red ink have never been surpassed by specimens of this sort of ornament, produced by the united efforts of wood-engraver and printer. And where will you find a more beautiful book than the "Naples Offices," Clovio's nine years' task for the Cardinal Alessandro Farnese?—a work more exquisite, if anything, than even the far-famed Grimani Breviary.

There are books that have been

owned by emperors and empresses, by kings and queens, by princes and princesses, happy and unhappy—a vast number of them. Then there is the incomparable collection of Aldines, shelf after shelf of them, including the famous "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," which Aldus Manutius printed in Italian at Venice, in 1499. Of this "dream of Pholophilus," the great bibliophile Dibdin wrote: "Everything in it conspires to charm the taste-



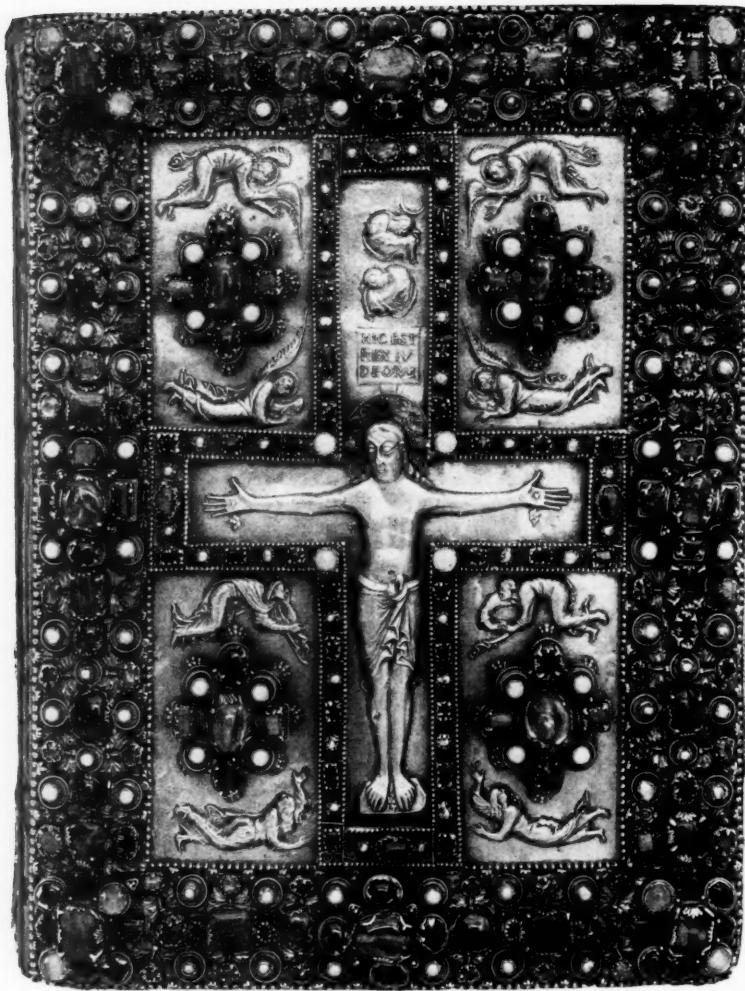
From the painting by Ghirlandaio

GIOVANNA DEGLI ALBIZZI

Once in the Palazzo Pandolfini, Florence; now in the possession of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. (This portrait is the frontispiece of Gerald S. Davies's "Ghirlandaio")

ful collector—ornamental capital initials, arabesque ornaments, classical compositions of figures, designed and

cut in wood with equal elegance and felicity, a fine round Roman letter, worked in the best manner of a



Courtesy of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*

COVER OF THE ASHBURNHAM GOSPELS

The jewelled ornamentation of this work makes it one of the most precious books in existence

beautiful tint and fine substance, to delight the eye and gratify the judgment." One of the most interesting and romantic things about the book was the discovery by an erudite Italian book-lover, as early as 1512, that the initial letters to the thirty-eight chapters of the text formed in

sequence the line in Latin,  
POLIAM FRATER FRANCESCI  
COLUMNA PERAMAVIT

"Brother Francesco Colonna greatly loved Polia"—an acrostic that serves as a confession on the author's part that he loved the Polia of his story. Other scholars have discovered that

the mysterious Polia was a niece of the Bishop of Treviso, who died young, after taking the veil, leaving Fra Francesco to mourn her death, and to perpetuate the memory of his adoration in this manner.

Mr. Morgan's Caxtons number at least eight and fifty examples with the comparatively recent acquisition of the fifteen from Lord Amherst's collection. Among these was that corner-stone of all Caxtons, "The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," printed by Caxton in 1473 by order of the "hye myghty and Vertuouse Prynnesse, hys redoubtyd lady Margarete, by the grace of God, Duchesse of Bourgoyn." Then one finds in Mr. Morgan's collection a copy of "The Dicte Of The Philosophers," printed at Westminster by Caxton in 1477. This is the earliest book printed in England bearing its own evidence as to place and date.

As to the manuscripts, what Aladdin of the book world ever before dreamed he could rub the Lamp of Learning and, by a wish come true, find himself possessed of the original manuscripts of Milton's "Paradise Lost,"

Keats's "Endymion," Byron's "Don Juan," Pope's "Essay on Man," Burns's "Tam O'Shanter" and "Cotter's Saturday Night," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and Dickens's "Christmas Carol"? But one simply must stop to get breath! The number of these precious manuscripts is astonishing. Even Du Maurier's "Trilby," with original drawings, is here; as though Mr. Morgan were determined that the manuscript of every book linked with the traditions of recent English literature should find a welcome under his literary roof-tree.

What one may paraphrase from Pierre de Nolhac's estimate of Francesco Petrarch (to whom old Galeazzo Visconti referred as the Mecænas) might well be applied, I think, to our own Mecænas—that the treasures he gathered were considered by the master as a trust of which he owed an account to the students of his age; and never has there been one more generous with his riches, or more thoroughly convinced of the rights of the student in his collections.



Courtesy of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*

ASHBURNHAM GOSPELS (END VIEW)



*Gina Lombroso Ferrero*

Photograph by Hollinger

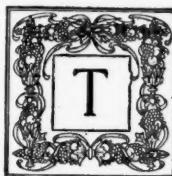
GINA LOMBROSO FERRERO

(Signora Ferrero is the daughter of Professor Lombroso, the eminent Italian criminologist, and the wife of Guglielmo Ferrero, the historian, who visited America last winter as a Lowell lecturer and the guest of President Roosevelt)

# WOMAN IN AMERICA

## THE ASPIRATIONS OF WOMAN AND THE ASPIRATIONS OF THE RACE

By GINA LOMBROSO FERRERO



HERE is no doubt that the most interesting thing to the European who lands on the Northern shores of the New World is the American woman—that happy, victorious heroine of modern feminism, who has discovered how to extract from the new condition of woman all the advantages, with almost none of the inconveniences,—that being who has known how to assume masculinity in all that regards independence and liberty of action, and remain feminine in grace, charm and altruism,—that American beauty, that American genius whose wonders are seen and felt in all the American and European reviews, whose writers declare her to be engaged almost entirely in severe study, in masculine work, sport and similar occupations.

Europe, moreover, is right. The American woman is not only one of the most interesting phenomena of North America, but is also the phenomenon of the New World that might have the greatest and gravest effect on the Old, shaking on their foundations the essential principles of our female instruction and training, overthrowing the society of the old continent, or continents, which rest, to a greater extent than is realized, on the antique functions of woman in the family and in society.

In every region of the Old World, in burning Egypt as in frozen Russia,

in industrious China as in mystic India, in civilized Europe as among African barbarians, woman was and is almost uniformly considered solely from the point of view of her maternity, as a being not destined to live in and for herself, to have happiness and personal ambition, but as a creature designed to give to the family, to the city and to the country, children who will carry on the traditions of the family, the city and the country in which their fathers were born. To obtain this result, diverse peoples have had recourse to different methods—to moral coercion, as in Europe, refusing woman by law also any possibility of participation in external life; shutting her up in a harem, as the Mohammedans do; or binding her feet, like the Chinese. These means have all the same end—to keep woman within the walls of the house and leave no way open, no door to life but that of maternity. Naturally these measures are hardest on the children—those fragile beings who face life with all the enthusiasm, the ardor to enjoy, that children possess, and that makes them rebel the more easily.

Until fifty years ago, in Europe unmarried women not only did not count socially, but no amusement was permitted them. They could not go to the theatre, still less to balls; could not dress in handsome stuffs, nor wear jewels; they might not, one can hardly say flirt, but even see a man at close range, or show artistic or literary intelligence by writing or

painting over their own names. And if to-day tradition has broken down, and in every European country unmarried women have begun to go out alone by day, to frequent the superior schools and universities, to criticise or even to paint pictures and publish books, to go to the opera and to the seashore with young people, all this is done timidly and almost experimentally, I may say. Even yet they cannot go *décolletée*, nor wear diamonds or costly clothes, so that dressmakers, to break this tradition, make extraordinary reductions in garments designed for an unmarried instead of a married woman. In the last numbers of the *Revue des deux Mondes* for 1908, there appeared a charming story by René Boylesve, entitled "La Jeune Fille Bien Élevée." It is the story of a young girl of good but poor family living in the provinces. The child has real musical talent, and intellectual aspirations, but one and the other are the dread of her family, since a good education should serve to show the future husband, not the artistic qualities of the damsel, but her humility; to prove that she has no other hopes or desires than those of her future companion; that she is ready to sacrifice all her physical and moral qualities in the interests of her children and her race. I do not wish to conclude from this that, in the society described, the upbringing of woman was not otherwise cared for. If the intellectual, artistic and philosophic faculties that a girl might possess are—and above all were—neglected in her education, in the greater part of Europe, the lack of practical qualities was compensated by her greater cultivation.

"For art, music and literature," thought men formerly, and think men to-day in the Old World, "we are here—enough of us and to spare. We need women, then, to impart what we do not know. And who is to attend to the thousand details of the house, of the bearing and rearing of children, if not the women? And why study so much, if she must afterwards dedicate herself solely to this?

What advantage can be gained by a union in which the two parts are occupied in the same work?" With this idea, and to avoid creating a class of beings whose aspirations would be in opposition to actual daily life, the doors of the higher education were absolutely closed to women, leaving them almost exclusively the useful arts of the family and the home. The field, moreover, was sufficiently vast, and the women cultivated it passionately, giving proof of ability, activity and versatility superior, perhaps, to that shown by men in their own field.

Women were never conscious of the greatness of their discoveries. Humble and sublime, they have invented not to gain fame, but to augment the well-being of their children, to assure nourishment to their husbands and children. Because their names are not registered in books and the inventors have no monuments in public squares, their work is not the less useful. All the arts that have rendered life comfortable and pleasant—horticulture, apiculture, silk-growing, the arts of weaving the fibres of trees and of drawing revenue from domestic animals—are due to women. The splendid tapestries, the delicate Gobelins that ornament the halls and churches of France and other lands, are due to women. In the country, woman was occupied not only with the children, the clothing and the food, but also with the stable and the poultry-yard, the kitchen-garden, the bees and the silkworms; and the provident and laborious peasant, with her clean and tidy cottage, her full trough, her milk and her exquisitely worked butter, is the original nucleus of the industry of the inns that flourish everywhere, on shore and mountain.

Whoever has known any of the survivors of the generation born in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, knows how all the work of the house—the making of clothes, the preparation of food—was entirely in the hands of the women. The

point of honor with the housewife then was to have nothing on her table that did not come from her own kitchen, beginning with the *salmi* and smoked meat, going down to the bread, the soups, the syrups, the preserves, vegetables and mushrooms. In her kitchen and in her drawing-room no strange hand interposed—none of those mysterious modern ingredients were employed that transform so magically the color, the taste and the consistency of eatables. No artificial means were used to give to her cloth color, consistency or finish. The cloth woven by the peasants and bleached in the sun was kept in the ample chests that were her pride; and the housewife herself, with her own busy hands, drew from them, quicker than is possible by modern machinery, the household and personal linen which in accordance with a pious custom was fashioned every year. The washing and ironing also were under her oversight and control. And between a round of inspection and a walk came from her hands as by enchantment the stockings, the knitting, the lace for all the family. Of how many secondary and economical industries she possessed the secrets, I do not know. With two minute pieces of wood she could make the pot boil; she had learned how to utilize everything—threads, paper, cotton, egg-shells, kernels of nuts, peach-stones, melon-seeds, horse-chestnuts, the feathers of fowl—all were carefully gathered, laid aside and transformed into comestibles or combustibles, into ointments or soap.

But now all is changed; our food, our clothes, the care and cleaning of our houses are confided to strangers—women, men and machines. The old-fashioned mother of the family, intent on domestic economy, is to be found only in remote villages. The modern woman is not expected to emulate the virtues of her grandmother and great-grandmother, nor would she wish to be able to. The clothes that are worn nowadays are too complicated for an assiduous

housekeeper to rival the tailor whose signboard is on every street-corner; worse still are the plumed hats, designed by artists, which skilful workers can scarcely succeed in making. The socks, jackets and shirts of children are all made in abundance by machine, broiderers and lacemakers drawing rapidly from thread and linen the lace and embroidery that adorn in profusion the clothes of women and children.

The washing is almost a pastime, done by new, cleverly constructed machines. Here and there in the modern city, mangles relieve our houses of the inconvenience of ironing. To complete the picture, the gas companies take care of our light, clockmakers of our clocks, cleaners look after the cleaning of our apartments, carpet-cleaners of the carpets, and florists attend to our flowers. As to the kitchen, many hotel keepers have subscribers to whom they furnish meals ready-cooked three times a day. And should the housekeeper wish to have her own kitchen, things are greatly simplified. Fresh-baked bread is brought every morning, the fishmonger furnishes dried and cooked fish, *salmi* and other things, preserves of all kinds come ready-made, and confectioners supply pastry, syrups, etc., and the macaroni-maker all kinds of paste. Chickens come plucked, cleaned, and indeed roasted. The pharmacist sends milk pasteurized, gartuerized or sterilized for the nurslings; and trained nurses take care of us when we are ill.

#### WOMAN IN MODERN TIMES AND NEW WORLDS

Necessarily, under these changed conditions the rearing and instruction of woman must also change. It has changed, in fact. The middle classes send their children to professional schools, to be instructed in many of the arts formerly reserved for men, because they wish that those who do not marry may at least be able to earn their living; but they take care, as far as possible, that this education shall

involve no loss to the domestic education—housekeeping, cooking, rearing of children, etc.

Our forebears had the following motto: "Better a daughter badly married than one not married at all." Modern parents dare not say as much; they do not dare affirm that they do not think it, and what is still graver, that the children do not think it either. Whether she frequents the university or the conservatory, paints pictures, goes into business or becomes a typewriter, the European woman has still this one ideal—to marry and have a family; and for this ideal she is willing to sacrifice any personal ambition. However unhappy a marriage may be, when it is crowned by a fine group of children through whom she can express her maternal instincts, it is blessed by the European woman, exultant victim of her cross.

Now I confess candidly that, having always and so universally seen woman almost solely preoccupied by her maternity, I had believed that it was an essential of woman's character, and had never put faith in the tales that were told me of American women who preferred to live independently rather than restrict themselves to the humble abodes of European women. After living several months in America, however, I am able to change my mind. The American woman does not aspire to matrimony, and this is the essential difference that distinguishes her from the European woman. For the first time in the history of the world you have in America this phenomenon, that society has left woman free, without preoccupation as to her function of motherhood, allowing ample development of all her intellectual faculties; that relatives have left woman free, allowing her to act and to enjoy, without any thought of her future establishment; that the nation has left woman free, not requiring of her the rigorous conservation of its traditions nor the multiplication of its citizens.

As the conception of the social functions of woman differs in America,

so must her rearing and education be different. With us everything is done to separate her from men until she is married, to hide all external life from her, to take from her the means of taking part in it, to encircle with light the idea of the family that woman in general is called on to embrace. In America, instead, as women are brought up with the idea of obtaining an independent position, the object is to augment as much as possible her personality, to teach her to increase its value by every means, independently of any preoccupation as to matrimony.

To obtain this result, children are sent away from the family as soon as possible and kept as long as possible at school and college, and taught to develop all the qualities that will enable them most easily to make a living, to be independent, to find enjoyment in and for themselves, to be able, in the life of each day, to conquer the competitors of the next. Scarcely are the children able to earn anything when they finally leave the house, to go and work in schools, commercial offices, magazine offices, etc., just as in Europe the men do. The daughters of clergymen, of Congressmen, of millionaires, do not disdain to leave comforts, wealth or honors to go and become instructors or professors in distant colleges permitting of a career. All the rest comes of itself. Naturally when once the girls earn their own living and are pecuniarily independent of the family, they can do as they like, as men do, without provoking derision; they can flirt, marry or divorce with whom they will; travel, stay at home, change their dwelling or situation, write, make or unmake friends, absolutely as seems best to them; they can dress as sumptuously as they wish, go *décolletée* when they wish, take part in politics or religion as they please, and mingle with the society they like best. All this, which astonishes Europe greatly, is the natural and direct consequence of woman's independence of society and the home.

Another direct result is the small

desire for marriage shown by American women. And this is comprehensible. Although the American husband is the best in the world, and the American wife keeps more of her independence than the European, although nurses, tutors and governesses co-operate to help her, a mother is not as free, even in America, as is a girl; the management of the house, the procreation and care of the children there, as in Europe, constituting a sufficiently grave impediment, which lessens her personality and individuality; hence the American woman prefers to remain unwed, and would rather spend the treasures of love that nature has placed in her bosom on large social ideals, in hospitals, in institutions for education, social redemption or religion, which permit her to give complete expression to her individuality, and to put in action the idealistic and altruistic instincts so dear to her, without diminishing her liberty.

#### ADVANTAGES OF THE NEW CONDITIONS

Has this difference in training and education, this different conception of life, modified the soul and the intellect of woman? I cannot confidently affirm this. Besides, the feminist movement in America is still too new to be able to judge of its effects. In spite of its rapid spread, it is only fifty years old. Mrs. Howe, in a charming article on America in her times, published in *McClure's Magazine*, gives a description of the lives of young people in Boston in 1860, which resembles that of Europe of the same time, not of to-day. She says that in Boston when she was young, dancing took place only in a club, where there was a suitable place for the mothers of the dancers; that young girls were kept away from parties and outside life; that the mothers occupied themselves exclusively with their families. While the generation brought up in this way still lives, it is not possible to judge fairly the effect of the new system; and it is no wonder, therefore,

that the women at first seem no different from their European sisters, except, perhaps, by virtue of a little more literary culture, a more ardent manner, more independence and a greater consciousness of their own value. They have still the same gay, light-hearted spirit, the same instinct for elegance and personal adornment as in Europe. The home of the Colony Club in New York, decorated entirely by a woman, is certainly one of the most beautiful in the world; as one of the finest museums in America is the house in Boston where Mrs. Gardner has collected a profusion of Italian statues and paintings and arranged them as no museum in the world directed by men has done.

After much thought, we find the difference between the American and the European woman, not on the intellectual but on the sentimental side, and in a certain air of joyousness and satisfaction more general with Americans than with us. The young American girl, unlike our girls, never has the anxious air that seems to be searching the future at every movement, trying to guess at the fate reserved for her. The wives never have the preoccupied air of ours, hanging on their husbands' lips, timid of thinking, saying or doing anything that might not please the master of the house. The unmarried women never have the discomfited, sensitive or acidulated manner of our virgins, poor neuters for whom unattained maternity has cut the thread of life. Appearances agree with the reality, and the American woman is indubitably happier than the European, because she has much less responsibility and much more pleasure. The child is happier, because she need not begin the long and depressing tyranny that constrains our youngest girls to abstain from all masculine games, and to help the mother in her domestic duties—sometimes, at the age of five, being already the "little mother," with all the responsibility of the younger brothers on her shoulders. The young girl is happier, because she can study or flirt as she

wills, free from the thought that this or that act, this or that friendship may retard or prevent the attainment of her end—marriage; tasting all the pleasures of being considered, loved, adored, without having the responsibility, the crosses, the jealousies that every true love involves. She is infinitely happier as woman, as citizen, as wife, because not only can she give free expression to all her faculties, but also because the expression of all these faculties brings her in America an admiration of which one has no idea in Europe. In Europe, in fact, woman expresses all her spirit of sacrifice in the family, on her husband and on her children, who take it all as a matter of course; in America, woman diffuses herself in large social ideas, in hospitals, orphanages, beneficent institutions of all kinds—which, one must say to her honor, she has carried to heights unknown elsewhere. The esteem, the confidence and the adoration enjoyed by the American woman has no parallel in Europe, and is certainly not one of the least of the reasons for her superior happiness.

#### DRAWBACKS TO THE NEW CONDITIONS

But has not this position of woman any disadvantage? This is a point on which I should like to dwell for a moment. At a venture, I should say it has two: the increased cost of living, and the rapid diminution of population. Assuredly the life of the European woman, or rather of the European family, has many drawbacks. Assuredly the large, patriarchal families in which sons and daughters-in-laws live together are a continual source of small daily miseries, that end in the sacrifice of the young woman who enters the new house at the will, and often at the caprice, of the *mater-familias*. Our European system, which obliges every woman to become, at one time or another, housekeeper, sick-nurse and often cook and steward, sometimes child's nurse and even teacher of the children, sacrifices their minds;

but undoubtedly this system is the more economical. It is true that the American woman who works outside the home makes greater material gains than the European; but the family organized in a manner that permits of the woman's working out costs much more. Besides the family home, American society is obliged to have lodging-houses, apartments in which the detached members of the family live, and clubs in which these members can unite and form a society that takes the place of the family, and hospitals in which sons and fathers, far from each other, are cared for, and restaurants in which all can eat, and day nurseries for the babies, and schools of all kinds in which everything is taught, from cooking to nursing, from calligraphy to deportment, seeing, dancing—things that are traditionally taught at home in Europe. All this requires more time, space and money than is required to attain the same results in Europe, where it is attained at the price, it is true, of almost all a woman's individual interests. But America is rich and it will be many years before she will have to consider the consequences.

She will have first, however, to think of another problem that this new state of things has created—the diminution of the birth-rate. Roosevelt's cry of race-suicide is not as exaggerated as it is believed to be. "We are engaged in the labor of Sisyphus," said one of the most zealous and intelligent propagandists of the Americanization of the immigrant. "We Americanize and Americanize; but the immigrants' children have ceased to have offspring, and we must begin again each year making new citizens of the people of every race and species that Europe sends us." I was told that in the schools of New York 75% of the children were born abroad; and this I repeat after having observed that more than half the people we came to know during our visit to America were unmarried, or if married had no children. Is it the fault of the woman who, tasting the

sweets of individuality, of glory and personal happiness, will not sacrifice herself to the race? or of the man who, finding more pleasure in the perfected social organizations, renounces those of the family? Our sojourn in America was too brief to allow us to judge of this question. But we are inclined to think that the economical question above mentioned greatly adds to the repugnance of the men and women to founding a family and having children; all these causes being the effect, in the last analysis, of the new conditions of life in which modern American society has placed woman. The prohibitive price, for people of moderate means, of houses and servants makes the beginning of a family a hard problem to solve, and it is increased by the difficulty of the introduction of babies in lodging-houses. Moreover, the impossibility of utilizing children under fifteen (who must be sent to school) keeps the father or mother from counting on the help of the elder for the younger children, and limits the number when the family decides to have any. Again, as the tendency to independence prevents the parents from counting on the children when they are capable of assisting by their work, the produc-

tion say of half a dozen children becomes an uncertain business that only the rich can venture on. America need not trouble herself with this problem just yet, for Europe sends her children in abundance, born, grown-up, educated and trained.

But what will happen when the flood of immigration begins to abate and America has to depend on herself? A difficult problem for posterity! But perhaps the infinite ingenuity of this New World will find another way to reinspire in its people the desire for children; perhaps a new way of prolonging life will be found, diminishing the need of people. It is even not impossible that woman must return to the old conditions of life, in which from century to century she has been held by the rest of the world. But if this must come, woman must still be grateful to North America, which at a happy moment of its existence permitted her to live freely, and thus to show to the world how much that is grand and sublime, that man has reserved for himself, she could and would do outside the home, if she did not have the more serious task to accomplish of maintaining the species.



## THE BENCH OF DESOLATION

By HENRY JAMES

### III

His creditor, at the hour it suited her, transferred her base of operations to town, to which impenetrable scene she had also herself retired; and his raising of the first Two Hundred, during five exasperated and miserable months, and then of another Seventy piecemeal, bleedingly, after long delays and under the epistolary whiplash cracked by the London solicitor

in his wretched ear even to an effect of the very report of Miss Cookman's tongue — these melancholy efforts formed a scramble up an arduous steep where steps were planted and missed, and bared knees were excoriated, and clutches at wayside tufts succeeded and failed, on a system to which poor Nan could have intelligently entered only if she had been somehow less ladylike. She kept putting into his mouth the sick

quaver of where he should find the rest, the always inextinguishable rest, long after he had in silent rage fallen away from any further payment at all—at first, he had but too blackly felt, for himself, to the still quite possible non-exclusion of some penetrating ray of “exposure.” He didn’t care a two-penny damn now, and in point of fact, after he had by hook and by crook succeeded in being able to unload to the tune of Two-Hundred-and-Seventy, and then simply returned the newest reminder of his outstanding obligation unopened, this latter belated but real sign of fight, the first he had risked, remarkably caused nothing at all to happen; nothing at least but his being moved to quite tragically rueful wonder as to whether exactly some such demonstration might n’t have served his turn at an earlier stage.

He could by this time at any rate measure his ruin—with three fantastic mortgages on his house, his shop, his stock, and a burden of interest to carry under which his business simply stretched itself inanimate, without strength for a protesting kick, without breath for an appealing groan. Customers lingering for further enjoyment of the tasteful remarks he had cultivated the unobtrusive art of throwing in, would at this crisis have found plenty to repay them, might his wit have strayed a little more widely still, toward a circuitous egotistical outbreak, from the immediate question of the merits of this and that author or of the condition of this and that volume. He had come to be conscious through it all of strangely glaring at people when they tried to haggle—and not, as formerly, with the glare of derisive comment on their overdone humor, but with that of fairly idiotized surrender—as if they were much mistaken in supposing, for the sake of conversation, that he might take himself for savable by the difference between sevenpence and ninepence. He watched everything impossible and deplorable happen, as in an end-

less prolongation of his nightmare; watched himself proceed, that is, with the finest, richest incoherence, to the due preparation of his catastrophe. Everything came to seem *equally* part of this—in complete defiance of proportion; even his final command of detachment, on the bench of desolation (where each successive fact of his dire case regularly cut itself out black, yet of senseless outline, against the red west) in respect to poor Nan’s flat infelicities, which for the most part kept no pace with the years or with change, but only shook like hard peas in a child’s rattle, the same peas always, of course, so long as the rattle did n’t split open with usage or from somebody’s act of irritation. They represented, or they had long done so, her contribution to the more superficial of the two branches of intimacy—the intellectual alternative, the one that did n’t merely consist in her preparing herself for his putting his arm round her waist.

There were to have been moments, nevertheless, all the first couple of years, when she did touch in him, though to his actively dissimulating it, a more or less sensitive nerve—moments as they were too, to do her justice, when she treated him not to his own wisdom, or even folly, served up cold, but to a certain small bitter fruit of her personal, her unnatural, plucking. “I wonder that since *she* took legal advice so freely, to come down on you, you did n’t take it yourself, a little, before being so sure you stood no chance. Perhaps your people would have been sure of something quite different—*perhaps*, I only say, you know.” She “only” said it, but she said it, none the less, in the early time, about once a fortnight. In the later, and especially after their marriage, it had a way of coming up again to the exclusion, as it seemed to him, of almost everything else; in fact during the most dismal years, the three of the loss of their two children, the long stretch of sordid embarrassment ending in her death, he was afterwards to think of her as

having generally said it several times a day. He was then also to remember that his answer, before she had learnt to discount it, had been inveterately at hand: "What would any solicitor have done or wanted to do but drag me just into the hideous public arena"—he had always so put it—"that it has been at any rate my pride and my honor, the one rag of self-respect covering my nakedness, to have loathed and avoided from every point of view?"

That had disposed of it so long as he cared, and by the time he had ceased to care for anything it had also lost itself in the rest of the vain babble of home. After his wife's death, during his year of mortal solitude, it awoke again as an echo of far-off things—far-off, very far-off, because he felt then not ten but twenty years older. That was by reason simply of the dead weight with which his load of debt had settled—the persistence of his misery dragging itself out. With all that had come and gone the bench of desolation was still there, just as the immortal flush of the westward sky kept hanging its indestructible curtain. He had never got away—everything had left him, but he himself had been able to turn his back on nothing—and now, his day's labor before a dirty desk at the Gas Works ended, he more often than not, almost any season at temperate Properley serving his turn, took his slow straight way to the Land's End and, collapsing there to rest, sat often for an hour at a time staring before him. He might in these sessions, with his eyes on the gray-green sea, have been counting again and still recounting the beads, almost all worn smooth, of his rosary of pain—which had for the fingers of memory and the recurrences of wonder the same felt break of the smaller ones by the larger that would have aided a pious mumble in some dusky altar-chapel.

If it has been said of him that when once full submersion, as from far back, had visibly begun to await him, he watched himself, in a cold lucidity,

do punctually and necessarily each of the deplorable things that were inconsistent with his keeping afloat, so at present again he might have been held agaze just by the presented grotesqueness of that vigil. Such ghosts of dead seasons were all he had now to watch—such a recaptured sense for instance as that of the dismal unavailing awareness that had attended his act of marriage. He had let submersion final and absolute become the signal for it—a mere minor determinant having been the more or less contemporaneously unfavorable effect on the business of Drury & Dean of the sudden disappearance of Mr. Dean with the single small tin box into which the certificates of the firm's credit had been found to be compressible. That had been his only form—or had at any rate seemed his only one. He could n't not have married, no doubt, just as he could n't not have suffered the last degree of humiliation and almost of want, or just as his wife and children couldn't not have died of the little he was able, under dire reiterated pinches, to do for them; but it was "rum," for final solitary brooding, that he had n't appeared to see his way definitely to undertake the support of a family till the last scrap of his little low-browed, high-toned business and the last figment of "property" in the old tiled and timbered shell that housed it, had been sacrificed to creditors mustering six rows deep.

Of course what had counted too in the odd order was that even at the end of the two or three years he had "allowed" her, Kate Cookham, gorged with his unholy tribute, had become the subject of no successful siege on the part either of Bill Frankle or, by what he could make out, of anyone else. She had judged decent—he could do her that justice—to take herself personally out of his world, as he called it, for good and all, as soon as he had begun regularly to bleed; and, to whatever lucrative practice she might be devoting her great talents in London or elsewhere,

he felt his conscious curiosity about her as cold, with time, as the passion of vain protest that she had originally left him to. He could recall but two direct echoes of her in all the bitter years—both communicated by Bill Frankle, disappointed and exposed and at last quite remarkable ingenuous sneak, who had also, from far back, taken to roaming the world, but who, during a period, used fitfully and ruefully to reappear. Herbert Dodd had quickly seen, at their first meeting — everyone met everyone sooner or later at Properley, if meeting it could always be called, either in the glare or the gloom of the exploded attractive Embankment—that no silver stream of which he himself had been the remoter source could have played over the career of this all but repudiated acquaintance. That had n't fitted with his first, his quite primitive raw vision of the probabilities, and he had further been puzzled when, much later on, it had come to him in a roundabout way that Miss Cookham was supposed to be, or to have been, among them for a few days "on the quiet," and that Frankle, who had seen her and who claimed to know more about it than he said, was cited as authority for the fact. But he had n't himself at this juncture seen Frankle; he had only wondered, and a degree of mystification had even remained.

That memory referred itself to the dark days of old Drury's smash, the few weeks between his partner's dastardly flight and Herbert's own comment on it in the form of his standing up with Nan for the nuptial benediction of the Vicar of St. Bernards on a very cold, bleak December morning and amid a circle of seven or eight long-faced, red-nosed and altogether dowdy persons. Poor Nan herself had struck him as red-nosed and dowdy by that time, but this only added, in his then, and indeed in his lasting view, to his general and his particular morbid bravery. He had cultivated ignorance, there were small inward immaterial luxuries he could scrappily cherish even among

other, and the harshest, destitutions; and one of them was represented by this easy refusal of his mind to render to certain passages of his experience, to various ugly images, names, associations, the homage of continued attention. That served him, that helped him; but what happened when, a dozen dismal years having worn themselves away, he sat single and scraped bare again, as if his long wave of misfortune had washed him far beyond everything and then conspicuously retreated, was that, thus stranded by tidal action, deposited in the lonely hollow of his fate, he felt even sustaining pride turn to nought and heard no challenge from it when old mystifications, stealing forth in the dusk of the day's work done, scratched at the door of speculation and hung about, through the idle hours, for irritated notice.

The evenings of his squalid clerkship were all leisure now, but there was nothing at all near home on the other hand, for his imagination, numb and stiff from its long chill, to begin to play with. Voices from far off would quaver to him therefore in the stillness; where he knew for the most recurrent, little by little, the faint wail of his wife. He had become deaf to it in life, but at present, after so great an interval, he listened again, listened and listened, and seemed to hear it sound as by the pressure of some weak broken spring. It phrased for his ear her perpetual question, the one she had come to at the last as under the obsession of a discovered and resented wrong, a wrong withal that had its source much more in his own action than anywhere else. "That you did n't make *sure* she could have done anything, that you did n't make *sure* and that you were too afraid!"—this commemoration had ended by playing such a part in Nan's finally quite contracted consciousness as to exclude everything else.

At the time, somehow, he had made his terms with it; he had then more urgent questions to meet than that of the poor creature's taste in worrying

pain; but actually it struck him—not the question, but the fact itself of the taste—as the one thing left over from all that had come and gone. So it was; nothing remained to him in the world, on the bench of desolation, but the option of taking up that echo—together with an abundance of free time for doing so. That he had n't made sure of what might and what might n't have been done to him, that he had been too afraid—had the proposition a possible bearing on his present apprehension of things? To reply indeed he would have had to be able to say what his present apprehension of things, left to itself, amounted to; an uninspiring effort indeed he judged it, sunk to so poor a pitch was his material of thought—though it might at last have been the feat he sought to perform as he stared at the gray-green sea.

#### IV

It was seldom Herbert Dodd was disturbed in any form of sequestered speculation, or that at his times of predilection, especially that of the long autumn blankness between the season of trippers and the season of Bath-chairs, there were westward stragglers enough to jar upon his settled sense of priority. For himself his seat, the term of his walk, was consecrated; it had figured to him for years as the last (though there were others, not immediately near it, and differently disposed, that might have aspired to the title); so that he could invidiously distinguish as he approached, make out from a distance any accident of occupation, and never draw nearer while that unpleasantness lasted. What he disliked was to compromise on his tradition, whether for a man, a woman or a connoodling couple; it was to idiots of this last composition he most objected, he having sat there, in the past, alone, having sat there interminably with Nan, having sat there with—well, with other women when women, at hours of ease, could still care or count for him, but having

never shared the place with any shuffling or snuffling stranger.

It was a world of fidgets and starts, however, the world of his present dreariness—he alone possessed in it, he seemed to make out, of the secret of the dignity of sitting still with one's fate; so that if he took a turn about or rested briefly elsewhere even foolish philanderers (though this would never have been his and Nan's way) ended soon by some adjournment as visibly pointless as their sprawl. Then, their backs turned, he would drop down on it, the bench of desolation—which was what he, and he only, made it, by sad adoption; where, for that matter, moreover, once he had settled at his end, it was marked that nobody else ever came to sit. He saw people, along the Marina, take this liberty with other resting presences; but his own struck them perhaps in general as either of too grim or just of too dingy a vicinage. He might have affected the fellow-lounger as a man evil, unsociable, possibly engaged in working out the idea of a crime; or otherwise, more probably—for on the whole he surely looked harmless—devoted to the worship of some absolutely unpractical remorse.

On a certain October Saturday he had got off, as usual, early; but the afternoon light, his pilgrimage drawing to its aim, could still show him, at long range, the rare case of an established usurper. His impulse was then, as by custom, to deviate a little and wait, all the more that the occupant of the bench was a lady, and that ladies, when alone, were—at that austere end of the varied frontal stretch—markedly discontinuous; but he kept on at sight of this person's rising, while he was still fifty yards off, and proceeding, her back turned, to the edge of the broad terrace, the outer line of which followed the interspaced succession of seats and was guarded by an iron rail from the abruptly lower level of the beach. Here she stood before the sea, while our friend on his side, recognizing no reason to the contrary, sank into the place she had quitted.

There were other benches, eastward and off by the course of the drive, for vague ladies. The lady indeed thus thrust upon Herbert's vision might have struck an observer either as not quite vague or as vague with a perverse intensity suggesting design.

Not that our own observer at once thought of these things; he only took in, and with no great interest, that the obtruded presence was a "real" lady; that she was dressed (he noticed such matters) with a certain elegance of propriety or intention of harmony; and that she remained perfectly still for a good many minutes; so many in fact that he presently ceased to heed her, and that as she was n't straight before him, but as far to the left as was consistent with his missing her profile, he had turned himself to one of his sunsets again (though it was n't quite one of his best) and let it hold him for a time that enabled her to alter her attitude and present a fuller view. Without other movement, but her back now to the sea and her face to the odd person who had appropriated her corner, she had taken a sustained look at him before he was aware she had stirred. On that apprehension, however, he became also promptly aware of her direct, her applied observation. As his sense of this quickly increased he wondered who she was and what she wanted—what, as it were, was the matter with her; it suggested to him, the next thing, that she had, under some strange idea, actually been waiting for him. Any idea about him to-day on the part of anyone could only be strange.

Yes, she stood there with the ample width of the Marina between them, but turned to him, for all the world, as to show frankly that she was concerned with him. And she was—oh yes—a real lady: a middle-aged person, of good appearance and of the best condition, in quiet but "handsome" black, save for very fresh white kid gloves, and with a pretty, dotty, becoming veil, predominantly white, adjusted to her countenance; which through it some-

how, even to his imperfect sight, showed strong fine black brows and what he would have called on the spot character. But she was pale; her black brows were the blacker behind the flattering tissue; she still kept a hand, for support, on the terrace-rail, while the other, at the end of an extended arm that had an effect of rigidity, clearly pressed hard on the knob of a small and shining umbrella, the lower extremity of whose stick was equally, was sustainingly firm, on the walk. So this mature, qualified, important person stood and looked at the limp, undistinguished (oh his values of aspect now!), shabby man on the bench.

It was extraordinary, but the fact of her interest, by immensely surprising, by immediately agitating him, blinded him at first to her identity and, for the space of his long stare, diverted him from it; with which even then, when recognition did break, the sense of the shock, striking inward, simply consumed itself in gaping stillness. He sat there motionless and weak, fairly faint with surprise, and there was no instant, in all the succession of so many, at which Kate Cookham could have caught the special sign of his intelligence. Yet that she did catch something he saw—for he saw her steady herself, by her two supported hands, to meet it; while, after she had done so, a very wonderful thing happened, of which he could scarce, later on, have made a clear statement, though he was to think it over again and again. She moved toward him, she reached him, she stood there, she sat down near him, he merely passive and wonderstruck, unresentfully "impressed," gaping and taking it in—and all as with an open allowance on the part of each, so that they positively and quite intimately met in it, of the impertinence for their case, this case that brought them again, after horrible years, face to face, of the vanity, the profanity, the impossibility, of anything between them but silence.

Nearer to him, beside him at a

considerable interval (oh she was immensely considerate!) she presented him, in the sharp terms of her transformed state—but thus the more amply, formally, ceremoniously—with the reasons that would serve him best for not having precipitately known her. She was simply another and a totally different person, and the exhibition of it to which she had proceeded with this solemn anxiety was all, obviously, for his benefit—once he had, as he appeared to be doing, provisionally accepted her approach. He had remembered her as inclined to the massive and cut off from the graceful; but this was a spare, fine, worn, almost wasted lady—who had repaired waste, it was true, however, with something he could only appreciate as a rich accumulation of manner. She was strangely older, so far as that went—marked by experience and as if many things had happened to her; her face had suffered, to its improvement, contraction and concentration; and if he had granted, of old and from the first, that her eyes were remarkable, had they yet ever had for him this sombre glow? Withal, something said, she had flourished—he felt it, wincing at it, as that; she had had a life, a career, a history—something that her present waiting air and nervous consciousness could n't prevent his noting there as a deeply latent assurance. She had flourished, she had flourished—though to learn it after this fashion was somehow at the same time not to feel she flaunted it. It was n't thus execration that she revived in him; she made in fact, exhibitive, as he could only have put it, the matter of long ago irrelevant and these extraordinary minutes of their reconstituted relation—how many? how few?—addressed themselves altogether to new possibilities.

Still it after a little awoke in him as with the throb of a touched nerve that his own very attitude was supplying a connection; he knew presently that he would n't have had her go, *could n't* have made a sign to her for it (which was what she had

been uncertain of) without speaking to him; and that therefore he was, as at the other, the hideous time, passive to whatever she might do. She was even yet, she was always, in possession of him; she had known how and where to find him and had appointed that he should see her, and, though he had never dreamed it was again to happen to him, he was meeting it already as if it might have been the only thing that the least humanly *could*. Yes, he had come back there to flop, by long custom, upon the bench of desolation *as* the man in the whole place, precisely, to whom nothing worth more than tuppence could happen; whereupon, in the gray desert of his consciousness, the very earth had suddenly opened and flamed. With this, further, it came over him that he had n't been prepared and that his wretched appearance must show it. He was n't fit to receive a visit—any visit; a flush for his felt misery, in the light of her opulence, broke out in his lean cheeks. But if he colored he sat as he was—she should at least, as a visitor, be satisfied. His eyes only, at last, turned from her and resumed a little their gaze at the sea. That, however, did n't relieve him, and he perpetrated in the course of another moment the odd desperate gesture of raising both his hands to his face and letting them, while he pressed it to them, cover and guard it. It was as he held them there that she at last spoke.

"I 'll go away if you wish me to." And then she waited a moment. "I mean now—now that you 've seen I 'm here. I wanted you to know it, and I thought of writing—I was afraid of our meeting accidentally. Then I was afraid that if I wrote you might refuse. So I thought of this way—as I knew you must come out here." She went on with pauses, giving him a chance to make a sign. "I 've waited several days. But I 'll do what you wish. Only I should like in that case to come back." Again she stopped; but strange was it to him that he would n't have

made her break off. She held him in boundless wonder. "I came down—I mean I came from town—on purpose. I'm staying on still, and I've a great patience and will give you time. Only may I say it's important? Now that I do see you," she brought out in the same way, "I see how inevitable it was—I mean that I should have wanted to come. But you must feel about it as you can," she wound up—"till you get used to the idea."

She spoke so for accommodation, for discretion, for some ulterior view already expressed in her manner, that, after taking well in, from behind his hands, that this was her very voice—oh ladylike!—heard, and heard in depreciation of displeasure, after long years again, he uncovered his face and freshly met her eyes. More than ever he could n't have known her. Less and less remained of the figure, all the facts of which had long ago so hardened for him. She was a handsome, grave, authoritative, but refined and as it were, physically rearranged person—she, the outrageous vulgarity of whose prime assault had kept him shuddering so long as a shudder was in him. That atrocity in her was what everything had been built on, but somehow, all strangely, it was slipping from him; so that, after the oddest fashion conceivable, when he felt he must n't let her go, it was as if he were putting out his hand to *save* the past, the hideous real unalterable past, exactly as she had been the cause of its being and the cause of his undergoing it. He should have been too awfully "sold" if he was n't going to have been right about her.

"I don't mind," he heard himself at last say. Not to mind had seemed for the instant the length he was prepared to go; but he was afterwards aware of how soon he must have added: "You've come on purpose to see me?" He was on the point of putting to her further: "What then do you want of me?" But he would keep—yes, in time—from appearing to show he cared. If he showed he

cared, where then would be his revenge? So he was already, within five minutes, thinking his revenge uncomfortably over instead of just comfortably knowing it. What came to him, at any rate, as they actually fell to talk was that, with such precautions, considerations, reduplications of consciousness, almost avowed feelings of her way on her own part, and light fingerings of his chords of sensibility, she was understanding, she *had* understood, more things than all the years, up to this strange eventide, had given him an inkling of. They talked, they went on—he had n't let her retreat, to whatever it committed him and however abjectly it did so; yet keeping off and off, dealing with such surface facts as involved ancient acquaintance but kept abominations at bay. The recognition, the attestation that she *had* come down for him, that there would be reasons, that she had even hovered and watched, assured herself a little of his habits (which she managed to speak of as if, on their present ampler development, they were much to be deferred to), held them long enough to make vivid how, listen as stiffly or as serenely as he might, she sat there in fear, just as she had so stood there at first, and that her fear had really to do with her calculation of some sort of chance with him. What chance could it possibly be? Whatever it might have done, on this prodigious showing, with Kate Cookham, it made the present witness to the state of his fortunes simply exquisite: he ground his teeth secretly together as he saw he should have to take *that*. For what did it mean but that she would have liked to pity him if she could have done it with safety? Ah, however, he must give her no measure of safety!

By the time he had remarked, with that idea, that she probably saw few changes about them there that were n't for the worse—the place was going down, down and down, so fast that goodness knew where it would stop—and had also mentioned that in spite of this he himself remained

faithful, with all its faults loving it still; by the time he had, after that fashion, superficially indulged her, adding a few further light and just sufficiently dry reflections on local matters, the disappearance of landmarks and important persons, the frequency of gales, the low policy of the town-council in playing down to cheap excursionists: by the time he had so acquitted himself, and she had observed, of her own motion, that she was staying at the Royal, which he knew for the time-honored, the conservative and exclusive hotel, he had made out for himself one thing at least, the amazing fact that he had been landed by his troubles, at the end of time, in a "social relation," of all things in the world, and that of that luxury he was now having unprecedented experience. He had but once in his life had his nose in the Royal, on the occasion of his himself delivering a parcel during some hiatus in his succession of impossible small boys, and meeting in the hall the lady who had bought of him, in the morning, a set of *Crabbe*, largely, he flattered himself, under the artful persuasion of his acute remarks on that author, gracefully associated by him, in this colloquy, he remembered, with a glance at Charles Lamb as well, and who went off, in a day or two, without settling, though he received her cheque from London three or four months later.

*That* had n't been a social relation; and truly, deep within his appeal to himself to be remarkable, to be imperturbable and impenetrable, to be in fact quite incomparable now, throbbed the intense vision of his drawing out and draining dry the sensation he had begun to taste. He would do it, moreover—that would be the refinement of his art—not only without the betrayed anxiety of a single question, but just even by seeing her flounder (since she must, in a vagueness deeply disconcerting to her) as to her real effect on him. She was distinctly floundering by the time he had brought her—it had taken ten minutes—down to a con-

sciousness of absurd and twaddling topics, to the reported precarious state, for instance, of the syndicate running the *Bijou* Theatre at the Pier-head—all as an admonition that she might want him to want to know why she was thus waiting on him, might want it for all she was worth, before he had ceased to be so remarkable as not to ask her. He did n't—and this assuredly was wondrous enough—want to do anything worse to her than let her flounder; but he was willing to do that so long as it might n't prevent his seeing at least where *he* was. He seemed still to see where he was even at the minute that followed her final break-off, clearly intended to be resolute, from make-believe talk.

"I wonder if I might prevail on you to come to tea with me to-morrow at five."

He did n't so much as answer it—though he could scarcely believe his ears. To-morrow was Sunday, and the proposal referred, clearly, to the custom of "five-o'clock" tea, known to him only by the contemporary novel of manners and the catchy advertisement of table-linen. He had never in his life been present at any such luxurious rite, but he was offering practical indifference to it as a false mark of his sense that his social relation had already risen to his chin. "I gave up my very modest, but rather interesting little old book-business, perhaps you know, ever so long ago."

She floundered so that she could say nothing—meet *that* with no possible word; all the less too that his tone, casual and colorless, wholly defied any apprehension of it as a reverse. Silence only came; but after a moment she returned to her effort. "If you *can* come I shall be at home. To see you otherwise than thus was in fact what, as I tell you, I came down for. But I leave it," she returned, "to your feeling."

He had at this, it struck him, an inspiration; which he required however a minute or two to decide to carry out; a minute or two during

which the shake of his foot over his knee became an intensity of fidget. "Of course I know I still owe you a large sum of money. If it's about that you wish to see me," he went on, "I may as well tell you just here that I shall be able to meet my full obligation in the future as little as I've met it in the past. I can never," said Herbert Dodd, "pay up that balance."

He had looked at her while he spoke, but on finishing looked off at the sea again and continued to agitate his foot. He knew now what he had done and why; and the sense of her fixed dark eyes on him during his speech and after did n't alter his small contentment. Yet even when she still said nothing he did n't turn round; he simply kept his corner as if that were his point made, should it even be the last word between them. It might have been, for that matter, from the way in which she presently rose, gathering herself, her fine umbrella and her very small smart reticule, in the construction of which shining gilt much figured, well together, and, after standing another instant, moved across to the rail of the terrace as she had done before and remained, as before, with her back to him, though this time, it well might be, under a different fear. A quarter of an hour ago she had n't tried him, and had had that anxiety; now that she had tried him it was n't easier—but she was thinking what she still could do. He left her to think—nothing in fact more interesting than the way she might decide had ever happened to him; but it was a part of this also that as she turned round and came nearer again he did n't rise, he gave her no help. If she got any, at least, from his looking up at her only, meeting her fixed eyes once more in silence, that was her own affair. "You must think," she said—"you must take all your time, but I shall be at home." She left it to him thus—she insisted, with her idea, on

leaving him something too. And on her side as well she showed an art—which resulted, after another instant, in his having to rise to his feet. He flushed afresh as he did it—it exposed him so shabbily the more; and now if she took him in, with each of his seedy items, from head to foot, he did n't and could n't and would n't know it, attaching his eyes hard and straight to something quite away from them.

It stuck in his throat to say he'd come, but she had so curious a way with her that he still less could say he would n't, and in a moment had taken refuge in something that was neither. "Are you married?"—he put it to her with that plainness, though it had seemed before he said it to do more for him than while she waited before replying.

"No, I'm not married," she said: and then had another wait that might have amounted to a question of what this had to do with it.

He surely could n't have told her; so that he had recourse, a little poorly as he felt, but to an "Oh!" that still left them opposed. He turned away for it—that is for the poorness, which, lingering in the air, had almost a vulgar platitude; and when, he presently again wheeled about she had fallen off as for quitting him, only with a pause, once more, for a last look. It was all a bit awkward, but he had another happy thought, which consisted in his silently raising his hat as for a sign of dignified dismissal. He had cultivated of old, for the occasions of life, the right, the discriminated bow, and now, out of the gray limbo of the time when he could care for such things, this flicker of propriety leaped and worked. She might, for that matter, herself have liked it; since, receding further, only with her white face toward him, she paid it the homage of submission. He remained dignified, and she almost humbly went.

*(To be continued)*

# THE FOREST'S GUARDIAN

GIFFORD PINCHOT, NATIONAL FORESTER AND HEAD OF  
THE CONSERVATION COMMISSION

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY



**N**a room in a Washington office building are four flat-topped desks. The piles of letters and manuscripts give them a business-like look, and the men with earnest faces bending over them are evidently there to work. At one end of the room is a desk by itself; and here sits a man as busy as the rest, perhaps more so, for the heap of papers before him is higher than the others. Why is he so intent on his task? Is it to earn a living? No; his banker will tell you that his check is good for a very considerable sum of money. He need not toil an hour. Still in early middle age, he could live a life of idleness, and yet leave a fortune. But day after day finds him behind the desk, glancing at the letters, scanning sheet after sheet of typewritten manuscript. Now and then he turns to the phonograph which is his secretary and puts his lips to the rubber mouthpiece. The marvellous mechanism within silently records his reply to the letter, his comment upon the criticism or commendation, perhaps the wording of an address or a report, so accurately that its reproduction by the type keys on the paper is complete and correct.

Uncle Sam has housed many of his aids in houses of marble. They write on mahogany desks. They lounge between times on thick, soft leather sofas and armchairs. Cut-glass inkstands

and silver paper-knives ornament their tables and desks. The bronze lamps beside them shed a softened light. If the room is too warm an electric button is touched and an electric fan brings a mitigating breeze. No government in the world has provided such luxurious working places for its officials as ours. But there is nothing of that sort here. This man, however, thinks little of his surroundings. His thoughts are too big, too deep, for trivialities. They range far and wide, sometimes high upon the sides of the Cascades and the Rockies, sometimes amid the tree-covered prairies of the old Northwest, sometimes in the Southland, where the odor of the pine gives a tang to the air for hundreds of miles. At noon a messenger may come in and put a paper bag by his side, but the food may be left untouched for an hour or more, unless a convenient moment comes for this bite from a neighboring lunch-counter.

Such is a glimpse of the life that Gifford Pinchot leads day by day in Washington. It is a busy life; many a man would think it hard and irksome. True, the days come when his friends force him to join them around the midday table, and he may break the routine by a stroll to the White House or one of the departments; but one may see this scene enacted for a week in his "sanctum," and many a caller gets an interview with him only as he pauses between bites of the sandwich.

## A FORESTER IN THE MAKING

The guardian of our national forests was leading the strenuous life long before Theodore Roosevelt was elected Vice-President. Turning back some pages of his life history, we find him in early manhood amid the woodlands of France and Germany. He climbed the tree-clad hill sides of Switzerland and Austria and studied the work of experts in conserving this resource in the Old World. With his mind trained at Exeter and then at Yale to study and solve the problems of Nature, forestry was a challenge that he took up with enthusiasm. Let him tell the story of his meeting with the great forester whom Kipling describes in the last pages of "The Jungle Book":

I was entirely without introduction of any kind—I ran across a gentleman who got me a letter to Sir Dietrich Brandis, of whom I then heard for the first time. I went to Bonn, Germany, found him one afternoon, told him I wanted to study forestry, and asked for his advice. Instantly he adopted me, so to speak, accepted the care of directing my work, and began to tell me what I ought to do. I remember his deciding that I should go to the Nancy Forest School, which was my plan already, and when I said to him that I was ready to go, he immediately began to look up trains. I saw that one started at six o'clock the next morning, and as I wanted to make a good impression, I said I did n't mind getting up early, so as to take that one. He said, "Of course you will take the first train." I have never forgotten the impression he gave me then of his

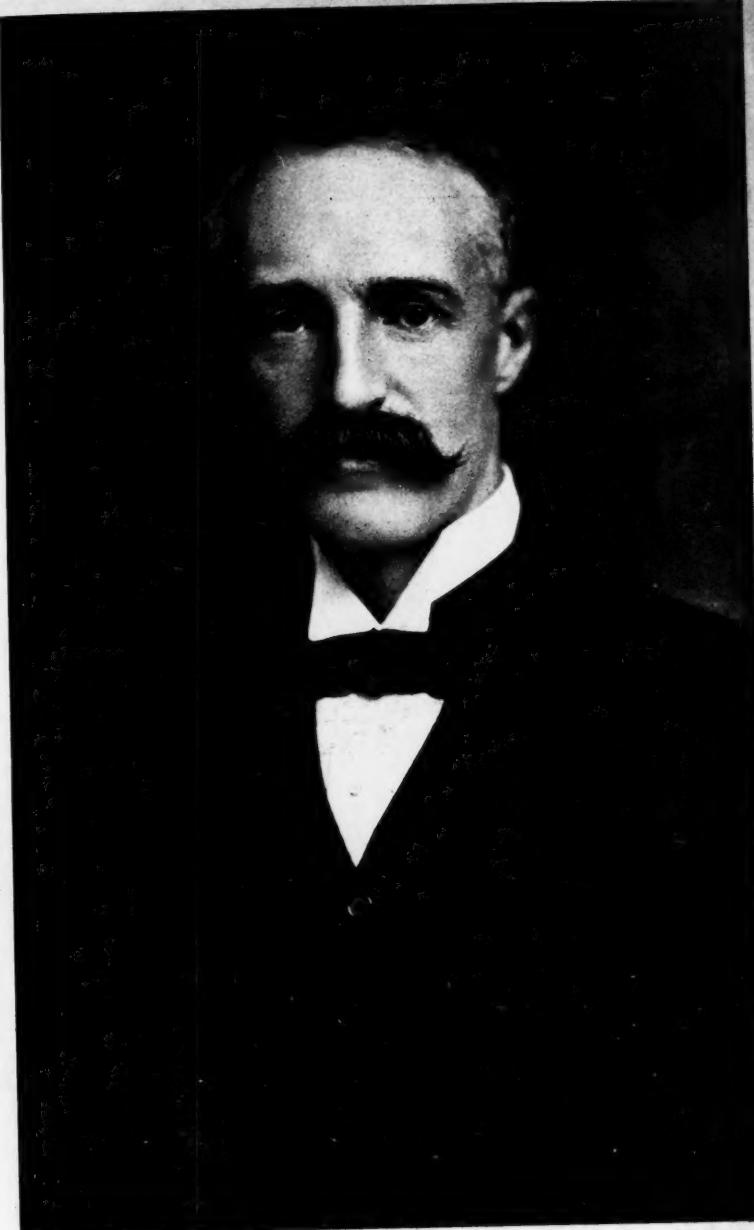


MR. PINCHOT'S SUMMER HOME, "GREY TOWERS," MILFORD, PIKE COUNTY, PENNA.

A good many years ago, I found myself in London with an extra day on my hands. I was just starting to study forestry, and so I thought I would go to the India Office and get what information I could about forestry in India. Most fortunately—for

absolute willingness to do whatever was required for his work, from his point of view, and his expectation of finding the same thing in other men.

The meeting of those two men in the



Photograph by Pach Bros., New York

Gifford Pinchot

venerable University town marked a turning-point in the life of Gifford Pinchot. To no one could he have gone to find a better preceptor, a truer guide along the course which

the forestry schools where Pinchot acquired the methods of European experts to round out the knowledge gained from books, with walks and talks among the green aisles in France.



Photograph by D. A. Willey

MR. PINCHOT'S HOME IN WASHINGTON—RHODE ISLAND AVENUE (SCOTT CIRCLE)

was to be the way of his life and field<sup>1</sup> of his work. One of the world's great teachers in the beauty, the value of the woodland was this sturdy, rugged Teuton—the sort of human stock that the young man of ambition and determination to be something, to be out of the commonplace, looks to for advice and encouragement. Perhaps intuition, perhaps some other subtle means of intelligence told each that the other was "worth while," and the friendship begun at Bonn continued until the time came for the world to part from Sir Dietrich Brandis and he passed from it, leaving a perpetual monument in his system of caring for groves and forests, a system followed in the work being done to-day in the United States.

Nancy and Aix la Chapelle were

and Germany with Sir Dietrich, often lasting eight or ten hours without a halt for rest, the leader so earnest in his discussion and explanation that he would forget time and fatigue. His interest in the would-be forester is referred to by Mr. Pinchot in a way which shows how the veteran *savant* of the woods was esteemed as well as respected by those who looked up to him.

Taking charge of a student meant with him not merely to advise as to the general course of study, but also to require bi-weekly reports, and to read and to criticize them, to send long letters written in long hand to each of us from time to time, and in every detail to try with a never-ending patience, enthusiasm and generosity to see that each got from his work exactly what

he came for. This was done for me, then for my friend Graves, then for Price, Olmsted, Sherrard and many others. In this way Sir Dietrich had a guiding hand in shaping the men whose turn it became afterwards to shape the general policy of forestry in the United States. So important did his connection with forestry in this country become that his correspondence with all of us must have taken a considerable portion of his time. We who were his students were all until the end more or less in touch with him, and we were constantly referring in our own minds the problems which we had to meet to our conception of what Sir Dietrich would think about them, so that his influence on the expansion of forestry in this country was a real and a very important one.

#### A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR FORESTERS

When George Vanderbilt looked over the jagged peaks of the Carolina hill country and selected one for his home site, he failed to satisfy his craving for the wild, but bought more and more, and finally reached out to old Mount Pisgah. Here was an opportunity to test the skill of the disciple of Brandis, for Biltmore includes over a hundred thousand acres covered with trees. In this wilderness Pinchot made his home with a little band of boys inspired by his example. To them he gave of the knowledge he had acquired; and so it was that in this out-of-the-way corner of the South was formed the first of our forest schools, nearly

twenty years ago, and before the nation realized the need of such a bureau in its administration. Those who have seen Biltmore, with its artistic château and its mediæval surroundings, and then have visited the model farm villages created for the home life—not the mere existence—of the mountain folk, know that Mr. Vanderbilt has indeed performed a great work for humanity, spending his fortune wisely and well. And none of his ideas has been more important than that of forest conservation, which he intrusted to his young friend.

That tree garden in Carolina played its part in awakening the people to the significance of forestry; though they were already more or less acquainted with the activity of European governments along similar lines. And it was high time, indeed, to be up and doing, if our forests were to be maintained. Broad-minded societies, such as the National Academy of Science, kept the matter in the public mind. A commission to report on a national forest policy made a study of our timber assets in 1896, and the forest reserves approved by President Cleveland the next year were outlined in their report, which Mr. Pinchot aided in preparing. In this and later expeditions he became so familiar with the subject that his appointment as Chief of the Division of Forestry, in 1898, then in the Department of the Interior—later



PERMANENT BUILDINGS, YALE SUMMER SCHOOL OF FORESTRY ON THE PINCHOT  
ESTATE ("GREY TOWERS"), MILFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

to become the head of the Forest Service, now in the Department of Agriculture—found him in touch with every branch of his duty.

To attempt to tell what this man has done thus far in his life work is difficult. The pages of a magazine are limited, and the bare facts would fill a book. When we think of the smattering of forest lore the nation possessed even a decade ago, and then read the comments in the dailies, weeklies or monthlies of to-day, it seems incredible the public should be giving so much thought to the subject. Editors now print everything they can lay their hands on concerning forestry, for the people wish to read it. How they have been aroused may be best shown by quoting

the public to realize the economic importance of forest preservation, and to gather the technical knowledge and technical staff necessary to put forestry into actual practice in the United States.

The task was not an easy one. The "Division" was more dignified in name than in numbers. It consisted of eleven persons, of whom six filled clerical or other subordinate positions and five belonged to the scientific staff. Of the latter, two were professional foresters. There was no field equipment; virtually all of the work was done in the office. There were in the whole United States less than ten professional foresters. Neither a science nor a literature of American forestry existed, nor could



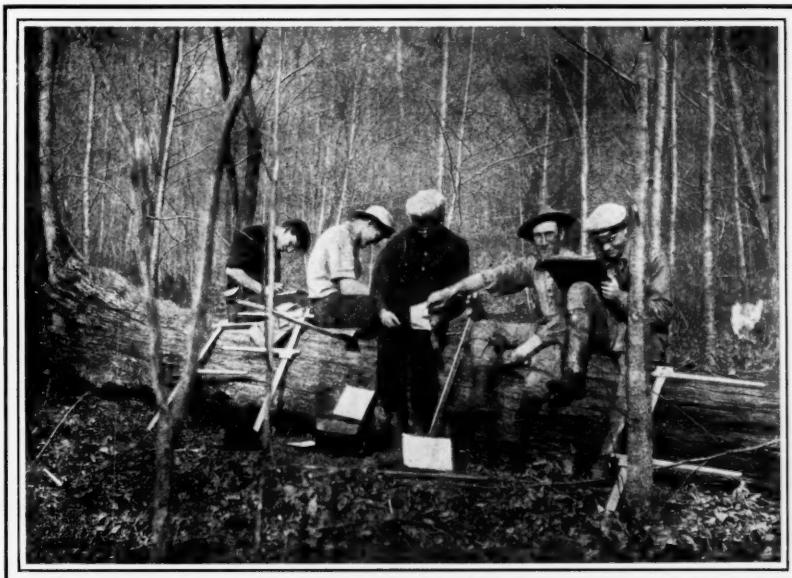
SUMMER CAMP, YALE SCHOOL OF FORESTRY ("GREY TOWERS"), MILFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

a little recent history. When Mr. Pinchot was given the title of Chief of the Division of Forestry, the task that confronted him was to bring

an education in the subject be obtained in this country. Systematic forestry was in operation on a single estate, the owner honorably desirous

of furnishing an object lesson in an unknown field. A time had come which presented at once a great opportunity and a dangerous crisis. Forest destruction had reached a point where sagacious men—most of

his assistants held meetings. They told of economical ways of felling trees and ways that saved time and labor. They pointed out how the needless waste affected the lumberman and the tree owner. They preached a



STUDENTS AT THE BILTMORE SCHOOL OF FORESTRY, FOUNDED BY MR. PINCHOT ON  
GEORGE W. VANDERBILT'S ESTATE IN NORTH CAROLINA

all, sagacious lumbermen—could plainly foresee the end. The lumber industry, so vital to the nation at large, was rushing to extinction. There was no time to lose. If anything was to be done it was to be done quickly.

#### WHAT OUR FORESTERS ARE DOING

The guardian of the forests heeded their silent call. It was a challenge to his experience, his energy, his ability. But it was a challenge to the right man—perhaps the only American who could have taken it up with success. The forester did not sit at his desk and work at long distance. He took to the woods in dead earnest. He talked with the logger, the sawmill owner, the "timber cruiser." He held meetings, and

gospel of commonsense, and their sermons were filled with facts and figures which forced conviction upon their hearers. The Division of Forestry became a sort of human machine, but a machine where every wheel was perfectly adjusted and where every bearing ran as smoothly as if oiled. The head of the Division has the rare but invaluable faculty of putting the right man in the right place.

The campaign he inaugurated was extended across the Rockies and Cascades even into the great fir thickets of the Puget Sound country. As Congress began to realize that our forests needed care and protection, more and more leaves were torn from the national check-book. Activity broadened. The Division increased with equal pace. Finally it was

given a more independent position, with the title of Forest Service. That name is a happy thought; for service means not merely thought, effort, ability, but all combined to achieve results. By what this band of workers have accomplished since

cent. The nation was caring for about eighty-six million acres at the end of the first year; now it cares for nearly one hundred and ninety-five, or much more than twice as much.

To quote just a few more figures, let us take the national lumber



THE SCHOOL OF FORESTRY, YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

that June day in 1898 when Gifford Pinchot accepted the trust of the tree, they have well deserved the name. To tell the whole story of where they have gone and what they have done is impossible. Take the money received and spent in recent years. The Forest Service receives over one and a half million dollars a year now, though it received less than one hundred thousand four years ago. True, expenditures also have increased as Uncle Sam has added to the number of his national forests; but this increase has been not quite threefold since 1905, contrasted with the increase in revenue of over 1500 per

business as handled by the Forest Service. In 1905 less than one hundred and fourteen million board feet of timber were sold by its agents. In two years this had increased to over a billion; and the value of the timber sold had grown from \$73,000 to \$637,000. And Uncle Sam gets nearly a million a year for letting his neighbors' stock munch the forage in the clearings.

The man who ought to know about what Pinchot and his associates have done for forestry in general is James Wilson, the veteran head of the Department of Agriculture—the "Grand Old Man" of the Cabinet, as

the farmers call him. Here is his judgment, in his own words:

A sound national sentiment regarding forestry has been created. Forest work has been marked by large accomplishments and effective preparation for the future. It has created a fund of knowledge that has taken form in literature on the subject. We now have a science of American forestry. Lumbermen have been shown better and more economic methods of industry. Farmers have been instructed in the value and importance of proper tree-planting and the need of the forest to maintain the waterways. The forester has rendered a great service by exploration and study of forested regions and the distribution of this information.

The mind, the nerves of the Forest Service are in that dingy brick and brown building at Washington. During working moments, letters and telegrams are going out of it from the morning hour, when the type keys begin to rattle, until sometimes far into the night; for each day's task must be completed before the next is taken up, and every one, from the chief to the messenger boy, must have a clean record in this respect. Scattered far over the country are the reservations, for the rangers now patrol the wilderness in twenty States and Territories. Where the forests are numerous and extensive are six field districts, each in charge of a district forester with a force of inspectors, so that the men who guard the nation's timber tracts are close in touch with those whom they can call upon for aid and advice and from whom they can receive instructions. But the field offices are connected by the electric wire, so that the man at Washington or his aides knows daily what is happening in larger reservations, whether in Nebraska or far beyond the Mississippi on the great backbone of the continent. The lumber sold, the cattle pastured, the damage by fire, arrests of trespassers, the weather conditions—all are noted on the blank reports and mailed to Washington, while the telegraph carries the more urgent news.

#### SUBDIVIDING GREAT WORK

The school-teacher would say the Forest Service had been diagrammed when it was organized. If you were to draw a diagram and dot the divisions and offices upon it, you would find that each is just where it should be, to do the most in the least time. The chief is on the seventh floor, where his personal staff can reach him in a minute. The experts in soils, tree culture—the men who know how—are also colonized, so they can get their heads together as often as they wish. The editors of book and pamphlet are associates and close neighbors of the head man. In short, everything is planned with the utmost nicety to arrange the working forces so that they will save every moment of time. Of course, the duties are subdivided. No one interferes with another. Among the four hundred and thirteen workers in the nerve-centre there is no delay, no friction. The activities in the four principal branches are indicated by their titles—grazing, operation, sylviculture and products. Each is in charge of a chief and an assistant who rank as Assistant Foresters in the Service. Law questions are settled by the Law Officer. Then there is the dendrologist who compiles the tree statistics. And last but not least the editor and his assistants, who are responsible for the accuracy and completeness of the literature that is sent out daily to instruct the farmer and woodsman, and to enlighten the people in general as to the importance and benefit of the work. The telephone at his elbow or the electric button brings any one, every one if need be, to the desk of the chief; or he talks without moving from his chair with the man in the remotest corner of this human beehive. Labor and time are so economized that the place is worth studying by the man with the big payroll. It is Pinchot's idea. He planned it.

There are times when the desk on the seventh floor is bare of missive and manuscript and the phonograph has a rest. The "Caretaker of Uncle

Sam's Woodlot," as he calls himself, has gone to take a look around. It may be in the Minnesota pineries, amid the great trunks of Rainier's forest, or where the cedars spring up on the sides of the Sierra Nevadas. Here he is at home. As a child, it is said Gifford Pinchot would toddle towards the nearest tree or bush, when allowed to play out of doors. And the love of nature that found such early expression, was in his blood, for his father, the late James W. Pinchot, was himself a lover of nature, and especially of the woods, and not only united with the son in founding the Forestry School at Yale, but gave still better proof of his enthusiasm by establishing a forestry experiment station on his beautiful estate overlooking the Delaware River at Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania. The son continued this in connection with a summer school of forestry after the father's death, in 1908. Father and son, the Pinchots were among the first Americans to realize the necessity of such centres of instruction; and many devotees of the woods have recently gone into the leafy wilderness to pass their lives, after studying forestry at "Grey Towers."

Most of the Forester's time away from his desk is passed upon the reservations. In khaki and puttees, with perhaps an old slouch hat on his head, he will put a pack on his back and head the file of rangers or guards on their trail through the woodland. To-day, as in youth, he thinks nothing of pushing through the underbrush, scrambling up foothills and climbing mountain slopes that would exhaust many a strong man. At the end of a long tramp, he seems as fresh as at the start, though his companions may be panting with weariness. No wonder that General Sherman, in his later years, always felt sure of his footing in dangerous places, so long as he had young Pinchot's arm to lean on! Tall, broad-shouldered, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, his face and figure show the effects of an intellectually and physically active life—the

life of a hard worker, whose nerves, muscles and brains respond readily to any draft that may be made upon them.

Each year the nation's woodlot-keeper goes into some part of it. Once at least he has gone—officially—as far afield as to the forests of the Philippines. Often, unannounced, he appears at a reservation clad in workaday garb. Here with his local representatives it is just man and man. He shares the food of forester or ranger. He sleeps in the spare bed, and when at the forest camp rests on the floor if there is no better accommodation. Many of the men are "Mike" and "Bill" and "John" to him. For the time he is their comrade. They may not say so, but they know it. This country has no more devoted and faithful servers than the 1900 men who carry the symbol of the Forest Service in the wilderness. There is an *esprit de corps* among them, and much of it is due to their feeling for the man at their head, who is friend as well as chief.

But Gifford Pinchot became well acquainted with the woods long before the people made him custodian of this great asset of the nation. Following the footsteps of Brandis was child's play to the journeys he made in our little-known West. Eighteen years ago he explored that great gap in the globe, the Grand Canyon of Arizona and wandered among the big Sequoia trees of California in the beautiful Yosemite Valley. Not satisfied, he continued northward into the great fir thickets on the shores of Puget Sound, compared with which the forests of Europe were as little groves. He wanted to know more about the West, and as one of the Forestry Commission of the National Academy of Science, in 1896 he crossed the Nevadas, pack on back. He traversed the wild Swan River country of Montana. His associates have heard tales of these adventures, but only in the *camaraderie* of after-dinner talk. He admits that he "starved a little"; also that he killed a bear on one of the trails. As a matter of fact, this seeker after sylvan knowledge

journeyed so far from civilization that more than once his food supply was exhausted, and he was forced to rely on his accurate aim with the gun, and his knowledge of the wild fruit he might gather in the scrub. During this expedition he covered most of the distance on foot. His exploration of the Olympic Range, whose snow-clad tops rise above the horizon west of Puget Sound was a difficult and dangerous climb, for these mountains are so inaccessible that few white men have yet attained their summits. Mr. Pinchot was one of the pioneers, making his trip in 1897. His object was not to conquer the peaks, but to learn of their timber resources. This is not work to him. Getting into the "field" is more than a change from indoor routine. It is pleasure, enjoyment, exhilaration. If he has a favorite sport, it is fishing such as you get when the tarpon springs from the waters of Aransas Pass, his coat of scales shining like silver, his huge body as supple as a trout's. To hook a tarpon is a royal pastime, and sometimes the Forester is tempted to the Texas waters or to Catalina Bay; but otherwise he is seldom lured from live wood of the forest, or "the desk's dead wood" of his office at the Capitol.

The face of this man gives you the impression of a thinker, a scholar; and this impression is correct. He is also a gentleman—in every sense of the word; though no one could be more unaffectedly democratic in thought and speech and act. His father, a well-known New Yorker, distinguished for his dignity and good looks, was the son of a Frenchman who came to America early in the last century. His mother is a daughter of the late Amos R. Eno, one of the great land-owners of New York City. His only brother is a lawyer; his sister, the wife of an English diplomat. Favored by fortune, he might have chosen a life of leisure; but that is not in the blood. He has tried to make the world better by taking up as his life work the protection and care of the national forests; and his bailiwick

extends far beyond the sea. Though an enthusiast, he is neither a recluse nor a crank. At his city home in Washington and his country home, "Grey Towers," his friends know him as the devoted son and companion of a mother who sympathizes with him in his work and rejoices in his success. But this phase of his life is not for the journalist to enlarge upon.

#### WHAT PINCHOT AIMS AT

Still in the forties, already the laurel leaves have fallen thickly upon Gifford Pinchot. Universities have bestowed their degrees. His *alma mater*, Yale, has added him to her faculty. Famous clubs have elected him to membership. Bodies of scientists have enrolled him as an honored member. And his friend and unfailing supporter, ex-President Roosevelt, who appointed him Chairman of the National Conservation Commission, has paid him this tribute:

In securing the use of the water, the forage, the coal and the timber for the benefit of the American people my chief adviser, and the man first to suggest to me the courses which have actually proved so beneficial, was Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the Chief of the National Forest Service. Mr. Pinchot also suggested to me a movement supplementary to all of these movements; one which will itself lead the way in the general movement which he represents and with which he is actively identified for the conservation of all our natural resources.

When Mr. Pinchot became Consulting Forester at "Biltmore," a friend asked him what he expected to do there. "I hope to show that scientific forestry can be made to pay three per cent. If that is demonstrated, capital can be persuaded to take it up." When, some years thereafter, he was appointed Chief Forester, the same friend inquired how long he intended to remain at Washington. "It depends on what I find myself able to do," was his reply. That he remained so long "on the job" is the best proof of the success that has attended his efforts.

# MOLLUSK OR SUFFRAGETTE?

By ELIZABETH OVERSTREET CUPPY

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

## CHARACTERS

AUGUSTA STRONG	<i>Suffragette</i>
MARIE MUMBLEY	<i>Mollusk</i>
PRUDENCE HARDIN	<i>On the Fence</i>
ADAM B. STRONG	
P. PARLEY MUMBLEY	
JOHN HARDIN	<i>Husbands</i>

TIME: Any evening in the present Year of Our Lord.

PLACE: Any residential suburb of any American metropolis.

SCENE: Cosy living room in the home of the Hardins, a young couple representative of the golden mean of American life. In the centre of the room is a large library table, on one end of which books, magazines, papers and smoking perquisites proclaim the domain of man; while on the other end a dainty workbag, a filmy, fluffy cloud of lace and embroidery, a box of bon-bons, a pink rose in a slender vase, bespeak the realm of the eternally feminine. Between these two worlds, but shedding its soft radiance impartially on each, is a large reading-lamp with an opalescent shade. When the curtain rises, John Hardin, enjoying his evening pipe and his evening paper in a comfortable "sleepy-hollow" chair, drawn up to his end of the table, looks the picture of masculine comfort, content and well-earned repose. Prudence Hardin, in a low rocking-chair at the other end of the table, is sewing spasmodically, casting looks of discontent at her work and looks of reproach at her husband.

PRUDENCE. [Putting down her sewing.] John, dear, may I have part of your—of our paper? [Receiving no answer, PRUDENCE thrusts her work into the bag with vindictive pokes and tries again, this time more sharply.] John!

JOHN. [Without looking up from his paper.] Yes, dear, what is it?

PRUDENCE. Unless you are taking in the whole paper at a glance, I should like to see part of it.

JOHN. [His eyes still on the paper.] Certainly, dearest, which part?

"Special sales" or "help wanted"?

PRUDENCE. [With dignity.] The editorial page, please.

JOHN. [Looking up.] The editorial page!

PRUDENCE. Yes, dear, the editorial page, if you are not reading it yourself.

JOHN. [Puzzled.] You know I al-

ways save it till the last, then I read all the best things to you.

PRUDENCE. Yes, I know, you filter it for me; I have been drinking filtered news and filtered opinions ever since I married you.

JOHN. I should think you would be glad to have them filtered. Not all that is fit to print is fit to read.

PRUDENCE. [With sweet sarcasm.] How would you like to have me read the paper first and dole out to you a few filtered facts which I think are good for you to hear?

JOHN. [Sitting up very straight.] What in the world has come over you, Prue?

PRUDENCE. [After a long pause.] Nothing—only I heard some things this afternoon which set me thinking.

JOHN. What things? Thinking what?

PRUDENCE. Things about women—women like me and hundreds of others, who just take things for granted without taking the trouble to think or study or find out reasons, women who would scorn ready-made clothing for their bodies and yet clothe their minds with ready-made opinions, second-hand, cast-off opinions from fathers, brothers, husbands, sweethearts, any male influence which surrounds them—[oratorically] mere mollusks of women, flabby in—invertebrates with no interest in the vital issues of the hour, void of political instinct or civic conscience.

JOHN. Great Heavens, Prue! Where did you hear all that mixture of metaphor and maudlin meander?

PRUDENCE. At Augusta Strong's.

JOHN. [Disgustedly.] I might have known it. Were you quoting Augusta herself?

PRUDENCE. No. Augusta had a surprise for us to-day. You know she sent out invitations for a "Progressive Puzzle Party," and we were all expecting to be bored with puzzles and thinking how like Augusta to substitute some tiresome hobby of hers for bridge and the things the rest of us like. Well, the luncheon was served at card tables just as at our bridge parties—one of Augusta's vegetarian menus with everything mock-this and mock-that,—and when it was over Augusta distributed score cards and pencils, then she called us to order and proceeded to explain the "game." You know how impressive Augusta can be. "Dear friends," she said, for all the world as if we were a public meeting, "when I invited you to a progressive party, I had in mind not the little progress of a handful of women from one table to another, but the great progress of all women from one age to another. When I invited you to a puzzle party, I had in mind the great national and civic puzzles which we may be called upon to solve. And to enlighten us concerning the progress women

have made and to help us solve some of these great puzzles, I have asked the leader of the woman's movement in England, I may say in the world, to address us on this occasion. It is my pride and my pleasure to introduce to you the Honorable Amy Stalker, Suffragette."

JOHN. Bravo, Augusta!

PRUDENCE. Was n't it clever of her? You could have heard a pin drop. I expected a big, raw-boned woman to come out of hiding and begin to harangue us, but instead a pretty, little blonde, who had been sitting with the Williams girls at a table in the corner and whom I took to be one of Mr. Strong's numerous nieces, came forward modestly and demurely, and, oh John! she is a dear! Not at all rough and ranting, not even frumpy, but dressed with taste—that is—English taste, of course. And she had the loveliest light, fluffy hair and such a lot of it, and the softest, sweetest voice, and the most fascinating accent. But I am sure she has the courage of lions and a will of iron. She has had the most thrilling experiences. She was one of those women who chained themselves to chairs and submitted to violence before they would give in—

JOHN. Before they would get out you mean.

PRUDENCE. [Ignoring the interpolation.] Some of them went up in balloons to drop down on Parliament; others mailed themselves to the Prime Minister, all stamped and—

JOHN. Licked?

PRUDENCE. [Oblivious.] Many of her friends, beautiful, refined ladies of rank and the highest social position, have been arrested!

JOHN. I have read that jail is the most fashionable resort of the London smart set.

PRUDENCE. [Disdaining to notice.] Miss Stalker herself has been in prison. She glories in it.

JOHN. Just as Gladys Williams glories in the biggest hat in the place. It's the fashion.

PRUDENCE. Not at all. It's conscience and conviction. Miss Stalker would n't approve of such methods if there were any other way, but she says that only a militant propaganda will ever shock masculine lethargy into a consciousness of woman's wrongs, and that women must do extreme things to prove their loyalty to principle, just as men do.

JOHN. For instance?

PRUDENCE. Well, marching intorchlight processions on wet nights and absurd things like that. Really, John, she was very convincing; she made one feel that no woman ought to be satisfied with being a—a—

JOHN. Mere mollusk?

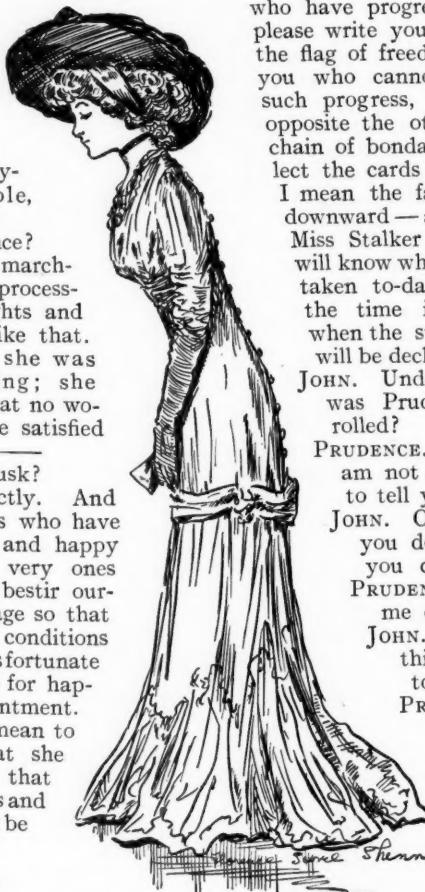
PRUDENCE. Exactly. And that those of us who have good husbands and happy homes are the very ones who ought to bestir ourselves for suffrage so that we can vote for conditions that will give less fortunate women a chance for happiness and contentment.

JOHN. Do you mean to say, Prue, that she convinced you that human happiness and contentment can be secured by vote or legislation?

PRUDENCE. I would n't go as far as that, though she was very convincing. You, yourself would have been tempted to sign.

JOHN. Sign what?

PRUDENCE. [Laughing.] The score card. That was Augusta's great *coup d'état*. When Miss Stalker had finished Augusta arose and



"SHE CAME FORWARD MODESTLY AND DEMURELY."

said: "Now, dear friends, I want all of you who have really progressed to score. You may have observed that your score cards are in the form of a ballot—a little idea of my own—with two emblems, a flag and a chain. Those of you who have progressed far enough, please write your names opposite the flag of freedom, and those of you who cannot honestly score such progress, write your names opposite the other emblem—the chain of bondage. I will collect the cards face downward—I mean the faces of the cards downward—and give them to Miss Stalker so that she alone will know what stand you have taken to-day, though I hope the time is not far distant when the step taken in secret will be declared openly."

JOHN. Under which emblem was Prudence Hardin enrolled?

PRUDENCE. [Hesitating.] I am not sure that I ought to tell you.

JOHN. Oh, Prue! Would you do anything that you could n't tell me?

PRUDENCE. Do you tell me everything?

JOHN. Everything I think best for you to know, dear.

PRUDENCE. [Sweetly.] Just so. Well, I am not sure, dear, that it is best for you to know just yet to what I have committed myself. When the time comes—

[Door-bell

rings.]—Who's that, I wonder? [JOHN rises and adjusts his tie by the mirror over the mantel, while PRUDENCE pins up a stray lock of hair.]

VOICE IN THE HALL. Is Mrs. Hardin at home, Susan?

PRUDENCE. [Rising quickly.] Augusta

Strong! [Crosses room and holds back one of the portières between living room and hall.] Come right in here, Augusta; glad to see you. [Enter AUGUSTA STRONG, stately, placid, superior.]

AUGUSTA. [Extending left hand to PRUDENCE and right hand to JOHN.] I hope you dear people do not object to a little intrusion on your conjugal bliss. This is Adam B.'s evening for the volunteer fire company, and I thought while he was performing his civic duty I would run in for a neighborly chat. You bad man [shaking her head at JOHN with elephantine playfulness], you deserve having your domestic peace disturbed.

JOHN. My dear Mrs. Strong! What have I done, now?

AUGUSTA. You have n't done, you have left undone. Why are n't you with the fire brigade?

JOHN. Because I am more interested in keeping my own fire up than in putting my neighbor's out.

AUGUSTA. The old, old cry of the selfish individualist thinking, first of his own fireside!

JOHN. Come, now, Mrs. Strong, if every man zealously guarded his own fireside, would there be any crying need of volunteer fire brigades or divorce courts or other agencies for the protection or relief of neglected hearthstones?

AUGUSTA. If you mean to imply, my dear Mr. Hardin, that my hearthstone is suffering from neglect because my husband does not shirk his civic responsibilities, I must beg to remind you that I encourage him to do his duty. We are one in—

PRUDENCE. [Hastily.] Oh, Augusta, John did not mean anything personal, he was only—

AUGUSTA. Only trying to justify himself. I quite understand that. Neither do I mean anything personal when I say that Adam B. and I are one in our zeal for the common good. We are more united in our mutual interest in the great issues of life beyond our own door-

sill than are many couples who spend more time together before their own firesides. Look at that table, for example!

JOHN and PRUDENCE. Our table!

AUGUSTA. Yes, your table. Does it symbolize a true union—a union of intellect as well as a union of heart?

JOHN. I have always hugged that delusion.

AUGUSTA. Then hug no more. That table stands for two separate spheres as far apart as the poles. [Doorbell rings, heeded only by PRUDENCE, who goes to the portières, silently beckoning to some one in the hall. MRS. MUMBLEY slips in unobserved by JOHN and AUGUSTA. She and PRUDENCE remain listening.]

JOHN. It takes two worlds to make a perfect paradise—a man's world and a woman's world. The two can never be the same. If they were, life would be unbearable.

AUGUSTA. That is the complacent, self-satisfied, masculine point of view.

JOHN. Is n't it better to be a complacent, self-satisfied man than a cantankerous, discontented woman?

AUGUSTA. That all depends on the cause of the discontent. If it is based on the rankling injustice of ages, on man-made laws and legalized oppression, then discontent is divine, and any woman whose sense of right is so dead that she is not discontented is a—

MARIE. [Coming forward.] A mere mollusk. You see I heard Miss Stalker too. How do you do, Mr. Hardin? [JOHN greets her warmly.]

AUGUSTA. Where did you come from, Mary dear?

MARIE. [Promptly.] "Out of the everywhere into here." Parley's sitting on the board of health, leaving me sitting bored to death.

JOHN. Another man with a civic conscience?

MARIE. Yes, a bad case of it. If it could only be cut out, like adenoids or an appendix!

AUGUSTA. For shame, Mary. You

ought to be proud of a husband who has the public welfare at heart.

MARIE. I am not ashamed and I am not proud. A husband ought not to have any welfare at heart but his wife's. Let bachelors and spinsters and other detached persons look after the public welfare.

AUGUSTA. You are hopelessly—what shall I say?

MARIE. I don't know what you'll say, but I know you think I am hopelessly everything I ought not to be.

AUGUSTA. I should n't put it quite that way, my dear, though I do think you ought to be a great many things you are not.

MARIE. [To PRUDENCE.] She means the things Miss Stalker said all women ought to be. Well, I am not any of them and I am glad of it!

JOHN. [Beaming on her.] Then you did n't write yourself down a Suffragette this afternoon, Mrs. Mumbley?

MARIE. No, indeed. I am afraid I wrote myself down a mollusk. [To JOHN, clinging and coquettishly.] What is a mollusk, Mr. Hardin, and is it very dreadful to be one?

JOHN. [Gallantly.] Not if you are one. Suppose we look the beast up. [They retire to an alcove lined with books. PRUDENCE and AUGUSTA seat themselves on a divan.]

AUGUSTA. [In an undertone to PRUDENCE.] You see she is perfectly hopeless. She cares for nothing but flirting and frippery. But you are different, Prudence. You have a mind of your own—a very good mind if you would only make more use of it. I expected no support from Marie, but I shall be grieved, really grieved, if you did not lend your name to the cause.

PRUDENCE. [Suspiciously.] Did n't Miss Stalker tell you how we all voted?

AUGUSTA. Certainly not. She is a woman of honor and so am I. Thank Heaven, I have outgrown feminine curiosity! I ask for no one's confidence. I merely wanted

you to know how sorry I should be if you were willing to be classed with—[Rolls her eyes significantly toward the alcove where JOHN and MARIE are dawdling over the books and conversing in undertones.]

PRUDENCE. Could n't a woman be interested in the common good and work for it in a quiet way without declaring herself a Something-or-Other?

AUGUSTA. You mean what men call an "uplifting influence." That is one of their favorite figures of speech. I am afraid men care more for figures than for facts.

JOHN. [Coming from the alcove, carrying a large volume.] That depends upon the figure, Mrs. Strong.

AUGUSTA. [Witheringly, looking at MARIE.] Figures sometimes lie, Mr. Hardin, so beware.

MARIE. [Looking at AUGUSTA.] And facts are stubborn things, so beware again.

PRUDENCE. [To change the subject.] What are you looking up, John?

JOHN. [With mock solemnity.] Mollusks. [Places the book on the table and rapidly turns its pages.] Here we are! [Reading.] Mollusca: An extensive series of invertebrates, whose bodies are soft, without jointed legs, and commonly covered with a soft shell in one, two or more places, and whose principal parts are neither segmented into a series of longitudinal rings, as in insects, crustaceans and worms, or radiately arranged as in echinoderms.

MARIE. [Shuddering and covering her eyes with her hands.] Ugh! It sounds like something I would rather be than see.

AUGUSTA. [Disgustedly.] Don't be a fool, Mary Mumbley.

MARIE. [Indignantly] Don't be rude, Augusta. And please remember I prefer to be called "Marie."

AUGUSTA. I prefer to use the good old Saxon name given you by your sponsors in baptism. You forget I knew you as Mary long before you called yourself Marie. I even knew you when you were plain Molly Preston.

JOHN. I protest, Mrs. Strong, I, too, knew her when she was Molly Preston, but no one would have thought of calling her plain.

reading that definition of a mollusk. It shows how apt, how true was Miss Stalker's figure of speech.



"<sup>1</sup> OTHERS MAILED THEMSELVES, ALL STAMPED'"

MARIE. [Archly.] Thank you, Mr. Hardin, for mollifying me.

AUGUSTA. [Scornfully to Marie.] Mollycoddling, you mean. [Turning to John.] Seriously, Mr. Hardin, I thank you for

MARIE. [Sweetly.] But you just said that figures lie.

AUGUSTA. I was using the word "figure" in another sense—the only sense in which it seems to appeal to men and mollusks.



"'JAIL IS THE MOST FASHIONABLE RESORT OF THE LONDON SMART SET'''

MARIE. But according to the definition a mollusk has no more figure than [*spitefully*] a Suffragette.  
 PRUDENCE. [Again trying to avoid a crash.] It is bad form to have a figure now-a-days.

AUGUSTA. As I was saying when I was interrupted, the definition shows how accurately Miss Stalker described the class of women who are in reality the most harmful element in any community.

MARIE. [Bristling.] Now look here, Augusta, if you mean me,—and I know you do:—I want to say right now—

AUGUSTA. [Loftily.] My dear Mary, how silly of you to take my remarks to yourself. I was not indulging in personal innuendo. I was discussing a vital issue in a broad-minded way. I—

MARIE. Just the same I want to say

that I think the most harmful element in any community is the element that is everlastingly trying to reform somebody or something.  
 AUGUSTA. If you are hitting at me, Mary Mumbley,—and it is very evident that you are,—while I scorn to reply in my own defence, I wish to say, in justice to certain high-minded women who share my views, that—

MARIE. Speak for yourself, Augusta.  
 AUGUSTA. [Rising.] Really, Mary, you are—

PRUDENCE. [Interposing.] I am sure the whole subject is not worth a quarrel between such old friends.

MARIE. [excitedly.] I am not quarreling, Prudence, I am just telling her things.

AUGUSTA. [In her most superior manner] You know, Prudence, that I never quarrel, but I cannot agree

with you when you say that this great subject is not worth a quarrel. A matter of principle, of sacred conviction, is something to fight for, to die for, if need be.

JOHN. [With assumed gravity.] Do people really die of it?

AUGUSTA. I said for it, Mr. Hardin. Do not try to foil me with the weapon of ridicule. The point is worn off. [Oratorically.] Women have encased their shrinking sensitiveness in an armor that is sneer-proof. I am not afraid of making myself ridiculous.

MARIE. [Sweetly.] Would you know it if you did, Augusta?

AUGUSTA. [Haughtily.] I know that a woman with any strength of character can never appear so ridiculous in the eyes of thinking people as does a flabby, flirting invertebrate—

MARIE. [Wrathfully.] Really, Augusta, I cannot—

JOHN. [Jumping into the breach.] What do you propose to do first, Mrs. Strong, to test your sneer-proof armor,—mail yourself to the President or chain yourself to a chair?

AUGUSTA. At all events, Mr. Hardin, I shall not chain myself to one of your chairs. May I trouble you to call up the fire department?

MARIE. [Still quivering with anger.] And the board of health, too, please.

JOHN. [Laughing.] Why not the police? [JOHN goes into the hall. AUGUSTA stands at one end of the table fingering JOHN's books, MARIE at the other examining PRUDENCE's sewing, PRUDENCE between them glancing anxiously from one to the other. All three keep an ear on the telephone.]

JOHN. [At the telephone in the hall.] Double nine-three, please.

AUGUSTA. [To herself.] The fire department! [To Prudence, holding up a book.] John seems interested in Political Economy.

PRUDENCE. Oh, yes, devoted to it.

JOHN. What? No answer? Then get five-o-four for me.

MARIE. The board of health. [To PRUDENCE, ignoring AUGUSTA.]

What a darling frock! For little Prue of course. How is the dear?

AUGUSTA. [Before PRUDENCE can reply.] That reminds me, Prudence, there is a very worthy Frenchwoman in our midst—a former governess of the Garlands,—who needs the kind of work on which so many of you women are wasting your eyesight. Why not employ her for such things?

[JOHN's voice, unheeded by all save MARIE, is heard saying: "Is Mumbley there? No—how long since? Thanks."]

PRUDENCE. But I love doing it, Augusta.

AUGUSTA. That's just the point. One ought not to do a thing just because one loves it. One should consider the needs of others.

JOHN. [Thrusting his head between the portières.] I suppose you ladies really want your husbands.

MARIE. We really do, both of them.

AUGUSTA. My own husband, please.

JOHN. [Again at the telephone.] Eight-three-five.

All three women in excited whisper: The Club!

JOHN. [After pause.] Are Mr. Mumbley and Mr. Strong still there?

MARIE. [Disgustedly.] Of course they are.

AUGUSTA. They may be on their way here.

JOHN. [Reappearing at the portières.] What message, ladies, to your respective husbands?

MARIE. [Crossly.] Tell my respective that he'd better hurry to me as fast as he can or he'll find another fit subject for the board of health.

AUGUSTA. [With great dignity.] Tell Adam B. Strong I wish to see him at once. No subterfuge nor persiflage for me, please.

MARIE. [Sarcastically.] No personal innuendo in that, I suppose?

AUGUSTA. [Composedly.] I was merely stating my own position.

JOHN. [At the telephone.] Tell Mr. Mumbley and Mr. Strong to come at once to John Hardin's—they will understand. [Reappearing at the portieres.] I say, Prue, get the

chafing-dish and I'll get the accessories, and in a loving rarebit we'll mix up all our differences. [Exit JOHN. *From the rear of the house he is heard whistling until his re-entrance.*]

AUGUSTA. [Holding up detaining hand



to PRUDENCE.] No, Prudence, I am not in a mood for rarebit.

MARIE. Nor I. They never digest unless you are awfully jolly.

PRUDENCE. Then you don't know our rarebits—we warrant them nightmare-proof.

MARIE. How do you do it?

PRUDENCE. In the only way—just have the dish hot, put in the butter and when it is melted drop in the cheese—

AUGUSTA. Grated?

PRUDENCE. No, chopped up fine.

AUGUSTA. It should be grated.

PRUDENCE. But that makes it all stringy. No one ever grates it.

AUGUSTA. [Decisively.] This one does.

PRUDENCE. Does n't it string?

AUGUSTA. Not for me.

MARIE. That's because it's you, Augusta; even a rarebit knows you can't stand "stringing."

AUGUSTA. I am afraid I am not sufficiently "up" in slang to understand you.

[Door-bell rings.]

MARIE. Our husbands!

PRUDENCE. So soon?

AUGUSTA. [Moving toward the portières] I expected no delay. [Goes into the hall, where she is heard saying:] Don't remove your ulster, Adam B.; we are going at once.

MARIE. [To PRUDENCE.]

Poor Adam! [Enter ADAM B. STRONG, small, sleek, meek and dapper. He greets the ladies punctiliously and rather sheepishly. He is followed by P. PARLEY MUMBLEY, large, good-natured, easy-going, who greets the ladies jovially.]

MUMBLEY. [Attempting to embrace his wife.] What was the hurry-up call, little girl?

MARIE. [Avoiding his embrace.] So the fire department and the board of health both meet at the Club?

MUMBLEY. [Winking at STRONG.] No, but the League for Civic Betterment does.

MARIE. The league for civic poker, you mean.

STRONG. [Protesting.] Now really, my

dear Mrs. Mumbley, you must let me explain—

AUGUSTA. [Re-entering, enveloped in a long wrap and tying a scarf over her head.] Home is the best place for explanations.

PRUDENCE. [Hastily.] But John expects you all to join us in a friendly rarebit.

MUMBLEY. A rarebit is never friendly, Mrs. Hardin.

PRUDENCE. [Coaxingly.] You don't know our rarebits, Mr. Mumbley.

AUGUSTA. [Bluntly.] You don't want to—they don't grate their cheese!

STRONG. [Apologetically.] You know, Mrs. Hardin, Augusta is such a great hand for grating things. [MUMBLEY groans.]

STRONG. No offense or pun intended—though that was not a bad one. I mean that Augusta grates everything.

MARIE. [Sotto voce.] And everybody. [Enter JOHN with his arms full of bottles.]

JOHN. Hello, Mumbley! Howdy, Strong! Why are you all standing there swathed like mummies? We were just going to stir up a little— [Places bottles on table.]

AUGUSTA. I think enough things have been stirred up already. [To PRUDENCE.] Really, dear, I must be going. You know this has been an epoch-making day for me. I am so wrought up that I am afraid the rarebit would not agree with me, even if you grated the cheese. [To MARIE.] Good-night, dear. You know I always make allowance for you, Mary. I know it is just your way.

MARIE. [Lightly.] Oh, that's all right, Augusta. No one ever takes you seriously except yourself. [To PRUDENCE.] I must run away, too, dear. I can't eat things at night without seeing things at night, even though I am the wife of the president of the board of health. JOHN. Surely you will not take these poor men home dry! Are you afraid of dampening their civic ardor? [To AUGUSTA.] Don't you

think so much work for the public good deserves a little private indulgence?

AUGUSTA. I think they have had all the indulgence they need. Good-night, Mr. Hardin. Come, Adam. [Exit MR. and MRS. STRONG after formal adieu, followed by MR. and MRS. MUMBLEY and JOHN. PRUDENCE remains standing between the portières.]

MARIE. [From the hall.] Yes, thanks, Mr. Hardin, you may hold my coat. I am glad your sense of gallantry has not been killed by a civic conscience. Good-night, Prudence. Run in soon and help me organize a league for the improvement of husband's manners.

MUMBLEY. Good-night, Mrs. Hardin. Good-night, John. Pray for the prodigal.

[Hall door closes upon a chorus of good-nights. PRUDENCE moves over to the table and starts to remove bottles. Enter JOHN grinning.]

JOHN. Well, what do you think of that?

PRUDENCE. [Thoughtfully.] It has convinced me of one thing.

JOHN. What is that?

PRUDENCE. That I really scored this afternoon, after all.

JOHN. [Holding out his arms.] Don't you think it would ease your conscience to tell me all about it?

PRUDENCE. [Laughing.] I think it would ease your curiosity.

JOHN. Come, then, confess.

PRUDENCE. [Slowly.] I drew a new symbol on my card. Between the flag and the chain, I drew a fence, and along the top of it I wrote— Prudence Hardin.

JOHN. [Taking her in his arms.] Bully for you, Prue!

PRUDENCE. I was afraid I had done a cowardly thing. But now I am quite sure I don't want to be a "mere mollusk" or a "militant Suffragette." I think I am content to be—

JOHN. [Kissing her.] The dearest little woman in the world!

[Curtain]

# PREPAID RETURN POSTAGE

AN ECONOMICAL PROPOSITION WHICH CONGRESS IgNOReS

By HENRY A. CASTLE

FORMER AUDITOR FOR THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT



HEN the postal service of the United States is regarded, in its true light, as a purely business enterprise, we are startled by the extent of that business and the magnitude of its operations.

The following official statement from the last Annual Report of the Auditor for the Post-Office Department shows the aggregate financial transactions for the fiscal year 1908:

Postal Revenues.....	\$ 191,478,663.41
Postal Expenditures.....	208,351,886.15
Money Order Receipts...	1,249,799,201.95
Money Order Disbursements.....	<u>1,250,297,558.19</u>
Total.....	\$2,899,927,309.70

Thus the enormous sum of nearly three thousand million dollars was handled and accounted in one year by the postal officials of the United States; and the amount increases by millions annually.

What is termed a deficit is the difference between the annual revenues and the annual expenditures of the postal service proper, as distinguished from the money-order business. That deficit for 1908 was nearly seventeen million dollars, or an average net loss of \$46,000 for each of the 366 days in the year. This is not a temporary misfortune. The Postmaster-General frankly esti-

mates a deficit of \$16,000,000 in the fiscal year 1909, now current, and postal experts place it as high as \$30,000,000.

It may be regarded as a coincidence that there is pending before the Post-Office Department a proposition which its sponsors confidently assert will yield, every year after its complete installation, a net revenue equivalent in amount to this regrettable annual deficit of over sixteen millions—a proposition, furthermore, which is held to be directly in line with the present progressive policy of the postal administration.

If there can be discovered any postal reform that may possibly be capitalized at \$850,000,000—which the present deficit practically represents,—any improvement in the service, which, while saving money to patrons of the post-office, will probably wipe out the present average daily loss of \$46,000, there is certainly good reason for its consideration by the Department and the people will cordially welcome it.

More than one billion pounds (half a million tons) of mail matter was transported and delivered by the United States mail service last year. If an average were made, ever man, woman and child in the United States received 75 letters, 43 newspapers or periodicals and 18 packages, and every sixth person registered a letter. At all hours of the day and night mail is shooting, dashing, jogging and crawling in every county in the land—a continual ant-heap of ac-

tivity. There is no business so great or so near the people.

The past growth of this service has been much more than an index of the nation's advance in population and wealth. It is the measure of a marvellous development, of intellectual activity. The post-office has been a grand educational establishment, quickening the mind and energizing the spirit of our entire people. Its expansion, compared with other elements of progress, has a startling significance. The population of the United States in 1790 was 4,000,000; in 1910 it will be over 90,000,000. The wealth of the people, in real and personal property, probably aggregated \$2,000,000,000 in 1790, and may be conservatively estimated at \$100,000,000,000 in 1910. The number of post-offices was 75 in 1790, and will be 65,000 in 1910. The postal revenues were \$37,975 in 1790, and promise to be \$215,000,000 in 1910. Therefore, while in 120 years the population of the country increased 22 to 1, and its wealth 50 to 1, the number of post-offices increased nearly 1000 to 1, and the revenues of the service 5400 to 1.

Objections to engrafting new lines of business on the postal service are inapplicable to any proposition which is merely an improvement in existing features of the mail system, increasing its value to the public, stimulating the use of the only profitable class of mail matter and largely augmenting the postal revenues. The Department has in the past secured many of its most valuable features through experiments suggested by outside business interests.

The plan proposed relates to return postage, or an economical method of getting answers to advertisements, inquiries etc., whereby the advertiser or inquirer will pay postage only on the replies he actually receives.

One desirable means of advertising is that of a direct communication from the advertiser, either by circular or letter, containing the matter to which it is desired to draw

attention. But in order to get the best results it is essential that the recipient correspond with the sender. To permit this to be done with the least possible trouble, the advertiser encloses in the original communication a postal card bearing on the one side the address of the sender, and frequently on the other a form which can readily be filled in and signed, or a stamped envelope with the printed address of the sender, in which a return letter may be enclosed.

This method of advertising at best is costly, since the postage upon all the return enclosures must be prepaid and, when not returned, the postage is lost to the advertiser. For this reason, although many postal cards and stamped envelopes are used in this way, it is certain that the number would be vastly increased if some method were adopted by which postage could be paid only upon the missives actually returned.

A simple plan for accomplishing this result has been devised, by means of which the Post-Office Department, in co-operation with a business organization interested in extending the facility to all parts of the country, can accommodate the public, while enormously increasing the post-office revenues.

The device now being considered by the Department consists of a postal card and envelope of such form or color as will permit it to be readily separated from other mail matter and bearing a specially designed stamp. These cards and envelopes are to be manufactured by the Department, sold for cash and distributed to the persons and firms who will send them out enclosed in circulars, for advertising purposes, collection of news, etc.

There will be purchased, in advance, United States postage-stamps to the value of \$100,000, to be placed on deposit with the Department, as a nominal prepayment of the postage on all matter returned. The patrons of the system will send out these cards and envelopes to their cor-

respondents, who will use them for mailing replies, orders, etc., without affixing additional stamps and therefore without cost to themselves. The special design on the return envelope or card, only on being mailed, becomes a stamp in fact and in law—the certificate of the Government that the postage has been paid. The deposit is kept intact by daily payments at the receiving offices covering the actual postage on such mail as is received.

There does not seem to be anything visionary or impractical about this scheme. It is plain, coherent, and business-like—an eminently safe and sane proposition, from every point of view. This is indicated by the approval given to it by hundreds of practical financiers, publishers, merchants and manufacturers, as well as by post-office experts of long experience and unquestioned sagacity. And what commercial or manufacturing establishment, doing a hundredth part of the business of the United States postal service, would hesitate for a moment in accepting an offer that would, without any risk or cost, place active agents in the streets of every city and town throughout the country, who would work diligently, year after year, to create an increased demand for its most profitable wares?

The demonstrated utility of this device and the demand for it, as voiced by testimonials from hundreds of business men and from the public press, appeals strongly in its favor. It is on all hands admitted:

1. That the existing system of reply-postal matter involves a great loss to the public.

2. That in consequence of this loss the present system is used to a comparatively restricted extent.

3. That by the plan under consideration this loss would be wholly avoided, and at the same time the postal revenues would be greatly increased.

4. That, after long agitation of the subject, no other means of effecting this result is available.

Every statement and argument submitted by successive heads of the Post-Office Department and of its several bureaus, within the past five years, in favor of suggested reforms in the service and expansion of its usefulness, so far as they refer to the benefits to be conferred on the people at large, apply with increased vigor and pertinence to the new facility offered by the return-postage plan.

No postal improvement has ever been adopted that carried with it, in advance, official endorsements so numerous and so weighty. Both the Legislative and Executive branches of the Government are represented in its advocacy. Post Office Committees of the Senate and House have put the seal of approval on the general principle involved. Heads of the Post-Office Department and of all the bureaus, postmasters of leading cities and hundreds of expert employees have pronounced in its favor.

Postmasters-General James, Hatton, Vilas, Bissell, Wilson, Gary, Smith, Payne and Wynne, with more or less distinct emphasis, affirmed the desirability of a return-postage service. All the heads of bureaus in the Department—First Assistant Robert J. Wynne, Second Assistant W. S. Shallenberger, Third Assistant E. C. Madden, Fourth Assistant Joseph L. Bristow, and the writer hereof, as Auditor, after a series of hearings in session as a Commission, united in a recommendation for an experimental trial of a return-postage plan; but changes in administration soon following, the subject was held in abeyance.

Congress has advisedly and emphatically approved the idea of a return-postage service, but apparently regarded it as a matter for departmental experiment rather than for legislation.

In all the shapes and phases which the proposition has assumed, it is a notable fact that no substantial objection to the practicability or the profitableness of the plan has been advanced by any expert. It is unique

among postal reforms in having no opposition on its merits.

As the first-class mail matter is the only feature of the postal service that pays a profit, we may see that it would mean much to that service, perpetually in arrears as to its income, if it had agencies all over the country energetically seeking to increase the sale of its stamps, thus stimulating without cost to the Government its only profitable feature.

As the result of a protracted investigation and discussion of the subject, it has been made to appear very clearly (1) that a feasible system of reply-postal missives is urgently demanded by the business interests which employ the mails for soliciting trade; (2) that the adoption of such a system would largely increase the revenues of the Post-Office Department; and (3) that it ought to be provided by executive action, under existing law, by an arrangement such as is now suggested.

Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith reached the conclusion that a trial of some return-postage system would be proper, but resigned before his decision could be put in operation. In a letter to his successor, Mr. Smith said:

One consideration presented itself, and with reflection and examination gained strength, which pointed to the advantage of doing the work through a company under proper control, and this consideration was that such a method would undoubtedly bring more revenue to the Government. The Government can do the business, but cannot stimulate it. It does whatever is brought to it to be done, but does not go out to seek customers. A company doing the work would have a direct interest in

increasing it and would have the agencies for that purpose, and the greater the business the greater the revenue accruing to the Government.

We find in the *Church Economist* this significant statement:

We know to a limited extent what becomes of stamps sent out by us that never come back to us. While we cannot trace very many, we can trace enough to show us that stamps do not reach the waste-paper basket and are not burned up. Speaking for our house alone, our postage bill, during a period of three or four months, incurred for circulars which call for a reply, may reach \$10,000. At the most favorable consideration we lose \$6000 of it. We trust ministers with \$6000 of our money, and lose it! That is the fact which we see.

On a fair basis of calculation, allowing for the postage on the outgoing mail, which carries the enclosures, and deducting the postage now received on business of this kind, the net increase of annual postal revenue would be at least \$16,000,000—a sum virtually equivalent to the current and prospective yearly deficit.

That this extra revenue would increase year by year as the merits of the plan became known, as the business of the country increased, and as the organization was extended so as to bring in new patrons, is a necessary sequence based on all past postal experience. It is a new field for legitimate postal enterprise, with the promise of many decided advantages, and the plan will doubtless be inaugurated by the Department in the near future.





## RITA SACCHETTO

By EMILY M. BURBANK

Que la danse toujours, ou gaie ou sérieuse,  
Soit de nos sentimens l' image ingénueuse.

DELILLE



MERICA is really to see the beautiful Rita Sacchetto dance — Sacchetto, protégée of the great painter Lenbach, child of the arts, flower of a line of musicians, painters and poets! And it is Loie Fuller of the Flaming Skirts who will have the honor of introducing her to the American public. She comes this season, as one of a constellation of star dancers, selected by *La Loie*, as the French call her, at the instigation of Andreas Dipple, of the Metropolitan Opera House directorate, and the management of the new Boston Opera Company, for the season of 1909-10, at the close of which the Terpsichorean band will tour the country with a symphony orchestra.

While the name of Rita Sacchetto is unfamiliar to the American public, many who frequent Germany and Austria know it well; and reports of the dancer's beauty and talents had prompted more than one American manager to consider her im-

portation. This time, it seems, the alert Mr. Hammerstein was caught napping, and the enemy seized the treasure! All managerial inquiries in Munich, last spring, failed to reveal the fact that the lovely butterfly had flown to Spain, to add to her repertoire; hence the good fortune of Loie Fuller, who, spreading her gold-meshed net in Paris, caught Sacchetto, when, *en route* from Spain to Munich, she unwittingly paused for costumes and pleasure in the World's Playground, never dreaming (not to mix the metaphor) that the Fates had there erected a milestone in her career.

Discussing with the present writer the possibility of dancing in America, she once said: "I know that in America they care only for what the artist can do; that there is not such an agreeable life for us as in Europe; but, all the same, I would test my powers where success is most difficult, where only the 'arrived' artist is welcome."

A year ago, the beauty and dancing of Sacchetto were being commented upon in London, by those of the elect who were so fortunate as to witness her performance at the Duchess of Albany's; elsewhere, she has not yet appeared professionally



Photograph by F. Grainer, Munich

IN SPANISH COSTUME

in England. Her name and type declare her Italian, though when she is conversing, one finds her equally

at home in Italian, German and French, while her English needs only practice. Sacchetto's father, a Vene-

tian, married the daughter of an Austrian composer, and—possibly by way of compromise—chose Munich as their home; most fortunately, as it proved, for there a son, now a recognized painter, and the fair Rita have been reared in the inspiring atmosphere of that city's most exclusive art circles.

It was four years ago (she was then

home of the Artists' Club, in part planned and decorated by Lenbach, Germany's great portrait-painter, who left to it his collection of paintings. Since this auspicious beginning, whether in Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, Dresden, Cologne or Stuttgart, painters and musicians have formed the nucleus of her audiences, and titled, even royal patronage, has been hers, when appearing in the leading concert-halls and Court opera-houses of Germany and Austria.

Naturally, those who have sat entranced by the consummate art of Adeline Genée, and witnessed the posturing after the antique of Isadora Duncan, the Salomé Dance of Maude Allen, Odette Valery's Snake Dance, and the fascinating art and temperament displayed by the members of the Russian Imperial Ballet, which have delighted Paris and London, will expect in Sacchetto only an imitator, for the gamut seems to have been run. Instead, from the moment she appears upon the stage, her very personality proclaims her a gifted original, and one quite understands Lenbach's urging her to enter this profession. Nature has equipped her with beauty, grace, magnetic charm, the gift of unusual facial expression, poetic imagination, feeling for the dance and love of it. A German critic describes her as "a lyric-dramatic prima-donna with She is rather a mute actress, than mistress of the art of traditional pantomime. In the

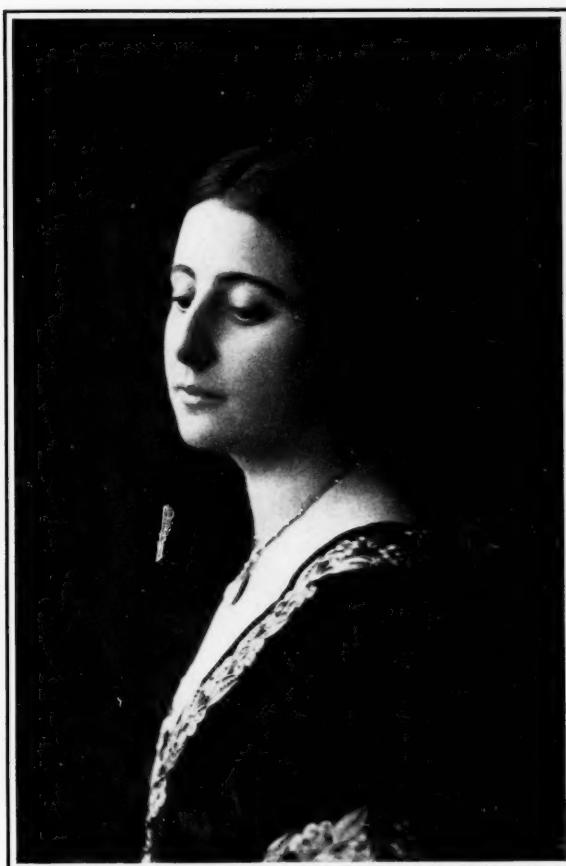


DRESSED FOR A DANCE IN THE CRINOLINE OF THE TIME  
OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

twenty-two) that Sacchetto made out song." her professional début with orchestra, in Munich, at the *Kunstlerhaus*, that

actress, than mistress of the art of traditional pantomime. In the

words of another foreign critic, this lovely daughter of the South is artistic, without being the product of art. Sacchetto's success is due to her gift for improvising rhythmical and poetic movements based upon traditional folk-dances, to which her creative and idealizing imagination gives vitality while her clever mind lends conviction and authority to her performances. She comes naturally enough by some of her talents. The keen sense of rhythm she inherits from her Austrian mother, and an unerring feeling for harmony in color and line is the heritage of a child of Venice. The result of some instruction by the ballet-master at the Court Theatre of Munich may be detected in her turns, etc.; but to the casual observer, she has no technique in the sense in which Genée has. An evidence of an innate art sense lies in her confining herself, as a dancer, to music written for the dance. Folk-dances, magic dances and Oriental pantomime are included in her repertoire; and on her programmes appear the names of Brahms, Liszt, Chopin, Handel, Bach, Mozart, Rameau, Rubinstein, Johann Strauss, Bizet and Waldteufel. There are Hungarian dances, Spanish dances, tarantelles, sarabandes, minuets, gavottes, waltzes and castanet *soli*, one of the last-named, by Ascher, having



RITA SACCHETTO AS SHE APPEARS IN PRIVATE LIFE

won her much fame; in fact, her foreign critics declare that, as mistress of the alluring art of castanet playing, Sacchetto has no rival on the modern stage, not even among Spanish dancers.

After she had appeared in Auber's "Die Stumme von Portici," at the Royal Opera House of Dresden, the *Dresdener Nachrichten* of June, 1907, said: "To the singing interpreters of the piece was added an artist, the lyric-dramatic dancer, Fräulein Rita Sacchetto, who, in representing Fenella, gave a most excellent rendition. She has at her command a creative,



RITA SACCHETTO IN ORIENTAL COSTUME

idealizing power of imagination, by means of which she is able to give a complete and finished picture of the character. The expression of her features, her motions, the grace and beauty of her appearance, the art in her costumes, agree to the very smallest detail with what we demand for Fenella."

The *Tageblatt* of Düsseldorf says of her in the same rôle: "He who was expecting a 'dancer' in Sacchetto did not have his expectations realized; but he found more — a talent for pantomime without any of the conventional traditions of the ballet, a coloratura prima-donna without song, but with her passion and tragic gesture. Her play follows every slight movement of the melody, every turn, and so gives the melodramatic scene

a fulness of expression which brings to light the subtlest and most hidden meanings of the score."

Bizet's "Djamileh" an Oriental tragedy, gives Sacchetto an opportunity to display her dramatic ability. The music is based upon Hindoo dances, and the story is that of Djamileh, a slave who undertakes to regain the favor of her master by performing his favorite dance. His continued indifference arouses her anger, but at the first show of it, a warning gesture from her lord brings her to herself, and in fear and desperation she resumes her dancing; at length realizing that all her efforts are in vain, she falls to the earth, crushed by grief.

As Sacchetto's physical type is that of Italy and Spain, so is her temperament, and her Spanish dances transport one like magic to Toledo or Madrid; her costumes are authentic and entrancing, while she invariably

shows originality in her manner of setting her stage. For one of Brahms' Hungarian dances there is the Pussta, or region of stretching plain, familiar to all who know Magyar Land. The ripening wheat fills the distance, while in the foreground recline two gypsies, a woman and a man; the latter plays on his violin a melancholy introduction to a dance. Peace reigns in the idyllic spot when the dusky gypsy, rising slowly to her feet, as if in a dream, begins her dance. Now watch how, like the fiery wine of the gypsies, the rhythm of the dance infuses life into the girl's sluggish limbs, until, with rapid *crescendo*, her delirious frenzy culminates in one of those passionate outbursts that are so characteristic of the race.

Many more examples might be given to prove the point which the writer would make—*i. e.*, that there

of Händel, or yields to the sultry, languid atmosphere of the dance of *Djamilah* by Bizet, with complete, noble grace. She re-



COSTUMED FOR A SPANISH DANCE

is unquestionably room on the American stage for this unique young artist; instead, I close with a quotation from the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin, for December, 1908:

"The ideally beautiful artist, Signorina Rita Sacchetto, moves in gentle rhythms of solemn melodies, such as the sarabande

produces as well the dainty steps and bows of the Rococo Minuet (Mozart), the wild, fiery Gypsy dances or Brahms' Hungarian melodies, or the electrifying strains of J. Strauss' *Fruhlingsstimmen*. Equally eloquent, and corresponding to the character of each, is every movement of the head, body and limbs; and so also is the play of expression in the regular features.

Sal. 5.  
Hocep Moiene ces 1626  
Alboghe Nogheinde Heeren

'S RYKS  
ARCHIEF

Heuk is offstrik t' leeg teuyzen van Amsterdnam  
aenghengen. dat is d<sup>e</sup> 23<sup>de</sup> sept<sup>br</sup>. v<sup>an</sup> reue reue  
Lant geygelt v<sup>an</sup> de stadt Maeritine rapporteert  
dat ons volck dat heuk is te verdiengt leue  
gaet heuvenig geygelt oer hondert stukken ghebrukt  
ghebrukt v<sup>an</sup> elant manchettes v<sup>an</sup> de wolden ghebrukt. Naer  
de wolden vay 60. grul. is groot heuse magtig.  
Ghebrukt alle hond gaff mey geygelt. dat gaff  
august<sup>se</sup> geygert. Daer van geygert minstelsch  
was geygert. aldaer tarede. Huyge. gafft. Gabet  
boudoert. huygeert. boentgheert. te volck.

• Het Cargafoen van t'ze schip is.

7246. 26646. vellen  
178  $\frac{1}{2}$ . othels. vellen  
675. othels. vellen  
48. Minch. vellen  
36. Cattelph. vellen  
33. Minch.  
34. Hattes. vellen.

Met d'cken balichg. in Noten-gout.

Heuk mde

Hooge moghde helle. oft d<sup>e</sup> delmoghde  
is v<sup>an</sup> d'cken helle.

In Amsterdnam den 5<sup>de</sup> novem v<sup>an</sup> 1626.  
Deve Hoo. Hoo. Dienstwillige

P. Schaghen

REPORT OF THE PURCHASE OF NEW YORK  
Made by Peter Schaghen to the States-General, 1626

# THE PURCHASE OF NEW YORK

By RUTH PUTNAM



HEN the following letter announcing the purchase for 60 *guilders* (\$24) of the 11,000 *morgens* of land constituting Manhattan Island,

was read in the Assembly of the States - General, on November 7, 1626, it was resolved that "No action is necessary on this information." Had their High Mightinesses possessed prevision, how strenuous might have been the resolution passed, that the newly acquired island should be kept forever under their control. Nor was the West India Company, that money-making trust which ventured this first speculation in wheat and in lands in the long line of enterprises known to Manhattan, more alive to the excellence of their investment. More than ten times the sum paid over to the Indians for about 22,000 acres, according to their estimate, has since been paid for a single square foot of New York soil! Probably there is no other sale on record where the advance in value has been so great.

Both the contents and the form of this letter were revealed to Americans by Mr. Brockhead over half a century ago; and the original itself still tells its own tale, as it hangs in The Hague Archives, giving testimony that is incontestable even though unsupported by any other contemporary evidence. At least so it would seem; but the statement that all Manhattan then passed from the aborigines direct to the West India Company does not go unchallenged. A tradition exists among the descendants of Sarah Rapelye, the first white child born within New Amsterdam's bounds, that the entire island was once in the possession of her family.

Again, it is clear that Schaghen does not name Peter Minuit as a party to the transaction; but histories of New York repeat the statement, one from the other, that he made the purchase, and the latest book on the subject contains a view of him in the very act of paying the Indians!

Perhaps it is worth while to look back to our sources, from time to time. At this tercentenary period the letter must be interesting to many of the dwellers on Manhattan, though so few of to-day's millions trace their pedigree to Dutch roots.

## TRANSLATION OF PETER SCHAGHEN'S REPORT TO THE STATES-GENERAL.

Received 7 November, 1626.

### HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS:

Yesterday the Ship the Arms of Amsterdam arrived here, having sailed from New Netherland, out of the River Mauritius, on the 23 September. They report that our people are in good heart and live in peace there; and, too, the women have borne children there. They have purchased the Island Manhatten from the Indians for the value of 60 *guilders*; 't is 11,000 *morgens* in size. They had all their grain sowed by the middle of May, and reaped by the middle of August. They sent thence samples of summer grain; such as wheat, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, canary seed, beans and flax.

The cargo of the aforesaid ship is:

7246	beaver skins
178 $\frac{1}{2}$	otter skins
675	otter skins
48	mink skins
36	wild cat skins
33	minks
34	rat skins

Considerable oak, timber and hickory. Herewith, High and Mighty Lords, be commended to the mercy of the Almighty.

In Amsterdam, the 5th November, A.D. 1626.

Your high Mightinesses' obedient

(Signed) P. SCHAGHEN

Received 7th November, 1626.

The address was as follows:

High and Mighty Lords,

My Lords the States-General at The Hague.

## THE FOREST PILOT

By MARRION WILCOX

Now that the North Pole has been discovered and the South Pole closely approached, the press teems with tales of adventure and descriptions of physical conditions in the Arctic and Antarctic. Here then, by way of contrast, is a picture of the life of the tropics—the languorous *dolce far niente* of South America; where, instead of the "step lively" induced by below-zero zephyrs, the natives' heavy-moving feet seem almost—as the writer puts it—to strike root at every step.—THE EDITOR.



E had been talking about the Spirit of the Forest, that mysterious being with attributes of man, animal and plant. Then our old pilot said: "If you believe in it, you will discover it."

"Or him," I suggested.

"Or her," said our professor, humorously.

We were adventuring in the metropolis of plants. There the streets, thousands of miles long, are rivers. By those streets we were entering a vast district marked "Unknown" on the maps we carried with us; and I think this circumstance counted for much with our pilot, attaching him loyally to our expedition. Though a man of education (of what race I cannot say), he had wandered during so many years in the forest that he considered himself to be identified with its mysteries.

It is all very well for people in snug northern homes to say that any expedition like ours unmasks a region, showing that it is not really so dreadful, proving some of its terrors to be mere bugbears. But when we had left the outposts of civilization far behind, our metropolis of plants (if I may restate bluntly actual impressions received by several persons) became a city submerged, for we seemed to be creeping along, mile after mile for hundreds of miles,

deep down below the surface of an ocean, so dim was the daylight under the mass of foliage upborne by gigantic struggling columns of trees. Its uncanny streets, the rivers on which our launch made uncertain headway, were like channels in the ocean's bed. Everything was part of an extravagant burlesque of real life—the vegetation preposterous and prankish, with plants growing out of plants as the scene-painter represents them when he contrives a gloomy underworld setting for some stage piece; odors filling the air with unnatural blending of aromatic spring-like freshness and of autumnal mustiness. In mimicry of clouds, streamers of grayish vapor high overhead were made visible by a little filtering sunlight where the foliage was less dense. At night the stars themselves were imitated by enormous fireflies whose lawless and brilliant motions could be compared to nothing less disquieting than the firmament gone mad.

And then the solitude!—in which, however, an elusive presence was almost perceived, now on our level and again high overhead, hovering, impending; not the ghost of a being whose active life has ceased, but rather the spirit of creatures whose participation in the active life of our own times has not yet been fully recognized. We found that the vegetable kingdom there actually defeated the animal kingdom, quietly banishing animals and birds from

the forest's centre to its outskirts; so why should we doubt that plants have at least that degree of will, sight, memory and consciousness which scientists are beginning to claim for them? And if by solitude we mean a general absence of *human* life, the forest's depths were about as solitary as the ocean. About as many people lived there as one finds, apart from steamships' tracks, on the ocean, namely, none at all; although perhaps once in a month some naked savage was seen, a dusky imitation of man rather than a lord of creation, emerging from a thicket to blink at us with eyes unused even to the half-light near the river. Lords of creation? No; the trees of the lordly forest commanded; vegetation was master; man, we found, was as nothing there. Our arrogant species was not essential. The facts surrounding us broke down our self-confidence. "Nature does not need us," we said. "Here is life—a complex society, an exceptionally perfect example of competition and co-operation, flourishing more vigorously than anything man controls."

We saw that nature, having excluded our particular little kind of life, was getting along magnificently without human beings. So enormous the force of vegetation, so superbly intolerant its control, we could not help feeling that the vegetable kingdom had exterminated humanity. Our chance to be left alive seemed to be about as good as that of a tuft of grass trying to grow in Broadway, New York City.

Our professor stated the case more entertainingly. "The human race," said he, "under the malign influence of these crowded trees, has long been retrogressive, sharing the fate of *Glyptodon* and *Megatherium*, gigantic animals in Pleistocene times, whose descendants in this forest are, respectively, the timid armadillo and the arboreal sloth. Presently the native tribes will be extinct, utterly destroyed by these plants, great and small, which we really ought to call *creatures*—creatures

whose primitive sense-life is the beginning of the human mind; creatures whose life, therefore, including sensations of pain and pleasure and the conscious striving for development, will more and more seem to be comparable with that of animals or human beings."

"Comparable with human beings," I repeated. "I should think they were! Here, for example, the Murderer *Liana* attains its selfish ends by *looking* to right and left for the most prosperous neighbor, clasping inflexible arms around the doomed body of the strongest tree, scrambling upward by such means to the light, to the companionship of lofty and self-supporting individuals, and then, at the height of unscrupulous ambition, strengthening its hold until circulation is stopped in the veins of its benefactor. Could anything be more inhuman—more human?"

Our professor developed the thought eagerly. "In this overcrowded metropolis," he said, "such misconduct is simply a result of that struggle for existence which makes half of the roots adapt themselves to life above ground when there is no more room in the earth, some dangling like ropes from high branches toward others upthrust in buttress formation to meet them." Pointing out a monster, ugly, thorny, poisonous, that grew on the left bank, he continued: "A fine specimen of the *Assacú*, a tree which presents itself to mankind as a creature so completely evil that we wish it were not necessary to admit relationship. But that is merely our point of view. We say that these trees are armed against our species, and ask whether it is by accident or with design that they in the course of evolution have drawn from the earth and air such deadly properties that a native fears even to go near one of them. What is the viewpoint of the other plants, of the *Assacú*'s companions and intimates? Is the *Assacú* their champion, just a rugged character, as useful to them by virtue of its properties and service as to us it is inimical? We men who destroy

whole forests must seem to be natural enemies, against whom the plant community should defend itself.

"Remember that this is not only the greatest, but also the most ancient community of sentient creatures in the world; therefore the universal tendency to insure the survival of the species, to evolve means of self-preservation or special agents for the protection of large communities, must have had amplest opportunity to express itself here. Wonderful, undreamed of products of 'silence and slow time' there must be at the heart of this unexplored region, haunted, according to the superstitious natives, by the Spirit of the Forest."

Now, the war between flora and fauna exercised the attentive powers of our minds to such a degree that we acquired a quickened sense of capacity for realizing the profound significance of all that we saw; and doubtless our imaginations, rejoicing extravagantly in that new intellectual playground, sometimes crossed the line that separates fact from invention. Think what examples of success in the vegetable kingdom must be placed in contrast with failures among the fauna! On the one hand, the Megatherium was represented so shamefully by the sloth; on the other hand, that humble common herb called milkweed, which grows along our northern roadsides, was represented by the large forest tree which produces india-rubber. Where simple facts seemed like exaggerations, excited imagination naturally mistook some of its own exaggerations for simple facts. Fascinating border-land of fact and fancy!

We found that the forest, not satisfied with the expulsion of a large share of the animals, had persuaded those that remained to become intensely arboreal. For instance, there were those inveterate tree-dwellers, the monkeys of the Cebidae family, which have a fifth hand for climbing: surely in remote ages, before the forest became all powerful, their ancestors had only four hands. "They

have adapted themselves evermore and more perfectly to a forest life," we reasoned. "Is it not probable, therefore, that human beings, more expert and logical than monkeys, have striven to attain a still completer kind of adaptation; and that, while most of them failed and perished, stupidly trying to live among the branches of these trees, a few understood the genius of the place and accommodated themselves to *that*, little by little surrendering human activities and gradually, very slowly, learning how to vegetate? Their descendants may be vegetating on this incomparably rich soil, in this warm and humid atmosphere — human plants, completely reconciled to their conquerors by submission and imitation. The people who live in the surrounding countries confess that they, unaided, will never conquer this forest. They accepted defeat several centuries ago, and the forest, ever since that comparatively recent demonstration of its power, has been bullying them, sending disease germs among them, hoarding its wealth. Now, in the centre of a region so unique, the most ancient and extensive forest, why should we not expect to discover examples of the *consequence* of defeat? Or, to put the question in another form, why should we not discover that portions of the vegetable kingdom here are different from all that we have seen elsewhere?"

"Once upon a time," said our old pilot, "a faunal tribe wandered from the mountains into a narrow part of my forest. On a bluff overlooking the ocean they built their town. Its ruins are hidden by the jungle.

"It is a perfectly charming place, though I must say that you would not be apt to realize its greatest charm unless you should look into a certain cave or grotto, where can be seen all that remains uninjured of man's handiwork. I must tell you about that.

"Abundant water from the mountains, making its way underground to the face of the bluff that overlooks the ocean, comes out in delightful little springs, and so all the lower

part of this bluff is covered with a luxuriant growth of vines, grass, cane, and ferns. The path that men cut in the cliff down to the water's edge is shaded by superb ficus trees. Near the lower end of the path is the grotto; in all that belt of verdure the most triumphantly green spot; a shrine partly natural, partly artificial, far more beautiful than any mere work of art, a delightful work of nature, art, and religion."

"What religion?" demanded our professor.

"Ancestor-worship," our old pilot replied.

"I might have known it," said the professor, "inasmuch as they migrated from the mountains; for I have found many things connected with the ancient history of that region which can be explained if one keeps in mind the theory of ancestor-worship. I have been thinking about it quite often of late, and I reach the conclusion that ancestor-worship must have been quite universal, for, logically, this belief rests upon the same considerations which have supported all great religions. This thought is intensely interesting; let me state it in the simplest, plainest terms.

"It is all a question of *faith*—of the practical value of faith. The intervention of God in human affairs, according to Christian doctrine, is active when we have faith. He exists, then, for us, as a 'living' God and a friend—not as a mere personification—while we believe in Him. It is belief (one might even say) that keeps life in the spiritual world. Thus even the Greek and Roman gods lived so long as incense ascended from the altars of their faithful people; and those deities were represented truly as sharers with men and women in the love of life, scenting that proof of active belief or faith always, drawing the fumes of incense into their nostrils eagerly because it really was the breath of life; it kept the gods alive in their heaven.

"And now, as for the theory of ancestor-worship, we see how this provides for the utilization of the

enormous power of faith, and is the most thoroughly practical of all beliefs. Worship ancestors, both for their sakes and our own? Of course! We see that the idea must have presented itself in the guise of a direct, personal appeal to every man of superior intelligence who established the practice by imposing his views upon the other members of his faunal tribe; that at any period of history and in any of the world's savage or cultivated districts, a leader may say to himself, in substance, this: 'Since I wish to secure immortality for my parents, I shall believe in their continued existence, and shall speak to them in heaven, addressing them with affection as friendly beings; and of course I must have children, whose faith will, in turn, keep *me* alive in heaven.'"

"Alive in heaven and on earth," our old pilot amended. "It would be as natural for children to run away from their parents, the authors of their being, as for ancestors to be willing to pass all the time away from the authors of their protracted existence—the people who believe in them. And they certainly do like to be near the places where such belief is cordially expressed—for instance, the grotto I was speaking about. "Besides," he continued, "the place itself is fascinating. The vast scale of man's failure to hold his own or to appropriate nature's achievements in this southern continent is forgotten. Here at last we find more than appropriation; here at last we find reconciliation, though on a very small scale. Water drips from all parts of the grotto's curved roof; the rocks and earth of its roof and sides are covered with moss and maidenhair ferns. In the centre of the cave is a small figure, carved in gray stone; and as only its face, throat, and prayerful hands are seen through the garment of soft dark green moss that envelops its body, the effect is exceedingly beautiful and spiritual. Offerings of flowering plants, memorials of the propitiated forest's miraculous cures, surround

the gray figure. The air at the foot of the cliff is cooled by spray from the grand surf of the ocean, not less than by springs of fresh water and leaves that deride the barren sea. Dripping, splashing water is led from the cave into a miniature canal; thus gliding smoothly along a ledge on the brown face of the cliff until it finally plunges into a quiet bit of a harbor—where is only one ship, held (by vines like cables) alongside an old stone quay in ruins.

"The jungle has, of course, not only captured the ship, but has also adorned its decks and masts with the most gorgeous flowers, with the strongest, bravest young growths of the forest's best families—altogether a gallant company of plants, ready, you would say, any minute to continue a voyage that was interrupted a few years ago.

"Now I must tell you how, only a few years ago, a customary voyage of that ship *was* interrupted. The ship came swooping around the windy bluff and into the quiet harbor. It had on board a party from a town near the equator: a bridegroom and bride, with eight members of the bride's family—such a chivalrous wedding journey as is commended by the people who live near the shadows of the forest. The bridegroom invites all the gentler members of the bride's family to accompany him, thus averting any heartburning or discontent.

"The rather pretty and sympathetic ladies of this bridal party had never before travelled beyond the suburbs of the little city in which they were born. One could see that the world and the abundant animal life in the outskirts of the forest amazed them. They wore an expression of timid and pleased curiosity in general, though when they looked out upon the ocean the effacement of their shoulders and elbows became more than timid, less than pleased.

"Just suppose you also are on board. . . . Now you see them looking at you like a herd of startled deer, and so you stop (when you happen to pass near their corner of the deck) to

ask one of the herd if she is feeling better to-day. A short conversation ensues, to which all are so attentive that they nudge each other sentimentally. If there is a bit of amusement in the corners of their eyes when your method of speaking their sylvan dialect seems, perhaps, somewhat unconventional, you scarcely notice it; and when you turn away to resume your walk their heads bob together in eager comment.

"To them the town seems a wonderful place; it actually boasts of telephone service and two hotels! All are so eager to go ashore that (the ship arriving at the quay early in the morning) by the middle of the afternoon they have decided which hotel they will patronize, and then the bridegroom requests the local 'Transportation Company' to unite with him in the delicate enterprise of sending up the indispensable luggage. The company promises, gives receipts, and takes the trunks nearly one half of the distance.

"Let us pass on to the following morning, when the bridegroom goes to the company's office to claim his trunks. He finds them there, shows his receipts, and the chief official again promises to send them to the Royal Hotel.

"But they do not arrive.

"Then the manager of the hotel telephones, and you learn by listening to him some strong new words. No result. . . . And now the second afternoon is wearing away.

"The bridegroom strolls into the company's office, where his property reposes. He goes in unconcernedly, as though nothing had happened. He gets on the scales and seems to have some difficulty in weighing himself. That is the signal for the commencement of a *personal* interest.

"A young clerk comes forward to adjust the scales, and asks: 'Pounds, sir, or kilos?'

"'Pounds, sir, if you please.'

"'Very well.' . . . There is some polite talk about the visitor's weight.

"Then, crossing the floor to the little pile of luggage, the bridegroom

says: 'Here I have some trunks, sir; here you may read my name and the names of my sisters-in-law, on these tags.'

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, in the hotel, the *Royal Hotel*, we have a few modest rooms."

"Ah, yes, sir."

"I have been thinking how it might be possible to effect a union of these things—of the luggage and the rooms that await them—without too much trouble to anyone."

"A brighter look comes into the clerk's face. 'You shall have them, sir, immediately.'

"*You yourself*, sir, will undertake to see that we receive them? *You yourself, personally*, will have the kindness to aid me in this important matter?"

"Certainly, sir."

"He rouses a dozen of the sleeping citizens, who, shouldering the trunks, carry them to the wrong hotel, before resuming their afternoon slumbers.

"Such botanic delays are completely in harmony with the lifelong experience of our friends. No offence is taken. On the contrary, this seems a homelike place. The bridegroom notices, however, that all the laborers—poor, half-naked fellows—have fingers that are lithe as twigs, while their toes are marvellously long and tapering. But then, everyone in town—whether resentful burden-carrier, civil clerk, or censorious hotel manager—drags his feet along the ground in walking as if those members were beginning to strike root. In fact, even the newcomers' feet seem strangely heavy."

The narrator paused, and with a liberal gesture indicated the conditions which at the moment surrounded us—conditions still more unfavorable to ourselves, because for vegetation they were ideal.

"You already know," he continued, "that the ship *never* sailed away. The sympathetic bridal party never again travelled beyond the environs of the little town in which it was entrapped. Of course there were excursions or pilgrimages to the grotto

in the cliff, where the doomed pilgrims prayed faithfully, thus yielding more and more to the spell of bygone things."

"What sort of creature does the gray figure in the grotto represent?" the professor asked.

"It is an image of the Spirit of the Forest, which has"—I thought the pilot repeated these words maliciously—"attributes of man, animal and plant. Did not your human ancestors evolve from lower animals, which in still earlier ages had their origin in some forms of plant life? What other work of art, then, would be an appropriate expression of the ideals of ancestor-worship? You men of science"—this *certainly* was malicious—"might prefer to put it this way: The figure represents the common source of all life, that vital force which, in ascending scale, manifests itself as plant, animal and man."

That was all he cared to say, and we were silent for a while.

Then, "The Spirit of the Forest has instructed him," muttered the professor. "He has given us a thought which makes the whole world, wherever plants and men live together, more significant."

For my part, I was really thinking of *that other vessel* manned by plants, and of my responsibility for our own launch. What I said was: "Well, we can't go any farther to-day—there's not light enough. Your oldest forest is the newest wonderland of stories barely indicated and strange pictures still to be 'roughed-in,' old man—pilot in every sense of the word! . . . Are you quite sure, though, we should like to come suddenly upon the original of your gray image?"

"You, sir, may never discover it," the pilot drawled. "Foreigners have to see in order to believe. We forest people have to believe in order to see."

He went away, dragging his feet along the deck, and ordered the crew to "tie up to the bank for the night"—which they did in the simplest manner, fastening our launch to vines like cables.

# TEXAS TRANSFORMED

## A STORY REGARDING THE EXCHANGE OF CERTAIN HISTORICAL HATS

By EMERSON HOUGH



NCE upon a time I was moved to visit New England in the capacity of a seeker after light. In common with many who have had access to American literature and history, I went thither with many preconceived ideas, most of which I presently discovered to be erroneous. I would not describe my voyage as one of disillusionment, but rather of surprise, delight and discovery. History, I came to think, had been misleading. Indeed, I may gently—and I hope modestly—state that that status, condition or consensus of composite belief known as history or as public opinion, is always or nearly always erroneous and wrong. As a people we are not only myopic but strabismic. Whenever we can erect error into so-called truth, we always do so, and then bow down before it as an idol, our dearest idols being these cross-eyed ones which we make for ourselves.

The immortal gods on high Olympus must have great doings at their afternoon teas, as they scan the pages of *The Evening Olympian* for the last note on human history. "I say, by Jove," remarks Vulcan to Juno sitting near, "this belief of the dear people in their own fetishes, is something most amusing, I must say. Eh, June?"

Juno, looking over his shoulder, can only add, "By Jove!" And Jove himself, musing, is obliged to chuckle. Mercury—whose star is in the ascen-

dant these days—contributes. "Minerva, old girl," he remarks, "do you see what a jolly joke there is going on the earth about you and dear New England? Fancy!"

"Yes," remarks Saturn, smiling sardonically, "they don't even know that Plymouth Rock has been moved to the Galveston sea-wall. History! My word!"

And then they all repeat—as well they may—"History! My word!"

My word! History, what is it? The main truth about it is that it is not true. If Plymouth Rock be indeed left in New England, it is the only Puritan thing which remains. On the contrary, the Puritan characteristics have all and several been transferred into a region utterly remote, and one where the opposite of Puritanism has in historical estimate always seemed to obtain. All American history so much as ten years old is a matter of mirth on high Olympus. It is n't true. The immortal gods have their right to laugh in their flowing sleeves. Should we leave it to them, no doubt they would advise us that the only safe way to read history is to turn popular belief precisely the other way about—in other words, and to use terms intelligible in certain narrow circles to "copper the card." Without doubt Plymouth Rock, therefore, is now to be found at Galveston or elsewhere in Texas. If not, it is the only New England thing which has not been removed there within the past few years. New England has

changed. So has Texas. They have swapped hats.

Let no atrabilious soul jibe that this is comment of a jaundiced Westerner who can see no good outside his own narrow section. Far be that from me. I much preferred Texas before it became New England! A disinterested exegesis of history is my sole concern herein; wherefore I soberly affirm that if you wish to get an idea of what Texas is to-day, you should read history as to what New England was a hundred years or more ago. Then go see Texas, and ask the immortal gods if it be not true that the only way to get the truth as to popular impression is to read history, the last page first, and "copper" it every play.

All this time we have had telegraphic and railway intercommunication between all the corners of America, including Texas and New England, respectively the Puritan and the Cavalier portions of our national domain—for henceforth we may as well put adjectives where they belong. Let the immortal gods, if no one else, smile at the city editor who cursed out the new reporter who complained that he had not yet got all his facts.

"Facts!" exclaimed the city editor. "What do we want of *facts*? We are running a newspaper. What we want is the *story*!"

In our amazing American history we have wanted the *story*, not the *facts*. On this we have been as "sot" (to use a Texas and New England phrase) as we have been in regard to the stage Irishman, the stage Englishman, the stage American, the stage Easterner, the stage Westerner. Nothing is more fixed than our religion as to these conventional figures. Laugh at Japanese art perspective? Why should we? It is line-perfect as compared with ours. No bronze war-god is farther from fact in his facial expression than these American historical figures. Find Plymouth Rock at Galveston? Of course we will!

Why picture all New Englanders

as nasal nutmeg-makers? The fact is that they are busy, kindly, educated folk, good Americans, and living now in the later stages of the country's development. They have no option. They are Americans of to-day and not of any earlier day.

Why still picture the typical Western man as wide of hat and small of boot-heel, weapon-bearing, drinking, profane, employing a ten-cent dialect that never was on land or sea? We may doubt this picture although a flood of art, literature, drama, shall assert it. Let New England "copper" the Western drama, the Western short story, the Western illustration. They are not true. The men of Texas, where Plymouth Rock has gone, are also modern, dignified Americans. Perhaps they are a little too Puritanical to be really good fun any more, but they are units in a great national life. They are Puritans for the time, only because in due sequence the time of license and loose freedom has been of necessity supplanted by stern days of repression.

The West and the South to-day are experiencing a wave of strange moral reform. It is time, in the course of human events, for them to become Puritan. The truly wild and lawless stages of their lives will come all in due time, after they have become old and rich—in short, like the New England of to-day. Eastern men used to be afraid to wear silk hats in the West. Texan men are afraid to wear any kind of a hat in the East to-day; and when they approach a northern city, they do so in fear and trembling, doubtful of their ability to cope with the desperadoes of whom they continually read. There is nothing so accurate as history—if you read it by opposites. Of course, the rumor that Plymouth Rock has been removed will for some time be regarded in the East as lacking proper confirmation. The population of New England, or a large part of the same, yet believes that the West is wild and that Buffalo Bill is its prophet. Buffalo Bill, Ned Buntline, and Frederic Remington—ah, might

one hold the niche in fame of e'er a one of these tripartite fathers of their country! It is something to have created a region as large as the American west, and lo! have not these three done that thing? Never mind about the facts. They are the story. Since one of them is dead, and both the others good fellows financially fixed, each should have his laurel wreath ungrudged, for of a certainty they are in the picture for fair, if one may use such speech.

Yet all the while, if divergence from the gregarious popular belief may be permitted any earnest sceptic, it has been a safe philosophical bet,—if one may be permitted such speech—that history was wrong; that there was really a big and dignified portion of America, a busy industrial portion of American also, occupying the romance fields of the trans-Missouri. A few timid souls have been known to buy real estate there in the past. Some hundreds of thousands to-day are hurrying, rushing, crowding, building ditches, building homes, buying real estate, in that part of the world. The people are turning from Harrimanism and socialism alike, and putting their money into earth instead of paper. Wall Street unintentionally made a western boom. The United States treasury cannot sell our people the nicest of new bonds. They buy land instead. This sort of thing has always gone in cycles. For a time we had corners in wheat, lard and the like—things forgot to-day. But after lard, the repentant bought land. Having built certain towns of paper, not long ago they repented, and began to buy pure paper instead, in Wall Street. Now again they regret, and again they are buying land. Each time a new wave of the repentant has passed across the face of the earth bearing green papers and babbling of green fields, it has found the boom values of the past the accepted values of to-day. The people, seeking for a west, of late find only a country which has replaced that West. Having once peopled that country with a choice lot of

stuffed stage figures, they have, with our usual national perspicacity, refused to read history in any way except front page first which is wrong.

In this way we have of late had the spectacle of the South going prohibition, the West going Puritan. I claim no merit at stories, and these are only facts. Many westerners have been in New England once. Many New Englanders have been in the West once. Their mutual mistake has been that each wrote of the other's country, and that each believed ancient history was true to-day.

Western America has always been fairly able to take care of itself, has never asked for a defender, and has never felt offended by any misrepresentations. In the new days of its Puritanism, the Wild West, long content to let pens and brushes wag as they listed, now begins to show a certain uneasiness that they wag so much, and so much in the same old way. Galveston, at present owner of Plymouth Rock, asks comparison between itself and Boston. It points to its own up-to-dateness in municipal morality, and proves that it really has pretty much all the attributes which history erstwhile ascribed to New England, but which New England now does not have! Texas, once more alien than New Jersey, wipes a brow beaded with well-doing, and taking herself seriously, insists that she is a portion of our national civilization.

We might do worse than study the stern and rock-bound coast of the Gulf of Mexico. The North has capitalism and socialism. Texas has neither. It is American and Puritan. Read the social, business, industrial, political scandal-news of the East, and then turn to Texas. The latter cuts no corporation antics. She never had a corrupt Governor. She never lost a defalcated dollar, so they say, in all her life. She has been puritanically honest from the day of the Alamo down. A corrupt judge never sat on a Texas bench. Texas has been just that simple, Puritan, American America which we all ought to

love for the sake at least of what it might have been.

It is perhaps fair to say that New England once took herself somewhat seriously, as the only star-eyed and distinct portion of our national possessions. But what district had the real claim to aloofness and individuality? When Texas came into the Union, she retained her own public lands for herself. Texas has always been peculiar. The clerks of the Land Department at Washington, who write out patents for homesteads taken under our government land laws, are mostly ignorant of the fact that Texas was the first country in the world to frame a homestead law. Texas has always had more land and less taxes than any other State in the Union. New lands are wide and dark, and the lawless hasten there; yet Texas has fewer lynchings per annum than Indiana, and surely Indiana is the accepted home of art and culture.

Earnest young artists and authors believe that nothing has happened west of the Missouri since Bret Harte and Captain Mayne Reid. Statistics, however, differ from the story tellers. The "bloody Rio Grande" last year showed nineteen crimes in a population of 30,000. There were seven trials, five convictions and five punishments. Compare that with the court records of any Northern State, of one-fourth the area. The list of women murdered and unavenged in Chicago alone within the last few years makes over a half-column of print. New York's catalogue of murdered women and children, unavenged, leads this by three-fourths of a column. Boston's list of unpunished criminals—Ah, it is a sad thing to think that woman, flower of civilization, is most misused in the very accredited centre of our civilization and our culture. But against women and children you may not sin in Texas and go unpunished. Texas, thank God, is civilized! Texas, thank God, is Puritan!

At home in the rustic community where I dwell, I like to speak care-

lessly, with the air of one who has travelled much, of the time I was abroad in New England. I recall that during that visit I was at the club of a friend while he prepared for dinner. He laid his evening clothes and his six-shooter on the bed together while he performed his ablutions. I was told that six-shooters are in general use in the East; I know not with what exaggeration of speech. It is awkward to spoil a story with facts. On the other hand, business of late has required me to travel many thousands of miles in Texas. There I saw only one man who carried a six-shooter, and he carried it in his valise. Resolved now to compile some further statistics for myself, I one day made an inventory of Texas hats, as seen upon a railroad train. There were thirty-eight derbys, seven straws, eight light-colored felts, and an even dozen just hats, in sight. Interested I began to count the "chaps,"—those indispensable leather trousers without which no magazine illustrator could pay the rent to-day. I found four pairs, all in the chaparral country, where they were needed. I saw more pairs than that in one Colorado hotel, where there was no use for them except for show. Texas wears overalls, and New England, I take it, wears the "chaps" to-day.

Ten-cent dialect has always been of great interest to me, but of this manner of comparative philology I found none in Texas; nor ever did in my many years of wandering there. There, too, was the Texas longhorn steer, famous in Texas simile, fixture in Texas history. On my last visit I saw two longhorns in a pasture, where they are kept as curiosities. Half the population on our train rushed to the windows to see these extraordinary creatures. Texas has yet another longhorn, I was told, visible for twenty-five cents; but this one I did not see. Texas raises blooded live stock now, and ships North a big percentage of the young cattle which become our prime corn-fed beef in the Mississippi valley.

A thousand reversed historical truths, similar to these, may be discovered by any observer. As to advanced industrial ethics, such as concern our magazines of the North to-day, whence comes the actual thunder? It is Puritan Texas which has inserted real loops in the corporation tail to-day. The right-of-way of any railroad pales where it crosses the Texas line. There is a train *de luxe* which runs from Chicago to the city of Mexico, with not more than semi-occasional stops between. It stops by law at every county-seat in Texas. The Lone Star State likes opportunity for deliberate examination of trains *de luxe*, and takes her time with this one. Annoyed passengers, turning from their pages of Buffalo Bill, Ned Buntline and Frederic Remington, may gaze from the windows upon the only truly Puritan population left under our flag—that of the storyless Southwest. But the passengers have recompenses. They are forbidden by law to tip the porter, the waiter or any other employee on the train *de luxe*, or on any other train within the confines of Texas. Would they had that law in wild New England! In Texas a man is still a man, even though a servant, yea, even though he be a citizen. In Texas it still remains possible to be an individual, although living in the twentieth century.

In her artless Puritan fashion, Texas forbids public subsidy for any enterprise. In Texas all paid-up stock must be paid for in real money, and not a stage substitute. This, to a few lambs of experience may seem archaic, but magnificent!

Puritan New England, forsooth! If you really seek a country where you must be good whether you feel good or not, turn to the dry Southwest. While all the North is rebelling at Sunday blue laws, all the South is going prohibition. There are more prohibition towns, ten to one more per capita, in Texas than in New England. When I was in New England I traveled on the B. & M.—but what is the use? That train

ought to have been called the B. & S. On the other hand, in Texas it is illegal to take a drink on any railroad train whatever, even although it is nearly forty-eight hours across Texas. Once this law paused at the Pullman car; but certain thirsty folk bought bottles outside of Texas and opened them inside of her confines. Texas avenged this by stiffening up the law. To-day it is a criminal offence for a man to take a drink on any railway train in the State of Texas, from his own bottle or the bottle of anybody else. Texas remarks, *sotto voce*, "I reckon that will hold you for a while." Puritan New England! Ye gods! And the librettists have overlooked all this.

When I was in New England, myself with others did eagerly frequent places of divertissements and gambols open on the Lord's day. It is different in Texas. Under the blue-laws of New England a man does not kiss his wife on Sunday. In Texas he kisses no one else.

It is not the story, but the fact regarding Texas, that the Sabbath is there held in far more reverence than it is in the North. Reverence for the Sabbath is a legal matter, moreover. Wicked San Antonio, with a large foreign population, for a long time kept open on Sunday in spite of the law, preferring to pay her fines. Then came a stern-eyed Texan who found that the way to close a saloon on Sunday is to go after that saloon's license bonds. Chicago, New York and Boston are not yet so puritanical and practical as to employ such methods. Imagine the Honorable Mr. Busse, Mayor of Chicago, resorting to such Wild Westism. Imagine such treason in the Wild East. Of a verity, it would cause some new Patrick Henry to be born.

Texas wears not white hats, but black ones; she goes to church on Sunday, she does not drink extensively on Sunday or any other day, and she does not wear a gun. Such are some of the trifling exceptions as to the accuracy of the school

of Western fiction and art which tells us of the great Southwest. What to-day are art and fiction without a gun; what indeed our history as a people? Texas being both Puritan and practical, punishes the gun-wearer with both fine and imprisonment. A Northern traveler not long ago tested the validity of this law by mere alcoholic accident. He is still in jail.

Card-playing, once tabooed in Puritandom—where bridge is now at its worst—is not tolerated in Texas. Temperate, black-hatted, drinkless, church-going Texas makes it illegal to play poker, bridge, faro, croquet, or any game of chance. You may not even bet on the length of the preacher's sermon in Texas. It is unlawful to drop a nickel in a slot machine and get a piece of chewing-gum. I am not even certain that it is not illegal to chew gum in Texas. Some gay young men in El Paso—a city famous in literature of those who have been there but once—not long ago played a few cards in defiance of the law. They are in stripes to-day. Texas has not yet thought of the leg-and-neck stocks, but may do so any moment.

Oh, yes, they laughed at fanatics in the court of Charles, but what good did that do Charles after his head was off? They laughed at Puritanism in Rome, but hand-organs represent the Coliseum to-day. The East, that once claimed Puritanism—that is the place where treason has been done both to Puritanism and to America. Weakly and quaveringly, we of the North assert that we are "investigating" our corrupt commercial methods. Texas does more than investigate. She knows the old Puritan truth that the way to cut down a tree is to cut off the roots. When we really wish to abolish our monopolies, we can go to Texas and in fifteen minutes learn how to do it and do it thoroughly.

Yet Texas Puritanism does not include the mortification of the flesh. It is not a part of the Texas religion to live on corn pone and squirrels,

as they did in old New England. The latter country was barren; Texas is unspeakably prolific in all easements, from peaches to onions. The Boston millionaire eats canvasbacks made of mud-hens, but in Texas the plain people eat the real thing. There are more canvasbacks and more terrapin in Texas than any place in the world. But Texas reserves these for Texans. It is illegal there to ship game from one county into another. To enjoy Texas, you must go there to live; for the Lone Star State affords the only illustration of practical application of the Monroe doctrine. Texas is for Texans, but the pro rata comfort, the per capita possibility of life enjoyment, is greater there than anywhere else in America. Alfalfa, peaches, onions, cucumbers, cabbages, brussels sprouts, as well as terrapin and canvasback—indeed all the staples, necessities and luxuries of life are there offered extravagantly by nature, unasked, or but slightly assisted.

But besides being New England, Texas is everything else. It is anything but small and narrow, measure it in what terms you like. Geographically Texas is more immense than one can suppose who has not studied the map. Swing it on its several corners, and with its opposite corners you shall touch points so widely removed as Chicago, Georgia, the Atlantic and the Pacific seas. Within such confines there are a dozen climates, a hundred soils, and unmeasured divergence of industry and resource. The pine forests of Texas, her short grass plains as well, and also her deep and loamy cornfields are of the richest and widest in the world. Soon she will raise more rice than the Orient, and better. Her oil fields cover a thousand miles. She is not a State, but an Empire, and still a real Republic. Long ago Texas cut off her fringe. She is to-day America, and what America ought to have been. As to misconceptions of so great a part of the nation, it needs no very courageous Texas John the Baptist to cry out from his departed wilderness.

Now, bearing green papers, yet babbling of green fields in the old Saxon home-loving way, we hurry Westward. Our people spill over into Canada. We have flooded all the arid West, have made a new State out of the agricultural Indian lands once set apart sacredly to the red men "so long as the grass shall grow or the waters shall run." We spend uncounted millions trying to patch the torn shoe our captains of industry have relegated to us in devastated pine lands; we spend other millions in irrigation enterprises, seeking to create a new West in place of the one that we once all owned pro rata.

Texas, wide, diversified and rich, is getting her share of this. Forty years ago she could not give away her lands, thirty years ago she sold them at six cents an acre. Last year such lands sold for fifteen dollars an acre. In Southwest Texas, where vast transformation enterprises are going briskly forward, lands with the wall of mesquite and cactus torn from them bring under the ditch \$30, \$50, \$100, an acre. A new country has been discovered by industry, if not by history. It is one in which all old values and earlier estimates are wiped out.

Such a thing as sectionalism ought not to exist in America to-day, when intercommunication is so cheap and so abundant. Yet American ignorance and egotism regarding America are things enormous in the total. Many of your acquaintance can tell you of the Tyrol and the Riviera, but when it comes to the Rockies and the Rio Grande, they can only answer you in terms of Bill and Buntline. A neighbor has what he calls a "shooting" in England, because it is eminently correct to do so. What he might have in actual shooting in Southwest Texas he does not care to know, and will not believe. Rich anglers go to Norway after salmon. Talk to them of the tarpon at Aransas Pass or Point Isabel, and they would raise incredulous eyebrows. American sportsmen go after deer in the

Scotch Highlands because that is in Europe; but what they might find in the highlands of West Texas they do not care to ask. I once hunted buffalo in the Panhandle of Texas. That country was safe and gentle then. Now it is wild and dangerous, because infested with piano-tuners and lightning-rod agents who ride motor-cycles and automobiles. Skin-hunters used to drink alcohol for sport, but now they run churns with it, over hundreds of miles of what was once a milkless cow range. But of what use is it to tell how America has shrunken? We must in the future take our history as we have in the past, via art and literature and some decades late.

In these new industrial days, none the less, Texas would like to be taken just a little more seriously. Her border ruffians make no appeal to her pride to-day. She points rather to her millions going into railways and ditches. She wants you to see the churches and not her red lights—you can see the latter at home. She asks you to her table, and not to her bar-room. She will show you the family gun, but show it resting on the family mantel in the modern family home.

Before Texas had become quite so Puritan, a citizen of Vermont who had been reading mail-order real-estate literature, bought a lot down in Texas, he did not know exactly where. The more he read the literature, the more convinced he became that the best thing he could do was to sell out his business, put his household goods on a car, and with his family remove to Texas; all of which he did. At last he descended from his railway train at the designated spot. This to his eyes did not in the least resemble a town. They were met by a beweaponed individual who frankly admitted that he had needed the money and had shamelessly sold them their real estate.

"But where is our lot?" asked Vermont.

Silently the beweaponed one led the way into a frame shanty where hung a vast blue-print map.

"Git out o' the way!" he commanded, as he drew a large bowie knife from his boot and began to whirl it about his head. He cast the glittering blade chance medley into the blue print, where it hung quivering, and then examined the number of the lot where the point of the blade had happened to stick.

"Number seven-sixty-six, that's your lot, Mister. Do you reckon you-all air satisfied?"

"I guess we be," replied Vermont, trembling.

I do not vouch for these incidents as facts. They are only history. But did Vermont come to Texas now, he would find good houses where the old shacks stood, and all his hopes about his lot come much more than true. The story of the modern growth of the Southwest is one of astonishing proportions.

To me the most interesting part of that story is the fact that Texas is America, that it is the place where the next great American battle must be fought. It is the East and North that now have seceded from the flag of the Union. It was the old Puritan steadfastness to an idea of human liberty which once saved this Union from disruption. That same old Puritan idea, transferred to the West, to Texas if you please, will once more save this Union, will once more bring the North and East back under the true American flag.

This shifting of simple honesty and plain Americanism from one corner of the country to another is one of the

truly curious and interesting phenomena of the day; yet here are the facts. Take the two hats, one the steeple-crown of the Puritan fathers, the other the wide Stetson of the plains—both now wellnigh extinct save in history—and without trick or deception, as the magician says, transpose the two. Put the Wild West headgear on demure New England, on the East, now much infested with Wild West art and literature; and set the Roundhead hat on the dry Southwest. It is n't history, but that is startlingly near the way the hats belong to-day.

Of course facts are rather insignificant as compared with the story. All we can do is to hope. Down in Texas not long ago I overheard a one-armed man who was talking with a lean languid little man who sat on a cotton bale near by in a railway station.

"I reckon I've had my share of hard luck," said the man with the empty sleeve. "I lost my arm the second year I was married. Then I lost my wife. Then I lost my two daughters. I married again, and, damn me, if I did n't lose that wife too! I'm afraid to try it again, I'm that unlucky."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, sighing heavily, "I don't know. You can hope. They don't *all* die!"

I presume we may hope. We even have a proverb about the ultimate prevailing properties of the truth. Let not the immortal gods mock too much at us.



# NEW ZEALAND

## THE BRIGHTER BRITAIN OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC

By WILLARD FRENCH



T is curious how differently the outsider and the insider watch the development of New Zealand. Those not under its protection think only of the expansion of the theory of governmental paternity. They hold that Grey, Sir Robert Stout and the late Premier Seddon really made New Zealand all that it is, and they watch Sir Joseph Ward—who, for motives the fundamental qualities of which are still somewhat obscure, shouldered the premieristic responsibility in almost a *coup d'état*, before New Zealand fairly realized the shock of Seddon's sudden death. They watch every straw showing the way of the wind, and wonder what will come of it and what will become of New Zealand.

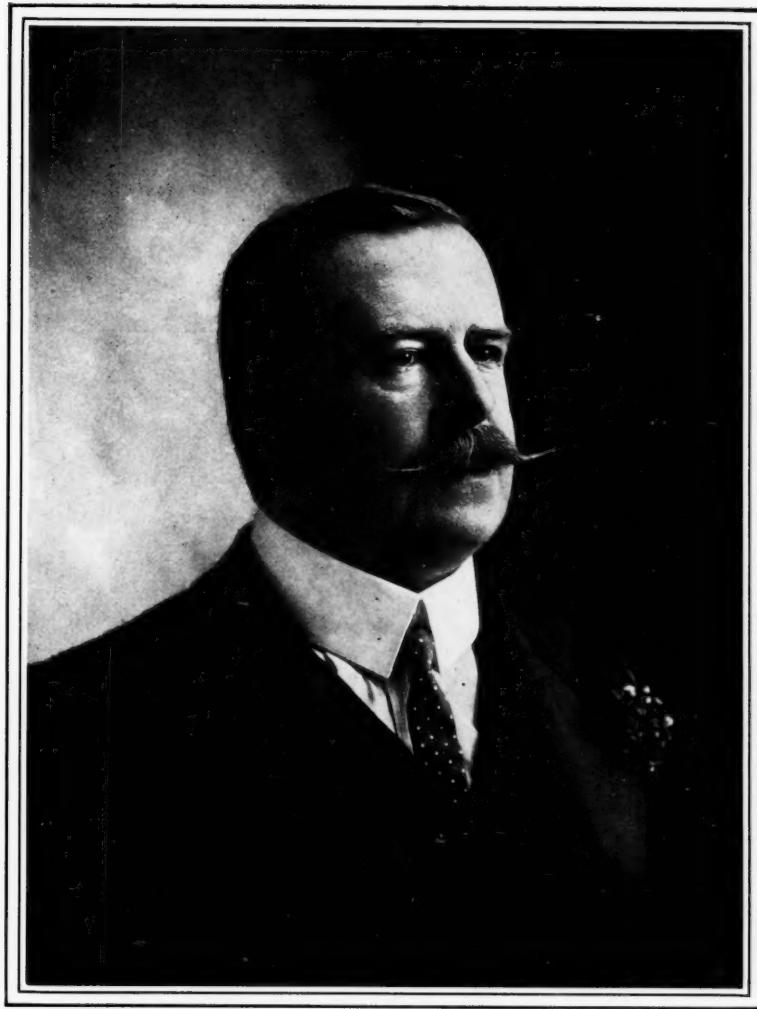
To the insider the experiment of governmental paternity is unobtrusive, and even in proximity to an election it has apparently little to do with the case. He is well satisfied. Possibly he is stoical—he is largely Scotch, and some things are temperamental. Possibly he is an ideal stand-patter. At all events I have been the length and breadth of New Zealand over and again to find them rare exceptions who would progress from personalities to principles political, in any kind of argument, unless forced by inquisition. They are proud of New Zealand—proud as proverbial Lucifer,—but the ways and means, legislative, seem secondary and immaterial.

This has really proved an item of

infinite value in the development, strange though it seems to Americans, who make the ways and means the burning issues of each hour, spending their time and treasure on political obsessions, filling the air so incessantly with the dust of theory and policy that one seldom catches a glimpse of the great reality beneath, constantly perturbed with efforts to adjust itself to the vicissitudes of practice. It is an item of value to New Zealand because it renders legislation and administration possible and productive, unhampered by perpetual upheaval.

To the New Zealander the object of interest is the country. He will not gratuitously talk politics, but, Heavens, how he will talk New Zealand! From dawn to dark and back to dawn again, he 'll talk New Zealand. And though New Zealand is small—not much over a hundred thousand or so square miles,—and though it has n't quite a million inhabitants, counting Maoris, of all the people of the earth who by right can boast of their country—not barring Americans,—those with the best right are that same nine hundred and odd thousand New Zealanders.

Remember that it was n't till 1840 that New Zealand was really thought of, and that it was 1870 before the white man had his feet fairly set upon the shores and had fought the final battle of the Maori war; then let him go ahead and talk. What he says is inspiring even to an American. It is all about his "Ao-tea-roa," his "Long - bright - world." Long it surely is—something like eleven hundred miles from tip to tip—but so



SIR JOSEPH G. WARD, PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND

narrow that one could hardly establish oneself a hundred miles from the ocean, or from mountains, either, for that matter; and bright—so bright that between the showers the sun seems shining and the breezes blowing pretty much all the time. It makes a climate that is perfection—never either hot or cold,—and a soil producing in abundance almost

anything that flourishes under the blue heavens; while beneath are gold and silver, coal, iron, tin, antimony and what not. There are vast forests, with deer-stalking and all that kind of thing, and snow-topped mountains the whole length of New Zealand, covering the country with streams—streams full of trout. There are vast tracts which have not yet



AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF THE HON. R. J. SEDDON, THE LATE PRIME MINISTER  
Mr. Seddon died shortly after the vessel sailed

been touched, as hints of future possibilities; and there's near four and a half thousand miles of sea-coast,

where pretty much all the fish that flourish are found swimming.

"Brighter Britain" they call it.

"Wine without a headache," they have christened the climate; and they grow eloquent, besides, over every imaginable marvel of wild nature and every phase of natural grandeur and beauty to be found the world over—Norwegian coast-wildness, Switzerland's mountain glories, with a native fauna and flora unparalleled. And the marvel of it is that they do not exaggerate—because words can't. The goods are there. Every New Zealander's heart is full of New Zealand and his tongue is tipped with statistics. Here are some of them:

New Zealand's death-rate is the lowest in the world. Her wealth, per capita, is the greatest in the world. Her wheat yield comes up to sixty bushels to the acre and oats up to ninety bushels. She has exported over \$350,000,000 worth of gold. Her manufactures have reached an annual output above \$115,000,000. She has four million horse-power readily available for generating electricity, in natural water-power. She

has four cities of from sixty to eighty thousand each and a lot of substantial provincial towns. Parenthetically, the cities are already beautiful garden cities, with parks and parkways, public buildings and private residences to teach older worlds valuable lessons. In the year ending with March, 1907, her exports amounted to \$100,000,000. Agricultural and pastoral products took the lead—\$75,000,000; gold, coal, and other minerals \$12,000,000; manufactures \$5,000,000; timber and forest products \$4,000,000; fisheries, etc., filling out the count. Her imports for the year amounted to \$73,000,000; giving a commerce of one hundred seventy-three million dollars, of which America had but a miserable pittance and none of the transportation, owing largely to the energy with which our Government—which is not paternal—has rendered our merchant marine obsolete and practically impossible. Incidentally, and as a good concluding bit of statistics, the surplus in Government



QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

revenue over expenditures, for the year 1906, was close to four million dollars, where we had a substantial deficit.

To the outsider, especially to the ways-and-means-mad American, who believes that the weather, the crops and eternal salvation depend on the political complexion of the candidate, all of this is but the effect of administration. Very well. Nowhere in the world is there such a bold and liberal system of Government in the direct interest of its citizens. As much as for anything else is New Zealand famous for its politico-economic progress—its practical and successful application of advanced humanitarian legislation.

New Zealand has been particularly fortunate in leaders as well as in followers and in essential unity. Grey was with the people. Stout was for the people. Seddon was the people. It was more difficult to place Ward, the present Premier,

for he had characteristics and fads which seemed to some incongruous; but the machinery of Government was so complete and in such excellent running order that to run with it was the only possibility; and Ward is running better and better—or the people are becoming better used to him.

New Zealand had developed faster and farther than she realized, under the drastic dominance of the late Premier Seddon—just as Seddon himself had grown faster and farther than he or they realized, from the Dick Seddon, who shouldered his way up from nothing, into the Right Honorable and world-renowned Sir Richard, holding all New Zealand in the hollow of his big, fat hand, who made that last triumphal trip through Australia, and died, suddenly, on the steamer, a day out, on his return. Seddon was one of the world's prodigies. He was the whole thing and he knew it. It was worth an even-



A HARVEST SCENE, NEW ZEALAND

ing in the Lower House, in Wellington, just to see Seddon come in, deposit his portly self on the ministerial benches, smooth his close-cut full beard with his fat hand and at the psychologic moment swing slowly to

New Zealand prospered tremendously.

It was a big burden for any new shoulders to assume—the load which had gradually grown into the shape of Seddon's broad back; but it was



COVER OF ADDRESS TO ADMIRAL SPERRY ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE AMERICAN FLEET TO NEW ZEALAND. COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF NEW ZEALAND WOODS AND AUCKLAND GOLD AND SILVER

his feet and in his deep-voiced, deliberate way, quietly lay down the law. Seddon always knew what he wanted. He was gentle but firm in declaring it and tenacious as a bull-dog in holding on until he got it—the while

the time in the tide for Ward. He took it at its flood and had himself Premier before New Zealand roused from the shock of Seddon's death. He had served in Seddon's Cabinet, as Postmaster General, for ten years

or more, and his friends declared for him that by tactful diplomacy and polite politics he had often, under the rose, smoothed Seddon's rough edges and held his master back from measures too drastic even for New

would have been considered badly bankrupt, in connection with several industries he had been exploiting far away in the South. He came North with such carefully fitted clothes, such pretty red neckties, such a



LAKE MANAPOURI, NEW ZEALAND

Zealand. Maybe so. At least Seddon was beyond denying it, and Ward was Premier. He still retains his old position as Postmaster General. He has also added to his official positions that of Colonial Treasurer, which Seddon held, of Commissioner of Telegraphs, of Minister for Industries and Commerce, and Minister in Charge of International Exhibitions.

Nevertheless, Ward was not a duplicate of Seddon, and there were those who shook their heads. He has been something like a series of shocks, to some, ever since his advent into Government circles, a dozen years ago or more. At the time Seddon made him Postmaster General, Ward was in a condition which, in America,

shining "plug" hat and such a cute French twist at the end of his moustache, cutting such a sharp contrast to the rugged, every-day Seddon, that—well, not many of the strong men of New Zealand are of that kind.

When he went to England, Ward came back as Sir Joseph. Stout, Seddon's predecessor, now Chief Justice of New Zealand, lost his best grip on the people when he became "Sir Robert." When Seddon might have had a "Sir" put at the forefront of his name, with Gladstonian notions he "No-thank-youd," and the people loved him better as the Right Honorable one of them. Then Sir Joseph's daughter was pre-

sented at Court, which was quite as it should be; but when he returned to New Zealand he had a regal, full-length portrait of her, in all her Court clothes, printed, full-page, in the leading weekly, and the home folks commented at a great rate. Capping all the rest, Ward is a Roman Catholic, while a large majority of New Zealand is Scotch Covenanter.

Altogether, as Cæsar says, when so many things opposed, it is a strong point for Ward that while he still clings to pretty neckties, French twists, etc., he also holds a good grip on the reins which Seddon laid down. It is an indorsement, too, for the machinery which Grey and Stout and Seddon built, that it makes

I believe that the cardinal aim of Government is to provide the conditions which will reduce want and permit the very largest possible number of people to be healthy, happy human beings. The life, the health, the intelligence and the morals of a nation count for more than riches, and I would rather have this country free from want and squalor and unemployed, than the home of multi-millionaires. The extremes of poverty and wealth crush the self-respect of the poor and produce the arrogance of the idle rich. This engenders class-bitterness. I have tried to provide such social and economic conditions in this Colony as will prevent that helpless subjection of one class to another, so widespread in the older lands. A spirit of self-respecting independence already marks our



MT. COOK, SOUTHERN ALPS, NEW ZEALAND

steadily for phenomenal success in the hands of such a different engineer.

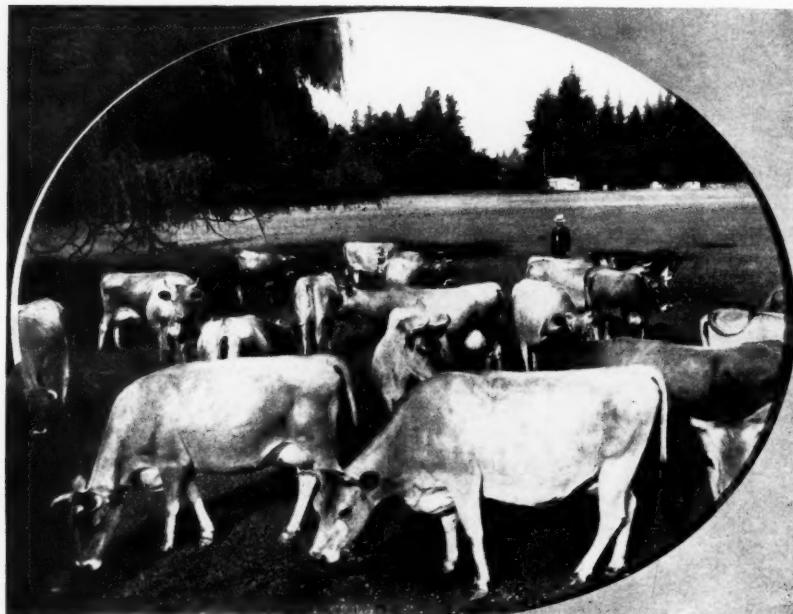
What the machinery was intended to accomplish Seddon made particularly plain in a manifesto, just previous to his last election, when he said:

people, and I would have the title, New Zealander, imply, the world over, a type of manhood strenuous, independent and humane. The practical reformer must often be content with small profits and slow returns; he must proceed piecemeal and by slow and steady stages, removing

obstructions to, and providing facilities for, a higher development of the people as a whole. I understand this to be modern humanitarian legislation, and I claim that this spirit pervades all the progressive laws and the State experiments that my Administration has tried during the last fifteen years.

Ward was not another Seddon, but Seddon was so emphatically stamped upon governmental policy and practice, that even if Ward was a man to change the course he could not well do it in one administration. At present the paternal policy is still progressive, and as its result, to-day, there are no millionaires in New Zealand. Wealth is distributed more widely and equitably through the people than in any other country on the globe. Poverty, as the word is understood elsewhere, does not exist. There are no beggars—except the Salvation Army. There are no trusts, no private monopolies. Industrial peace prevails. There are

no political machines. The body of the people control the affairs of the nation. The women all vote and have done so for years, but they are beautifully feminine, nevertheless. They have a home life that is ideal and they belong to it. It is seldom that a woman speaks at a political meeting, and when she does it usually transpires that she is a visiting American or an English advocate. They say they are too busy with domestic affairs to care to hold public offices, but no women in the world are better informed on political affairs. They do no end of political work among themselves, at election time, in the way of party teas to win over doubtful votes. Every woman over twenty-one, who has resided twelve months in the Colony and three in the electorate, has a vote, whether native or white, and uses it, as a rule. Lady Ward, wife of the Premier, says that the reason the women of New Zealand have so much time for politics is because



THE HERD ON A TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND DAIRY FARM



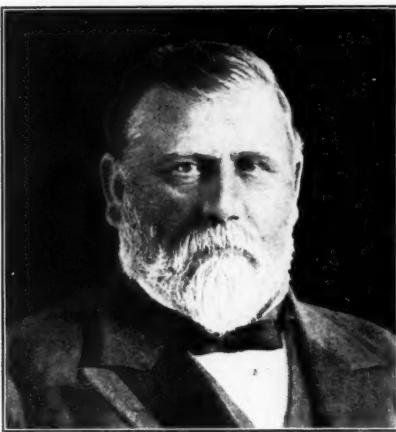
A MAORI WARRIOR-CHIEF, NEW ZEALAND

they are not burdened with the philanthropic work of other nations. Hospitals, veterans' homes and orphanages, chiefly governmental, seem to afford all the relief required in a land without poor.

The educational opportunities of New Zealand are not excelled anywhere, but co-education, even in the high schools, is not popular. The professions are open to women and there are a lot of doctors and lawyers among them. But Lady Ward is correct in saying that the women of New Zealand are exceptionally feminine and the homes ideally domestic.

The much-watched Land System has been steadily branching out in new experiments. It is based upon the conviction that the ultimate happiness and prosperity of the nation depend upon successfully settling the people upon the soil, with reasonable limits as to area. They are encouraged and assisted to settle, on the general principle of State ownership with perpetual tenancy by the occupier. To facilitate this the Government is purchasing the large, improved estates, and cutting them up for close settlement on easy terms. It also advances money to settlers

to aid them in developing. The Agricultural Department assists the farmers in various ways, furnishing free the services of expert dairy instructors, veterinary surgeons and instruction and aid in everything else



THE LATE RT. HON. R. J. SEDDON,  
P.C., LL.D.

that can make for success. Then the products are carefully graded by State experts before shipment. Frozen and canned meats are subject to a particularly rigid system of inspection, which the producer has come to consider the most valuable feature of his business, as it has placed the products of New Zealand upon such a high plane in the London market. The prices are nearly double those previously realized.

New Zealand is the first country in the world to adopt a two-cent letter rate for over-sea mail; and the telegraph—which is run in connection with the post-office—affords a rate of one cent a word. Postal Savings Banks have been conducted by the Government for more than thirty years. This is a subject of peculiar interest to Americans, we have so recently roused ourselves to the desirability of such an adjunct, and by the grace of Congress there will be legislation of some kind on

the subject at an early session. It is worthy a more extended note.

January first, 1907, the Colony had 540 post-offices transacting a savings-bank business. There were 298,746 accounts, with a total deposit of \$48,766,325, an average of about \$166.50, to each account, representing \$56 a head for the entire population of the Colony. On accounts of less than \$1500, interest is paid at the rate of 3½ percent. From \$1500 to \$3000, the rate is 3 percent.; and no interest is paid on anything over three thousand. There is a savings bank for every 1646 persons in the Colony, and of that number 548 have accounts—about one in three. In America we have a population of over 87,000,000. If we came up to the standard set by New Zealand, we should have 50,000 savings-banks, with a deposit of over five and a half billion dollars; whereas, the same year, we had but 1319 savings-banks, and instead of the proportion of one in three, or 30,000,000 depositors, there were only a little over eight million. Where the average account in New Zealand is but \$166.50, and three-quarters of the accounts do not average \$100, the average account in America is \$433.80, showing that American savings-banks, at present, are utilized by people of comparatively large means and not, as in New Zealand, by those in the most moderate circumstances. The suggestion is obvious; and so is the probable benefit to be derived by the common people of the United States, if the postal savings-bank bill which is urged by Postmaster General Meyer should be made a law, the next session of Congress.

But paternity—or humanity—reaches farther, in New Zealand. They have inaugurated governmental life insurance, with an accident branch and a state fire-insurance department has recently been established. There is a public trust office, which does all the work of our trust companies, an immigrants' assistance bureau, and an old-age pension

for those over sixty-five who have lived twenty-five years in the Colony. The railways, telegraph and telephone lines are owned and managed by the Government, with the result of one cent a word as the telegraph rate and that the railroads are run for the development of the country, with low freight and passenger rates and no discrimination. Most of the large public works and railway construction are carried on directly by the State, the old contract system being practically abolished, and one of the latest extensions is the construction, in the vicinity of the

large cities, of model homes, at cheap rents, with purchasing clause and frequent train service from the suburbs.

This is the way the people of Brighter Britain are fulfilling Lowell's prophecy of New Zealand:

Here men shall grow up  
Strong from self-helping;  
Eyes for the present bring they as eagle's,  
Blind to the past.  
They shall make over  
Creed, Law and Custom;  
Driving-men, doughty builders of Empire,  
Builders of men.



## THE PRACTICAL JOKE

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. GLACKENS

### I



HEN old Nathan Bickford was pensioned off, after Squire Sanders of Dendles Court died, the new Squire gived him a gift. 'T was a silver racing cup standing eighteen inches high and worth twenty-five pound. Old Squire's well known galloping hoss, "Dick Turpin," had won it at Cornwood Hunt Races years and years agone.

'T was a trophy offered to the county, but it had to be took three times afore 't was won outright; and "Dick Turpin" had done the feat in the early Seventies. Well, Nat Bickford, who was butler to old Squire, had polished this here cup for near forty year; but young Squire did n't care a

button about it, and even went so far as to say in company that 't was a ugly eyesore, much to old Bickford's grief. Then, when he found that Nat was so terrible proud of it, he handed it over to the ancient man, and when Bickford went to end his days in a little house at Cornwood, he took the cup and kept it under a glass case. It was his greatest treasure in the world, and he never grew tired of telling how "Dick Turpin" winned it for good and all in '74, and how bright and shining he 'd kept it ever since. Infact, 't was his only subject, and towards the end of his days, when he growed a bit toothish as old men will, he used to take the cup to bed with him and sleep with it under his pillow; and when he died the cup was in his hand and it took a strong man to release it after. It looked as if he was determined to have it buried along with him.

Nathan Bickford left no will and no money worth mentioning. In fact, the only things as he did leave that were worth a rush, was his good name and the silver cup. He never married and his heirs was his two nephews—Cornwood men—and brothers both up home fifty years old.

Money's the root of all evil as they say, and over this fine piece of silver Edward Bickford and his younger brother, Forrester, fell out very sharp and bitter. Or rather, 't was the younger fell out, for no man ever quarrelled with the elder.

Edward was a bachelor and kept the "Seven Stars" to Cornwood, and never a more popular chap stood behind a bar; while Forrester had a wife and two boys nearly grown up, and he was a very different kind of man from the publican. He worked as foreman to the Morely Clay Pits and made pretty good money but mighty few friends. He was the hard, heartless sort and would have made a good slave-driver or Russian Duke.

'T was like this when it comded to the cup: Edward claimed it as the elder, and Forrester, he swore by the

Book that 't was his, because his uncle had told him 't was to be his when he died. But he had n't got nothing but his oath to show for old Nathan's promise; and as his oath was not a thing to be relied upon even the best of times, his brother took leave to doubt it in this matter. They'd both been very friendly with their ancient uncle, and there was no reason at all why for he should have passed over the elder for the younger. And so Edward, who was as fair and straight as his brother was shifty, reckoned to hold on to the cup. He gave his reason and made all clear; he said:

"'T will provide a very gallant show in my bar, and be a very interesting and valuable subject to talk about for the people when they come there. And this I promise, and you can have it in writing if you mind to, that, come I die, the cup shall be left to you; and if you die first, which you may do, seeing there's but a year be-



"NAT BICKFORD WAS BUTLER TO THE SQUIRE."

tween us and you've got a nagging wife and be a martyr to rheumatics, then your eldest boy, my godson, shall have the cup. So I'll have it writ down in my last will and testament."

Well, I thought, for one, that nothing could be fairer than that; and my son's friend, Dicky Reep, thought the same; and so did Arthur Haycraft and, in fact, most of the regular visitors at the "Seven Stars." But Forrester Bickford, he took it ill and his wife took it worse. 'T was reported that she did n't like being called a nagging woman, and she

let the subject drop, Edward was very near minded to give him the cup and be done with it.

He explained to Dicky Reep and Sam Parsons and me and another few men what his view of the matter was.

"Forrester should have it to-morrow," he said, "but for one thing; and that is that he would n't keep it.



"IT TOOK FOUR OF US TO KEEP 'EM APART"

never forgave her brother-in-law for the word, though he was n't the first by many that had used it against her, and he meant no unkindness by it.

In fact, they Bickfords grumbled a lot and it made a feeling between the brothers that troubled the elder a good bit. A tender-hearted man always, and when Forrester would n't

Between you and me and the gate-post," he said, "my brother's a sporting blade and have more uses for money than his wife knows about; and if I gave him the trophy, he'd turn it into cash afore you could blow your nose. Often and often have I helped him in the past, and glad and proud to do it, for what's my money to an old bachelor like me? But

the cup's different. A thousand times have I heard Uncle Nat say that 'Dick Turpin's' bit of silver was to be an heirloom; and 'twould surely be a very improper and indecent thing to my uncle's memory to get rid of it or let it pass out of the family."

it helped to make conversation for a good long time, till everybody for miles round knowed all about it.

Well, a week or two passed and Forrester come to his senses a bit and cooled down, and no more was said. But when, just as the thing lost its freshness and us got to coming and



"THEN WE ALL WENT HOME"

"And whether or no, silver be worth little enough nowadays," said Arthur Haycraft; and he was a watch-mender and such like, and knew what he was talking about.

"If it was offered to me to-morrow," he declared, "I would n't give more than five pounds for it as an outside figure."

We had a look at it then—a terrible brave, glittering trophy with two hosses racing for dear life o' one side, and a wreath of roses, with Dick Turpin's name written thrice in it, on t'other. And it made a very great show in Ned Bickford's bar and was a fine addition from every point of view. And as he foretold,

going from the "Seven Stars" as usual without talking any more about it, that happened that brought the matter on to every tongue again and made a nine days' wonder for Cornwood. 'Tis talked of to this day, for that matter, though more'n a year old now.

On a night in December—two days after Christmas it was—in fact, the very night after the rabbit coursing matches in Edward Bickford's meadow, the silver cup was stolen. He comed down in the morning as usual and the glass case that held the cup was empty. So far as Bickford could tell afterwards, nothing else was took, and not even the till with the best

part of three pound in it had been broke ope. There was two windows to the bar, and one looked on the main street of Cornwood and the other into the stable yard. And the thief had got over the stable wall, cut a bit out of the window very neat and so turned the window-bolt and walked in. Anybody knowing the place could have done it, but nobody knowing Bickford would have played him such a dirty trick. In fact, such an idea never struck even a policeman, for 't was known far and wide what Edward was, and the natives would never have thought of taking his cup if he'd left it on his gate post. But there had been a lot of foreigners from Ivybridge and Plympton come up for the rabbit coursing, and it looked pretty certain as one of them must have noticed the cup and laid his plans and waited for night and done it. There was n't a footprint or a finger mark or a

trace of any sort to help find the rogue, and the police did n't so much as get a clue inside the house or out. They fell over one another trying to be useful, but none could make a plan or do anything to help find the cup. The robbery was put about, of course, and mentioned far and near, because the constables reckoned the robber would sell the thing for its weight in silver; and they warned Bickford that he must n't be hopeful about it. They held as the burglar would melt it down first thing, according to their custom in such jobs, and then he'd be safe, for nought could be proved against him after that.

The night following the robbery a good party of us was in the bar, and of course we was all full of the cup, and none but was very sorry indeed for Edward's misfortune. In fact, you might say we was sorrier for him than he was for himself, for a born philosopher was that man, and never



"THERE WAS EDWARD BICKFORD'S RACING CUP"

did I meet such a wonder for taking the rough with the smooth. Contentment made alive, you might say. "When you 'm having bad times, set to work to call home the good times you have had," he used to say. And I suppose he did, and 'twas that that

heard the news till one of his sons fetched it from Cornwood, and then he grew right down savage on the instant and come over to the "Seven Stars" the same evening in a rare storm of temper, and gave it to his elder brother hot and strong.

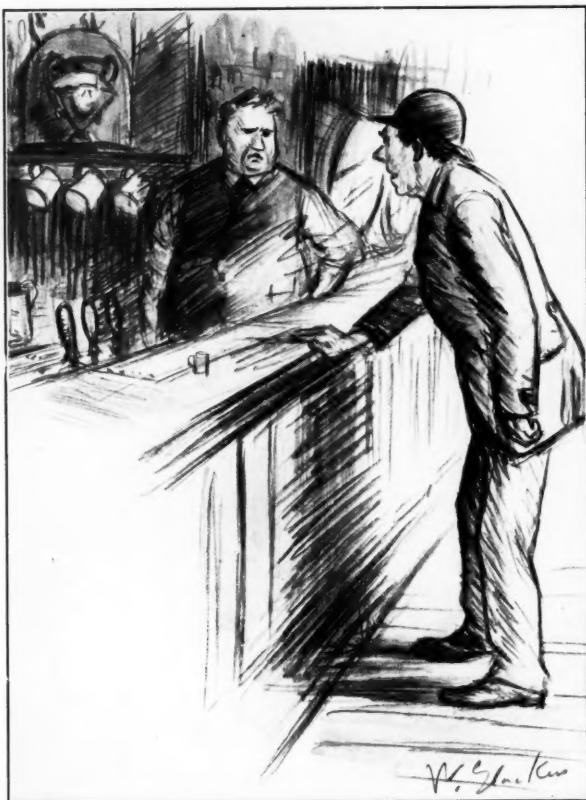
He said 'twas a scandalous piece of carelessness, and that 'twas his family quite as much as the publican that had been robbed. He said that putting it there, under the nose of every tramp as dropped in for a drink, was little better than giving it away. He reminded Edward that he'd told him a dozen times the cup weren't safe where it stood; and Edward, who was a very just man, had to admit that was so. Then Forrester axed his brother what he meant to do about it, for the sake of justice, and Ned made answer.

"I've offered five pound reward," he said. "More I can't do for the moment. Arthur Haycraft here tells me that

it ba n't worth a penny more than that, dead or alive."

But Forrester would n't hear of such a price.

"Lies and rubbish," he said. "Us know the cup cost five-and-twenty, and 'tis ridiculous nonsense to tell me 'tis only worth five. Haycraft's a fool to say such a thing. No, he is n't; he's a knave. No doubt he



"THE HOOKEM-SNIVEY RASCAL STARED AT IT AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN THE PRINCE O' DARKNESS"

kept him so sweet; but for my part, it won't work with me. When your tooth be aching fit to burst a hole through your jaw, it don't help the pain to remember as it have n't ached for a year.

Anyway Bickford catched it hot from one man for losing the trophy, and that man was, of course, his own brother. Forrester Bickford had n't

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wanted it at that figure himself. And perhaps 'twas him that stole it. I'd much like to look into his workshop for one."

It happened that Arthur was in the bar himself at the time, sitting behind the screen by the fire, where Forrester hadn't seen him. And now he stuck his head around and answered rather sharp. Then my son's friend, Dicky Reep, also cut in, and so did I, and we had a fiery argument and a lot of noise over it. After that Forrester calmed down a bit and offered a sort of apology to Arthur, and said that his brother ought to make good the value of the cup in his will; and Edward, who did n't lack for spirit when he was roused, up and said as when it come to re-making his will, he'd do it himself and not ax for any advice from Forrester or his family either.

With that we went at it again, like a flock o' starlings, and Policeman Gee dropped in then, to know what the upstore was all about. He calmed us down, being by nature a heavy and slow man who puts out conversation like water puts out fire; and so in time we changed the subject, and we fell to talking of burglaries in general and the awful cleverness of housebreakers and such like rogues and vagabonds.

"There's not a house in Cornwood, the bank and the rectory included," said Gee, "that could n't be broken into if the rascals was minded to do it. Bolts and bars be nothing against 'em. They'll melt the lock of a steel safe with their instruments so easy as you could melt a tallow candle."

And he went on to tell us some amazing things that he'd heard but the week before from an inspector, who'd come from Plymouth to see about Bickford's cup. Then Forrester took t'other side, according to his cranky habit, and said 'twas all stuff about robbers doing these deeds single-handed.

"They'm always helped from inside the house," he said. "You'll always find as they've got an accomplice."

"Not always," answered Gee. "For instance, 'tis pretty well known that your brother did n't help the anointed scoundrel that took his cup."

He had Forrester there; but t'other was n't beat and he went on to hint that somebody else at the inn might easily have made a plot with somebody outside and so done the trick. But as there were n't nobody else slept at the "Seven Stars" but Luke Mogridge, the potman, and a maiden twelve year old, and Mrs. Parsons, Bickford's housekeeper, an ancient widow woman and a saint of God, as the saying is, he only got more hard words for suggesting such a thing. In fact, Luke, who was a fiery man and easily roused where his pride was touched, went so far as to ax policeman if 't wasn't a libel against him; and Gee said he did n't know but what it might n't be.

Then Forrester, who was a bit of a drinker of a Saturday, though very careful every other day, swore as he'd like to see the burglar that would break into his house; and Arthur Haycraft, the watch-mender, as had been waiting for his chance to get a bit of his own back, made answer. He said:

"Don't you be frightened about that, Mr. Bickford. Nobody will ever want to go into your house once they've heard your wife's tongue."

After that me and my son's friend Reep, and the policeman also, had to stand between the men, and it took four of us to keep 'em apart. But of course Forrester would have swept the floor with Arthur Haycraft, for Arthur's a mere atom of a man, though brave as a lion.

Still the talk went on about thieves and their ways, and we was bound to allow, one and all, that none among us had a cottage a robber could n't pretty well walk into, if ever he was minded to do it.

"And they only don't do it," said Gee, "because us poor people haven't got nothing to steal. Our emptiness is our safety, as you may say."

Then Forrester broke out again, being a bit bosky-eyed by now and

very hard to silence once the liquor was roaming in him.

"I'd defy the devil and his dogs to get in my house," he said; "and if ever I catched a man with his foot over my window-sill, I'd scat his brains out, and I should like to see the law that would prevent me."

He got a lot worse after, and begun again about the cup, and spoke so outrageous to his poor brother, that Gee advised him to go home while he could still walk, and not annoy decent men. However, he would brave it out till closing time, and then policeman, who was as mild as a mannered and kind-hearted a creature as ever wore blue, saw him home himself and gived him a bit of advice into the bargain.

"Would n't be a very difficult task to break into your brother's house to-night, I reckon," said Arthur Haycraft in his funny way.

Lord, how we laughed!

Then we all went home, and me and Haycraft and my son's friend, Dicky Reep, journeyed the same way. For my part I'd got a skinful and was n't talkative, but Dicky and Arthur had a lot to say against Forrester Bickford, and Arthur declared that he'd terrible like to be upsides with the man; and Reep said as how he would too.

They saw me to my door and went on together, mumbling against Forrester.

"Don't you do nothing rash," was the last word I bawled out to 'em.

"Because he's a fierce and wilful man, and if you was to have a bit of fun with him and break in his house he'd shoot 'e, like a brace of partridges; and though he might suffer under the law for it, that would n't be no consolation to you or your wives."

But they went off and did n't give no heed to me.

## II

Four nights after that a terrible queer thing happened—such a thing as I never was met with in my born

days—and I found myself waked from sleep betwixt three of the clock and half past three. I could n't believe my senses for the moment, and thought 'twas the Trump; but instead of that it turned out to be some midnight sort of man a-fling small stones up against my chicket window. Being a widower, I lived alone with my son, in a thatched cottage on the Moor side of Cornwood; and my sleeping chamber window oped above the side door.

So up I rose to see two dark men standing down under on the path from my wicket. So I oped the casement and poked forth my head and spoke to 'em.

"If 't is fire, say so; but I can smell nought within," I shouted.

"Ba n't fire," answers a familiar voice. In fact, 'twas none other than my son's friend, Dicky Reep.

"Then what in fortune's name be it, Richard?" I axes him; "and who's t'other chap along with you down there? I never heard tell of nothing so wonnerful as this in all my born days."

"T is Arthur Haycraft," answers the watch-mender in his still, small voice; "and we must ax you to come down house, if you please, and let us in. Us have done a very surprising thing, and we'm a good bit younger than you and want your advice about it, for 't is plaguey difficult to see whatever us ought to do next, if we don't want to land ourselves in a cruel mess."

"Oh jimmeny, Arthur!" I says, "what an hour to come to a man for advice! I did n't know you was such a terrible impatient chap. Could n't 'e bide till morning? 'T is well knowed my wisdom's nought if I'm wakened suddint from sleep like this here. I swear I have n't got no more sense in me than a newborn babe at this moment."

But they'd take no denial and they would n't go away. They was very excited, as I could hear by their noise; and as for Dicky, he was dancing about on my pathway like a cat on hot bricks.

"Come down this instant moment! 'T is a matter of transportation," he cries out.

So with that I had to humor the rash creatures and go.

"Bide a minute and I'll be down then," I told 'em; and then I lit a candle and pulled on my trousers and thrust my feet into a pair of list slippers and joined 'em.

Us went in the kitchen and I flinged a scad o' peat on the fire and drawed it up a bit, and they was both very glad to catch heat from it, for the night was wet and blustering and the young men was finger-cold and shivering at the knees.

Dicky bade Arthur tell the tale, because he was the better scholar and had got a good choice of words; and I fetched out my Plymouth gin and gave 'em both three fingers to get the blood moving.

Then Arthur spoke.

"You mind a few nights back how that Forrester Bickford cheeked me in his brother's bar; and you mind, after, how he blew his trumpet and swaggered and said as no living man would ever have the wit to break in his house, and all that? Well, me and Dick here could n't forget it. We talked of it for four days, and then, but yesterday—well knowing that of a Saturday night Forrester's at his worst and pretty blind afore he gets to his bed—we ordained to have a bit of a practical joke at his expense and show him he were n't cleverer than other people. Of course we meant no harm, and we've done no harm for that matter. In fact, you might say quite the contrary. But—in a word —me and Richard got up there after two o'clock and crept in his garden and hid there quiet as weasels for half an hour. Then, when 't was plain not an eye opened in the place, we just lifted the latch of the parlor window with an old, thin knife and walked in the house. Any fool could have done it as easy as saying his prayers. And Dicky's idea was just to nip into the pantry and eat every crust and bone in the house, and drink up everything also—just for

the lark and to show Forrester what a silly ass he was. But my idea was better and easier. I said to Richard, 'If we get messing about with the food, 't will take time, and he'll never tell anybody after, so we sha'n't score off him. Besides, he may hear, or, more like, his terror of a wife will do so. Us'll just open this here locked china cupboard,' I said, 'and carry off the first handy thing we can pocket. And then we'll lie low and see what he does about it and have our bit of fun.' And Dicky here agreed to that. So we done it with one of my tools; for such a thing was child's play to a watch-maker like me. And the first object as we found in his cupboard be in Dicky's pocket now. We did n't wait for nothing more; but was off like a shot. And knowing your cleverness and sense in a kickish matter, we've comed to you."

With that Dick drags a parcel wrapped up in a neck-comforter from his pocket and puts it on my kitchen table.

For my part, I did n't care what 't was they might have took, but I saw the terrible dangerous side of their game and warned 'em against it very strongly.

"There'll be hue and cry and you can't plead a bit of fun," I said. "If I was you," I said, "I'd go back this instant moment and drop his goods in his garden, where he can find 'em. You'll do best to get rid of his property so quickly as ever you can. For 't is clear burglary and very like would stand in the pair of you for a good few years at Princeton prison. Forrester's the sort to get cruel nasty over this job, and well you know it."

"You wait a minute," answered Arthur. "There'll be no hue and cry—will there, Dick?"

"That I swear there will not," answered the other young man. And with that he undid the comforter and showed me what they'd been and stole.

"There!" says the watch-mender. "He ba'n't likely to claim that in a hurry, I should reckon!"

I stared and thought the whole adventure was a dream, for there, shining and glittering in the light of my candle, was Edward Bickford's racing cup, as the gallant hoss "Dick Turpin" had won three times in the Seventies!

"Guy Fawkes and angels!" I said. "Did you ever hear the like of that? The barefaced thief!"

"Tis easy to read between the lines, in my opinion," explained Arthur. "'Twas that rascal stole the cup, and no doubt he told himself that 'twas only justice and not robbery at all. He bets a lot, as we know, and he lost a good few pound over they rabbit coursing matches after Christmas, and of course he thought that this would be a very clever way to make it up, and none any the wiser. And so he took the cup and was only waiting to get to Exeter presently to make away with it. But he'd locked it up in the cabinet for the moment, and thought no doubt 'twas as safe there as if he'd hid it in his garden or up his chimney, or anywhere else. And so it would have been but for his silly noise and bluster and bounce in the public bar a night or two agone, and the awful way he insulted me."

"And the thing is to know what next," added Dicky Reep. "Be me and Arthur detectives or burglars?"

Well, I was pretty fully awake by now, and my mind moved very quick, as it generally do of a morning.

"Tis in a nutshell," I said. "Him as got Edward Bickford back his cup was to receive five pound reward for so doing. That's quite clear to all parties, and the five pound be yours without a doubt; but the question is if you have n't gone and earned five years into the bargain. But things being what they are, 'tis very certain to me that Forrester won't open his mouth very wide when the truth's out, and he finds his cupboard empty this morning. He'll think 'twas burglars and he'll only hope they've got off as clear as he could wish 'em."

"Be we to tell Edward the truth,

or ba'n't we?" asked Richard. "Be we to explain everything that's happened when we take back the cup and claim the money? If we tell him the truth, then he may have the law of his brother and make a disturbance as will shake Cornwood to the depths; and if we don't tell him, then he'll reckon that me and Arthur was the robbers and only stole the cup to bring it back again, like a pair of dog-thieves."

"You might get the cup back to him in a crafty sort of way and say nought and not appear in it at all," I suggested. But the watch-mender would n't hear of such a plan as that.

"Five pounds is five pounds," he said, "and we ba'n't going to fling away good money. For none can say that we have n't fairly earned it."

I allowed the truth of that; and after two good hours of talk, 'twas finally settled they should first make Edward Bickford promise on his word of honor that he would n't take no steps against the robber, and then tell him who the robber was. And in addition to that they meant to make him promise never to let out who'd recovered the property.

Of course there was the chance that Edward would n't believe 'em; but he did, and he made a plan to prove they spoke the truth and found too surely that they had. Then the joy and gladness of the man at getting back his cup was cruel dashed when he found out who had taken it from him.

But anyway the trophy shone out again one evening in the bar, just as if nothing had happened; and them as knew kept so dumb as newts about it, and Edward merely said the case was all cleared up and it was to be kept dark for very good private reasons. And I will swear that neither him nor me ever let on about it. Yet, out it got, as such things must, for both Haycraft and my son's friend Reep, were married men and so the whole truth and a good bit over was in everybody's mouth inside a month.

As for Forrester, he lost his nerve pretty bad, as we knew he would do, the first day that he come in the bar and saw the cup in its old place just as usual. A mouse could have blowed him off his feet, for worse than a ghost it was to him to find it there, no doubt. By then he well knew 'twas stolen from him, but little guessed where next he'd catch sight of it. The hookem-snivey rascal stared at it as though it had been the Prince o' Darkness, and just said 'Oh!' and no more. Then out he bolted and quite forgot his drink. Were n't partickler thirsty for the minute, perhaps.

Of course he'd kept the burglary at his house cruel quiet and gone on his usual way without a word to any but his wife. And even she bided mute as a mole over it. Then all came out, and a good hail of bitter

laughter stung that bad man's ear.

It got to the Morley Clay Pits, of course; and then his authority and power of driving the laborers was gone; for if he blamed a clay-cutter or child even a trolley-boy, they'd look in the air cheeky as sparrows and say "Wonder whoever 't was took thicky silver cup to the 'Seven Stars!'"

So then he felt that life were n't worth living like that and he'd do better to make another start in the world. Which he did do, and him and his wife and his sons all up stick and off afore Ladyday come round.

'T was said that Edward Bickford helped 'em in secret with a good bit of money, as he'd often done afore; and I dare say he did. For he was the very man to do so out of his great power of forgiveness and charity to his fellow-creatures.

## AFTER HARVEST

BETWEEN the summer and the snow  
There are three joys that lovers know.

There is good leafage, brown and red,  
Fashioned for young Love's girdlestead.

Small golden berries in the woods  
Meet for young maiden's wimple-hoods.

Sea-swallows flying oversea  
Crying of nesting-time to be.

These be three wistful joys that go  
Between the summer and the snow.

ETHEL TALBOT

# SAN FRANCISCO'S POET-MAYOR

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR AND HIS MANY ACTIVITIES\*

By MABEL CRAFT DEERING



HE fact that a gentleman who is at once a scholar, a poet, a doctor and a lawyer should have been chosen by the men of San Francisco to succeed their late unspeakable executive affords one of the piquant contrasts of Western life, and reminds one of Bayard Taylor's reed of the Nile, rising in stately beauty from the filth and slime at its feet. When an upright man and a cultivated gentleman emerges from an orgy of hoodlumism, one's faith in the permanence of Republican institutions is renewed. Our raft of a republic may keep our feet wet all the time, as someone has noted, but it does not sink.

Dr. Taylor was appointed in 1907 to take the place of Schmitz, who had just been convicted of extortion; but—far more important fact—he was confirmed in the mayoralty by a handsome majority in November of that year. As a matter of fact, the metropolis of the Far West has a fondness for unusual types of character in her chief executive. The preceding incumbent was the leader of a theatre orchestra who himself played the first violin, and was the darling of "Labor." Then came Edward Robeson Taylor, a man of means, the friend of painters and poets—a unique figure in American political life.

It would be strange indeed if so versatile a man as Dr. Taylor were devoid of good judgment. From a

graduated physician, a practitioner before the United States Supreme Court, a former governor's private secretary, a library trustee these many years, and a man-of-letters who has made the standard English translation of the sonnets of the Portuguese poet, José Maria de Heredia, one expects more than from a common man; yet all these attainments might consist with a deficiency in good commonsense and practical judgment. Dr. Taylor's wise appointments and official acts in the term just closing show that he possesses these attributes as well.

San Francisco's Mayor was born at Springfield, Illinois, on September 24, 1838. He grew up and was educated at Boonville, Missouri, left there in January, 1862, and arrived the next month at his destination, the city of San Francisco. He graduated in medicine at the Toland Medical College, now the medical department of the University of California, in December, 1865. He became the private secretary of Governor Haight in December, 1867, and retained that post till his chief went out of office in 1871. He was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of California in January, 1872, and later on by the Supreme Court of the United States, in which he has argued some important cases. He continued in the practice of the law until called to the headship of Hastings Law College in 1899—a position which he still retains. He served on two boards of freeholders for the framing of the charter of San Francisco, and was for four years President of the

\* Dr. Taylor's mayoralty expires this month. See portrait on page 250.

Bar Association of that city. He has been for more than twenty years a Trustee of the San Francisco Public Library and for many years a member of the Board of the San Francisco Law Library, of which he is now president. He was for many years Vice-President of Cooper Medical College and is now its President. He is an honorary member of any number of medical societies and chambers of commerce, and belongs to the Bohemian and other clubs. He is, moreover, President of the San Francisco Archaeological Society of America. Yet with these manifold duties to be discharged, all of which he faithfully performs, he was willing to assume the mayoralty of San Francisco in the most troublous period of her history.

During the mayoralty campaign Dr. Taylor made many speeches. The fight was a triangular one, with a Union Labor candidate, a regular Republican candidate and Dr. Taylor, who had been endorsed by the Good Government League and the Democrats. Though much depended on the contest, which was an intensely bitter one and full of personalities, Dr. Taylor never indulged in even the slightest reflection upon his opponents.

The Mayor has been twice married. His first wife, by whom he had a family of sons, was Miss Agnes Stanford, a niece of Leland Stanford; and his second, whom he married in 1908, was Miss Eunice Jeffers.

Dr. Taylor is a lover of books and pictures and owns valuable collections of both, which, fortunately, were outside the limits reached by the great fire. He has written serious poems for fifty years, but the first published book of verse bearing his name was the translation of the Sonnets of Heredia, published in 1897. A fourth edition appeared in 1906, four years after the appearance in pamphlet form of a poem entitled "Into the Light," which in the main contains his philosophy of life. He subsequently added eighteen stanzas to this poem, and made it the prin-

cipal feature of a book published in 1906—"Into the Light, and Other Verse." This edition was almost entirely destroyed in the San Francisco fire, so Dr. Taylor made a selection from its contents and from his "Visions, and Other Verse," which had been published in 1903, and, adding some more recent work, combined them all in a volume of "Selected Poems," which he published in 1907, the year of his political "arrival."

Dr. Taylor's verse is dignified and harmonious. He is fond of the sonnet form, which he uses with grace; and a great love of nature appears in almost all of his lines. Two of the most graceful sonnets in the Heredia translation are "The Bath of the Nymphs" and "The Samurai."

#### THE BATH OF THE NYMPHS

From the Euxine sheltered is a vale where  
grows,  
Above the spring, a leaning laurel tree,  
From which a pendant Nymph, in frolic  
glee,  
Touches the gelid pool with timorous toes.  
Her sisters, challenged by the shells where  
flows  
The gushing wave they sport with joyously,  
Plunge deep, and from the foam a hip  
gleams free,  
And from bright locks, a bust or bosom's  
rose.  
The great, dark wood is filled with mirth  
divine.  
Sudden, two eyes within the shadow shine.  
The Satyr 'tis! . . . His laugh benumbs  
their play;  
And forth they dart. So, at a crow's ill  
cry,  
Cayster's snowy swans in wild array  
Above the river all distracted fly.

#### THE SAMURAI

She wakes the biwa's softest melodies,  
As through the latticed bamboo she espies,  
Where the flat shore in fulgent radiance  
lies,  
The victor whom her love in dreaming  
sees.  
'T is he, with swords' and fans' rich  
braveryes:

His tasseled girdle steeped in scarlet dyes  
Cuts his dark mail, and on his shoulders  
rise  
Hizen's or Togukawa's blazonries.  
This handsome warrior in his dress of plate,  
Of brilliant lacquers, bronze and silk, would  
mate  
Some black crustacean, gigantesque, ver-  
meil.  
He sees her;—and he smiles behind his  
mask,  
While his more rapid pace makes brighter  
still  
The two gold horns that tremble on his  
casque.

The following verses are original.  
The first was written on the death  
of a dearly loved son, and is called  
"Out of the Shadow."

I would not have the world's regardless  
eyes  
Rest on this verse made consecrate with  
tears  
For one who in the springtime of his  
years  
Sank down o'erburdened, never more to  
rise;  
But those alone whose unavailing cries  
Have risen like mine for all the heart  
endears

I would have here to pause, and in his  
bier's  
Deep shadow share my bosom's agonies.  
Yet as Grief hands his bitter cup around,  
And deeper grows the shade's intensity,  
Our souls may hear some new, far-falling  
sound;  
And 'mid its throbs divine it then may be  
That Life will stream with richer thought,  
and we  
Deem Death a monarch with effulgence  
crowned.

The other, to Dante and Beatrice,  
runs as follows:

O world-compelling Dante, who the sea  
Of Poesy so stirred from shore to shore,  
That even as yet its surging thunders roar  
In tones undying as eternity;  
With master spirit so supremely free  
It scorned all bonds and swept through  
every lore,  
On wisdom's pinions at the last to soar  
To empyreal world of ecstasy!  
The crown of sorrows with its thorns was  
thine;  
But in thy bosom blazed the fires divine  
That lit thy track to Paradise from Hell;  
And she who gendered their supernal light  
Has starred forevermore the magic might—  
Disputeless miracle—of woman's spell.

## PROVINCIALISM

BASED UPON A STUDY OF EARLY CONDITIONS IN  
CALIFORNIA

By JOSIAH ROYCE

### I



AM a native of California, and the first ten years of my life were passed in a mining town in the Sierra Nevada—a town which was six years older than myself, having been founded in 1849. My earliest

recollections, therefore, are of a community that had no history behind it, except the history of the individual fortunes of its members and of their families. And so if any child in an American community could be brought up without being influenced by any definite provincial traditions, I, as a child, was at first in that position. As a fact, the young Californian of my generation was naturally trained to a sort of individu-

alism that might be good or bad in its results, but that at any rate involved little tendency to be the slave of merely local prejudices of any sort. It was indeed not true in that community that every man did merely that which was right in his own eyes. There was a prevailingly wholesome public opinion. There was generally good order in the community. And there was a lively play of social forces. But it was true that this play of social forces was uninfluenced by any historic local memories. It was true that nobody's costumes or speech or religion or ideals could as yet stand for anything like a finished provincial consciousness of just that community. Provincialism was in the making. It was not yet made.

And so, in childhood, I unconsciously learned what it was *not* to be provincial. For as yet I had no province. I had my home. But home meant my father and mother and sisters. So far as what lay outside of the household was concerned, we had only a dwelling-place,—a dwelling-place where nature had made the beautiful abound, and where man was busy, in the main, in the reckless defacing of nature,—a dwelling-place where vast natural wealth was stored up, and where man was devoted to the recklessly wasteful plundering of that wealth. In my environment the men were indeed numerous, interesting, various in type, intelligent, eager, adventurous, and, like all men, intensely social. But there was as yet little social memory in the community. The community, as an organized body, was as unable to form an idea of a past that it could call its own, as I, the unconscious child, was unable to know whence I had come when I entered the world.

Since that time I have had numerous reasons to think over what that whole social situation really meant. In later years I was once moved to attempt a sketch of early California history. When I wrote the volume which contained this sketch, I, of course, could not trust any of my

early childhood impressions. I spent a good while working over the records of early California, studying old newspaper files, and manuscript statements of pioneers, and contemporary magazine literature,—trying as I could to catch the very elusive social spirit of the years which preceded my own memories. I found the study very instructive regarding both the good and the evil consequences of that lack of provincialism which was inevitable in the first mining period of California.

And what was the social lesson thus to be learned? In what condition is a large and fairly prosperous community of civilized men when it possesses a local habitation, but has as yet no provincial consciousness?

#### BRET HARTE'S MISLEADING TALES

The difficulty of answering these questions may be indicated by reminding you of the so famous pictures that Bret Harte drew, in his stories of the early California days. As a Californian, I can say that not one childhood memory of mine suggests any social incident or situation that in the faintest degree gives meaning or confirmation to Bret Harte's stories. It is true that, when I came to consciousness, in the early sixties of the last century, the earlier California of Bret Harte's stories had, of course, passed away. But it is also true that Bret Harte himself never saw the mines in '49 and '50, and that, years later, he collected the chance materials of his stories from hearsay. It is also true that the social order which Bret Harte depicts is an order that never was on sea or land, and that his tales are based upon a deliberately false romantic method. What concerns me here, however, is that Bret Harte's stories err very notably just in this, that they depict the early California mining camp as if it were more or less of an established institution and portray the miners as if they already possessed a sort of provincial consciousness. For Bret Harte the early

miner is already a definable social type,—with a dialect, with a set of characteristic customs and manners, with a local consciousness almost such as a peasantry or a Highland clan might possess.

In fact, however, no Americans who went to California in 1849 knew beforehand anything about mining. Everybody was there, so to speak, by accident. Nobody at first intended to make his permanent home anywhere in the mines. There were dialects of course,—Yankee, southern, western,—but there was no ruling dialect. There were customs, good and bad; but they were such as individuals brought with them,—such as our villages and our frontiers had in various ways developed all over our country. And—herein lay the essential matter—nobody regarded his customs or his dialect or his ideals as especially fitting to this new community. One's memories, and usually one's hopes, lay elsewhere. One owed at first no loyalty to the place, or to its social order. One's heart and one's social ideals, if one had such, generally clung to the old home. One meant, by lucky mining, to collect quickly the means to pay off the mortgage on the New England farm, or to make a fortune wherewith to grow old in one's native place. Meanwhile one felt quite free of foot. Home was not here. If hard times came, one moved on to another mining camp.

How hard it is to depict the social life of just such a community as this. Bret Harte cannot accomplish the feat. One needs a social background for the characters of a story. Bret Harte creates this social background by conceiving his mining community in distinctly provincial terms. An unprovincial community seems something indescribable, senseless.

By the time when I myself began to look about me, this earliest stage of the mining life had indeed quite passed away. The community was not yet possessed of the consciousness of a province. But it was indeed rapidly *becoming* provincial.

What I was privileged to see in my childhood was, as I now know, the *second* stage of frontier social life,—the struggle for and towards a provincial consciousness. This second stage,—this, and the motives which made it in California so critical and so momentous a stage for social health, have taught to me personally something of the true value of provincialism.

## II

### THE SECOND STAGE OF FRONTIER LIFE

Men who have no province, wanderers without a community, sojourners with a dwelling-place, but with no home, citizens of the world, who have no local attachments,—in these days, also, we all know of the existence of far too many such beings. Our modern great cities swarm with them. Ships that it is hard to number carry them to and fro across the seas. And they are not all of them poor men. The rich also furnish their contribution to the hordes of the men without a province, as our American colonies in Europe remind us. But in California, so long as it was still a frontier region, the problem presented—the problem that I unconsciously saw the people engaged in working out in my native community—was the vital problem of a new state,—it was the vital problem of the community's finding itself, the problem of creating a province, of converting a frontier into a rational social order. That problem, in such a community, could not be postponed or neglected, as our great cities now neglect it. The conditions of the frontier made the problem pressing, unavoidable. And so I, who as yet could have no province, saw as a child the people about me busy in making one. And now, as I am glad to know, California is indeed provincial in a very marked sense.

Why was this problem vital for California? I have tried in my sketch of the early local history to

illustrate the obvious answer. Until a local social consciousness, a genuine community spirit could appear, everybody, however good a citizen he might at first be, tended to degenerate. Loyalty, having no root, withered; and individualism, finely as the conditions of early California favored its more healthy growths, found no really absorbing social business in life. One often associates the early mining life in California with disorder and with social confusion, as if these were the essentially primary conditions. On the contrary, however, as Mr. Charles Shinn and others have shown, and as I also have verified, the earliest mining camps were surprisingly quiet and orderly. 1849 was on the whole, so far as external order went, a quiet year in the mines. 1850 saw some serious social disturbances, but no general disorder. It was not until 1851 that lynching became common in the mines. Then conditions improved for a while, and then renewed disorders led to the reform movement of 1856, which especially affected San Francisco. In sum, the mining population was, at the start, a prevailingly peaceful one, which settled its disputes at regular miners' meetings, by the method of the town meeting. Its disorderly stages were acquired social diseases, due to the lack of any settled community consciousness, due to the absence of loyalty on the part of the individual in his relation to his town and to his State. Because the provincial consciousness was lacking, the community tended to a rapid degeneration into a disorderly state.

But, as I have said, the mining town that I as a child remember had already become once more, after all its earlier crises, a prevailingly orderly community. Any very considerable strike, nowadays, if it comes to violence at all, leads to much worse social disorders, in almost any of our larger cities, than were the disorders of which I ever heard in my childhood. Once in a while a stage robbery on the lonely mountain roads,

or a personal affray in some near-by town, or a report of an armed fight over a disputed mining claim,—such are the only disorders that I can recall. Otherwise, my childhood memories of social events have to do with churches and schools, with what I heard of the lively sectarian religious controversies which still play so notable a part in our newer American communities,—with these, and with the patriotic enthusiasms of the Civil War time. And so, if I had not yet a province, I saw one in the making.

For how, after all, did the disorderly social conditions, so rare in 1849, so frequent by 1851, come later to pass away in California? How did the community recover from its early acquired diseases? It was always a constitutionally wholesome community. It began everywhere in a prevailingly orderly way. Its earliest camps were peaceful. But because it was a community of wanderers, who had no common provincial traditions, and so nothing to bind them to their locality, and who therefore cared for no present institutional life, it had no safeguards against disorder. When the gamblers, and the other birds of prey, appeared, there was therefore no safeguard against their mischief other than chance outbursts of general indignation. And so disorders arose. When this first stage passed away, and mining became a more settled occupation, and farming began, and hard times, often repeated, had taught many people that they must seek a home, if anywhere, then just where they were,—well hereupon it occurred to people that they might wisely make the best of life by having a province, and loving it. In my childhood, this was what the better people were doing. They were building homes, and thinking of orchards and of gardens and of vineyards, and not merely of gold nor yet of further wandering. And so they were beginning to regret their own former devastation of the landscape, and occasionally they would try to cover the wounds by gardens and by orchards.

Furthermore they were beginning to boast about their own town, and to say that it should be better than other towns. They were making much of their older inhabitants. The man who had been in the place ten years, and who, having wronged nobody, had come to possess a decent property, was respected accordingly. He and his formed a certain aristocracy. Social distinctions began to become marked; and they had the advantage of resting upon a certain merit, just because there was nothing else to rest upon. Moreover, one already spoke of California with a deeper pride and patriotism. One gloried in its climate. One began to try to define its peculiar customs. One such California custom became indeed marked during the Civil War. It was one of our first notable provincialisms. It was the custom of clinging stubbornly to a gold currency in all our business transactions at a time when the East fell prey to a paper currency. Public opinion would not permit a man to pay his debts in greenbacks. If he tried to do so, his creditor advertised the fact in the newspapers.

#### SAN FRANCISCO'S MODEL GOVERNMENT

As a child I felt a certain contempt for Eastern folk, who were understood to suppose that a "greenback" dollar was money. We in California knew it to be a bit of paper that we bought for from sixty to eighty cents and used at the post office when we wanted stamps. Such peculiarities already began to give us a sort of provincial consciousness. This rapidly grew and assumed more important forms. At San Francisco, for many years after the Vigilance Committee of 1856, they boasted, not without warrant, that they possessed, and for nearly a generation retained, the purest and soundest municipal government then known in any city of the size in the whole country. It was a business man's government,—the fruit of the hard lessons of the early days,—a con-

servative and for a long time an effective administration. As the pioneers grew old, this particular bit of provincialism, as I regret to say, decayed. The merchants of San Francisco, moreover, had in the early days developed, of course, their own business methods and ere long clung to them rigidly. They were proud of their custom of requiring prompt settlement of commercial accounts, not monthly, but on "steamer day," that is, on the day before the steamer left for Panama and the East, decidedly oftener than once a month. And many other local customs soon sprang up. And so, oddly enough, I who had begun growing up without a province, later found myself, at twenty years of age, restless in what then seemed to me, in my ignorance, all too conservative and narrow-minded a province, already too set, as I thought, in the tradition of the pioneers, too unwilling to listen to what the world beyond the mountains was saying, too sure of itself, too disposed to thank God that it had no blizzards in winter, and needed no new ideas but its own at any season of its year's gracious climate.

I have since learned that this swiftly acquired provincial consciousness, despite its incidental narrowness, was indeed the salvation of California, and that the more recent disorders and corruptions of which you have heard the echoes from that region, have been due to the intrusion of still other and as yet unassimilated social conditions, with which the old provincialism was not yet sufficiently deep-set to cope.

Now I know that California needs to be and to become, not less, but more, provincial,—to have more customs of its own, even as it constantly acquires, as time flies, more ancestors to remember, more legends of the pioneer days to glory in, and more results of civic devotion to cherish and to revere. By provincialism California must conquer its new enemies, as it learned to conquer its old.

Thus then, watching a provincial

consciousness grow, reading something of its early annals, remembering how the society of wanderers in the earliest golden days rapidly degenerated so long as it had not yet learned loyalty to its province, observing how it saved itself by forming its own local customs and attachments,—yes, noting also that even a Bret Harte could not depict his early California without displaying his individual characters over against the background of a mythical provincial society which he romantically feigned,—learning from all these considerations,—I have come to know how vital for the very conception and existence of any rational social order a provincial consciousness is.

### III

#### THE REAL WINNING OF THE WEST

Now the story of California is, *mutatis mutandis*, the story of our recent frontier life everywhere. The "winning of the West" has been a spiritual much more than a merely physical conquest. And the spiritual history of the West has been the history of the formation of local institutions,—the tale of the rise of local traditions and of local loyalty. Chance adventurers have at first crowded here or there: "boomers," emigrants, ranchmen, miners. At first they have come together without any consciousness of community loyalty. But in our country they have usually brought with them good political instincts and a wholesome social good-humor, together with a fondness for orderly conditions. Most of our new communities have therefore begun well. But most of them, under stress, have in their early years degenerated rapidly; so that frontier life has meant in many places a period, brief or longer, of relative social disorder. This disorder has been, as in California, an acquired disease. Many individuals, of course, never recover from this disease. Those who, in such communities, have acquired the wandering habit

have passed on to constantly new enterprises; and of such the really evil elements of our frontier population have consisted. Some years ago one such chronic wanderer was reported in a newspaper as having summed up his experience as boomer, squatter, land-claimant and speculative "home-seeker" in these moving words: "Yes, I have migrated a good many times. Home,—yes, a home is a good thing. In my time I have had some twenty homes. But for me home means a hole in the ground and a Winchester rifle." Such are those amongst our frontiersmen who have never come to know what provincialism means. But such are not the men to whom the real winning of the West has been due. To-day, as a fact, we no longer have any frontier in the old sense. In general, and apart from a few scattered communities, the province has taken the place of the frontier settlement. Local traditions, the reverent memory of the pioneers, the formation of local customs, the development of community loyalty,—these have displaced the merely wandering mood, and the merely detached spirit of private individual enterprise. The man whose hole in the ground was defended by his Winchester rifle has generally, by this time, found his way to his long home. And whatever our social evils, however difficult our present or future problems, we have learned one lesson—namely, that in the formation of a loyal local consciousness, in a wise provincialism, lies the way towards social salvation.

During an academic visit in the Middle West, a few years since, I read an earlier paper on Provincialism. There, as I may now add, —there where I had come to praise provincialism, I found it indeed flourishing, and in most instructive fashion, in the particular community which I was privileged to visit. The conditions of that community had been very different from those of California; but there had been the same need of teaching wanderers to

make homes and to stay at home and to love home life. And the provincial spirit had been developed as a means of organizing all the good things of life. At a college reunion of alumni which I attended, I listened to some hours of very pleasing local reminiscences, such as belong to such occasions in the life of a smaller college. The already legendary memories of the early pioneers, the honor done to departed worthies, the always harmless, and occasionally very well founded and justified boasting about the unique importance of local institutions, the idealizing of life which went along with the whole celebration, the sedateness and conservatism of this representative country college community,—well all these were beautiful features of this celebration. Here was a true provincial life. And it was not a narrow life. The college in question stands high in its class, progresses wholesomely, and looks far afield for new ideas and new ideals. Yet it is also set in some of its ways. It is provincial without being cut off from the larger world. It gives as well as takes. And the whole community of which I speak is one that has its very real part in the nation's affairs.

Thus, then, I went to do my little bit of prophesying. But I found no Nineveh against which to prophesy. Wholesome provincialism was growing all about me, as the crops were growing under the sun and the rains of June.

#### IV

##### THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING PROVINCIAL

As you see, I am indeed preaching no new doctrine in emphasizing the importance of the provincial spirit for our whole national life. But I may next try to explain a little more clearly just what I mean by the provincialism I have been illustrating, and even in doing this I may be able to suggest how my views about provincialism may have some applica-

tion to your own problems here in Massachusetts.

By provincialism, as you remember, I mean, in general, the devotion of each community to the cherishing of its own peculiar social life, and of its own unique ideals. Provincialism, as you thus see, stands in a certain contrast to national patriotism. Sometimes, of course, the two tendencies in the past have stood in direct conflict with each other. When provincialism opposes, or perhaps assails, national ideals, we call it sectionalism. Of the sectionalism that leads towards disunion, you and I have all of us a very well founded horror. But provincialism does not necessarily take the form of sectionalism. Nor, when sectionalism is overcome in a given community, does provincialism, in its other and better aspects, tend to decline. On the contrary, in European countries, you can see many instances where provincialism has long survived the very high development of a love of the national unity of great peoples, and has even prospered by reason of the very fact that the consciousness of membership in a great nation is closely bound up, in each community, with a genuine local patriotism. Scotland and Germany are both of them countries where provincialism flourishes. Both of them are regions where, in the past, sectionalism was long predominant, and where the results of sectionalism were disastrous. In both of them, moreover, the consciousness of membership in a great nation has triumphed over the older sectionalism. And in both of them the wiser provincialism, surviving, is still a source of strength, both to the single community and to the nation itself. What more loyal and effective servants has the British Empire than are furnished to her by the better sorts of Scotchmen? And who is to the very depths of his strongly individual soul more provincial, who is more a lover of the social ideals of his own home, than is the Scot? As for Germany,—wherein lies the strongest safeguard

of her national future? In her navy? In her colonial ambitions? In her foreign policy? No, I should say, in her fondness for retaining and cultivating the better traditions and the manifold ideals of her provinces. If the Imperial power and the military discipline of her great army unify her national consciousness, she needs all the more the retention and the training of the local consciousness of her various communities. Nobody who knows anything of German life and literature can doubt that if Luther's Bible and the unity of language and of literature have been essential to the formation of the German nation, the health of that nation also depends upon the strength and the warmth of the local affections and ideals of her numerous and various communities.

As such instances remind us, the difference between sectionalism and the higher forms of provincialism is analogous to the difference which, in individuals, makes selfishness so markedly contrasted with self-respect. The provincialism for which I am pleading is the self-respect of the community, not its sectional selfishness. And of the idealized forms of self-respect no community can possess too much, just as no individual can set his personal ideals too high.

The provincial self-respect depends first, in any one instance, upon observing that each community must indeed live its own life, and that therefore a community cannot wisely live if it merely takes over the customs of other people, unchanged and hence unassimilated. The provincial self-respect depends secondly upon insisting that the stranger, the newcomer, the alien, must win his social place, if at all then, through his willingness to conform in due measure to the characteristic social standards which the community sets. Every community needs new blood, new life, progress. But the new blood must become its own blood. The new life must circulate in the veins of the community. That is, pro-

vincial self-respect forbids the community to be at the mercy of the social standards of transient visitors, or of intruders. The community must emphasize its own ideals. Until a new community thus wins some sort of spiritual authority over its new-comers and its transient folk, it has not yet become provincial, but remains, like an early California mining camp, a community where individuals indeed have souls, and may have noble souls, but where the social order has no soul. For the wiser provincialism is the soul of the community, seeking expression in word, in custom, and good works. By this soul the stranger's soul must be judged before he can find his due place. But an older community that, once having been thus provincial, has dwindled in soul until it has lost control over its incoming or over its transient population of strangers, so that its summer visitors or its foreign immigrants can henceforth make of it what they will,—well such a community is in great danger of moral death. Its old home then becomes a sort of abandoned farm in the spiritual world. And in the spiritual world, where there is always so much good soil to till, abandoned farms are always out of place.

And so these three factors in every healthy sort of provincial self-respect I emphasize: First, the determination of the community to live its own life, not in isolation, not in sectional selfishness, but through preserving the integrity of its individual ideals and customs. Second, the authority, the gentle but firm social authority which the community exercises towards new-comers and sojourners,—not repelling them, not despising them, but insisting that the soul of the community has its dignity to assert over the souls of all those wayward individuals who have not yet learned to appreciate its meaning. And third, the local patriotism which loves to make this authority beautiful and winning, by idealizing the province, by adorning it, by glorifying it through legend and song and good

works, and kindly provision for the needs of its inhabitants. Wherever these three factors, provincial independence of spirit, provincial authority, and provincial love for making this authority beautiful and winning co-operate, there you have the genuine self-respect of the province awakened. There you have what ought to survive when sectionalism passes away. There you find what the whole nation needs to get through and from the province.

#### PROVINCIALISM A NATIONAL ASSET

And herewith I come directly to the most important aspect of provincialism,—an aspect which I have indicated all along, but which I must now, if only by means of a word or two, especially emphasize. Provincialism, of the sort that I have just described, is good for the province. But it is still more good for the nation as a whole. In a former essay upon this subject,—an essay that I long since put into print,—I stated at length the special reasons why I hold this view. The modern nation tends from its very vastness to become self-estranged, incomprehensible to its citizens, the prey of vast and fatally irresistible social forces. Economic tendencies more and more lead to a crushing of individual initiative, to a levelling of social interests and to a corresponding decrease of the spirit of true loyalty. When certain forms of popular excitement appear, as for example when the newspapers begin to preach some unholy war or other, the nation is too much in danger of falling prey to the mob-spirit. Under these conditions our national safety lies in cultivating that spirit of calm and clear considerateness which only a highly developed provincial self-re-

spect can keep permanently alive. Repeatedly of late years we have seen how much the national safety depends upon the silent voters,—the voters whom the newspapers that most cater to the mob, and that circulate most widely, cannot influence,—the voters who care little how long the shouting lasted at this or at that national convention, and who are at once conservative and docile, critical and practical, thoughtful and decisive. We still have this vast silent vote, this body of considerate and prudent electors to depend upon. Nobody knows upon which side these electors will vote when next we come to decide great national issues; but we have good reason still to hope that no agitators will be powerful enough wholly to mislead them, that no political bosses are crafty enough permanently to enslave their judgment, that no popular magazines will have so large a circulation as to control them, that no newspapers can be noisy enough to deafen their ears to the voice of wisdom.

Now, how shall we keep this body of silent and thoughtful voters? I answer, through the cultivation of a wholesome provincial spirit. In provincial life the small social group of those who take counsel together, the town meeting, the local association, the club, can be kept alive, and the use of the clear reason in local affairs can be wisely cultivated, while the loyal practical instincts of the well-knit community can prevent that fantastic misuse of the reason which gives birth to schemes of wild reform, and which deceives the multitude by the mere show of argument. The province is the place for cultivating coolness of judgment side by side with intense and homely devotion.



## The Lounger

Not having a snap-shot of Mr. Asquith playing golf protected from the suffragettes by six "plain-clothes men," I offer this, giving a group of well-known members of Parliament "discussing the menace of bunkers—not budgets." To quote from the *Tattler* from whose pages I have taken this picture:

Lord Hampden is seen on the extreme left, while nearer the camera is the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, his opponent. Lord Hampden beat Mr. Lyttelton on the seventeenth green. Lord Chesterfield is seen next in order, and on the extreme right is Mr. A. J. Balfour, who in the first

Legislators garbed in unparliamentary costumes and with language to correspond forgot for a blissful period their eternal differences; power and influence sank into insignificance before a good eye and a fine swing. The weather was kind and the whole meeting full of good fights and exciting incidents.



I clip the following from the "Society News" of a daily paper:

Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones entertained with a luncheon to-day, among the guests being the Rev. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, President of the National Woman



From the *Tattler*

A STRENUOUS GAME OF GOLF

round beat Lord Chesterfield after a ding-dong struggle. The Parliamentary golf tournament excited as much interest both inside and outside the House as ever.

Suffrage Association; Mrs. Ida Husted Harper of New York, Mrs. Catts [sic], Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, Harold S. Vanderbilt, Miss Eleanore Sears, Mrs.

Stuyvesant Fish and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symes Lehr.

Suffrage makes stranger bedfellows than misery!



Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont knew how to attract the mob when she threw Marble House open for examination at five dollars a head. It was all for the cause of suffrage, for which cause it was a great day. Marble House is rather an unimaginative

Without going into the rights and wrongs of the controversy between Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Ballinger, I wish to state, boldly and without fear of contradiction, that the Chief of the Forest Service is not what the San Francisco *Argonaut* calls him—"a pink-tea idol." Mr. Pinchot may be all sorts of things, but he is not that. If the editor of the *Argonaut* had ever seen and talked with Mr. Pinchot, he would never have brought such a charge against him. He may play tennis, but it is a far cry from tennis to a "pink tea." Just what manner of man the Government Forester is, may be learned from Mr. Willey's article in this number of *PUTNAM'S*.



Although the censor frowned upon Mr. Shaw's "Press Cuttings," the Civic and Dramatic Guild gave a private performance of it. As a play it does not seem to amount to much; but, as in everything Mr. Shaw writes, there are amusing lines. Here are some of them:

We learn from history that man never learned anything from history.

Physical struggles between persons of opposite sex are unseemly; they are merely embraces in disguise.

Man is ruled by beauty, by charm. The men who are not have no influence. The Salic Law, which forbade women to occupy a throne, is founded on the fact that when a woman

is on the throne the country is ruled by men and therefore ruled badly; whereas when a man is on the throne, the country is ruled by women and therefore ruled well.

The New Zealand women have the vote. What is the result? No poet ever makes a New Zealand woman his heroine. One



"DARBY AND JOAN"

A present-day likeness of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft

name for one's home. I should as soon think of calling my home Brick House, or Board House, or Concrete House. A house might be known to the public by a name so practical and descriptive, but one would scarcely expect the owner to give it such a name in baptism.

might as well be romantic about New Zealand mutton.

I'm against giving the vote to women, because I'm not accustomed to it, and therefore am able to see with an unprejudiced eye what infernal nonsense it is.



The Bancrofts' "Recollections of Sixty Years" is a delightful book. Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft stand for all that is best in the theatre. When they managed the Prince of Wales's Theatre and later the Haymarket they did everything to perfection; there were no "stars," but there was an ensemble that would put some of our "all-star casts" to the blush. If for nothing else, we owe the Bancrofts a debt of gratitude for introducing Tom Robertson to the theatre-going world. He was turned down by every London manager until he knocked at their door. It is a satisfaction to know that they made their refined and intelligent methods pay and that they were enabled to amass a fortune of something like £200,000.



So the *American* has fallen into line with the other ten-cent magazines and is now published at fifteen cents. The change is a wise one. When the ten-cent magazine flourished, publishing conditions were different. Now, paper is higher, and authors are higher, too, so there is little or no profit in mere circulation. Surely fifteen cents is not much to pay for a hundred and forty pages of good reading-matter, to say nothing of the advertisements. The reading-matter has got to be interesting to get the circulation, for it is the circulation that gets the advertising; so the editor has just about as strenuous a time as the business manager.

While I am speaking of magazines, let me call your attention to *House and Garden*, which for several years was published in Philadelphia but has now taken a new lease of life and come to New York. Mr. Robert M. McBride is the head and front of the new organi-

zation, and what he does not know about publishing a magazine of this class is not worth knowing. Mr. McBride got his training on *Country Life in America*; then he was business manager of the *Garden Magazine*, and later started *Yachting*, which sailed into the paying class while



Linley Sambourne's first drawing for *Punch*

A CARICATURE OF JOHN HARE, SQUIRE BANCROFT AND GEORGE HONEY IN  
"CASTE"

the panic was raging. *House and Garden* has a field of its own, and an attractive one. Mr. Saylor, who has been editor of the *American Architect*, and who was formerly managing editor of *Country Life in America*, will be the editor of *House and Garden*. This is a capital title, by the way, for it states specifically the object of the publication.



I shall watch the career of the *Bohemian Magazine* under new management with interest. It starts out so confidently in the search for "novelty." It is going to be "a little stronger, a little simpler and a little more joyous." I hope that it will.



TOM ROBERTSON

Whose plays were first produced by the Bancrofts

Simplicity and joy are great things. They go hand in hand, once you get them; but you don't often get them in a magazine. You get them in automobiles—"joy rides" have long been an institution; then why not joy reading? People who have not had much experience with life write about the "joy of living"; but when you pin them down, they do not make a very good case, and they are not, as a rule, very joyous people. You know the modern definition of life—"One d—d thing after another." That is the way one feels sometimes, but—thank Heaven—not always.



Clyde Fitch was on the top wave of his popularity at the time of his

death. His plays were never in greater demand in this country, and he had just come into his own in England. With the exception of Sardou, he was the most popular playwright of his time. Of the sixty or more plays that he wrote, scarcely one was a failure. It was no unusual thing for four "Fitch plays" to be running in New York at one time; and the same is getting to be true of London. Mr. Fitch was a rapid writer. He could dash off a play in a few weeks, because he had it all worked out in his head before he began to write. But his work did not end when the play was finished. It had barely begun. He worked as hard over the production as though that were his only business. Every detail of stage setting, of costuming, was arranged by him. As for the actors, he usually selected them before the play was written. He could pick a stage winner as a horseman can pick a winning horse. If

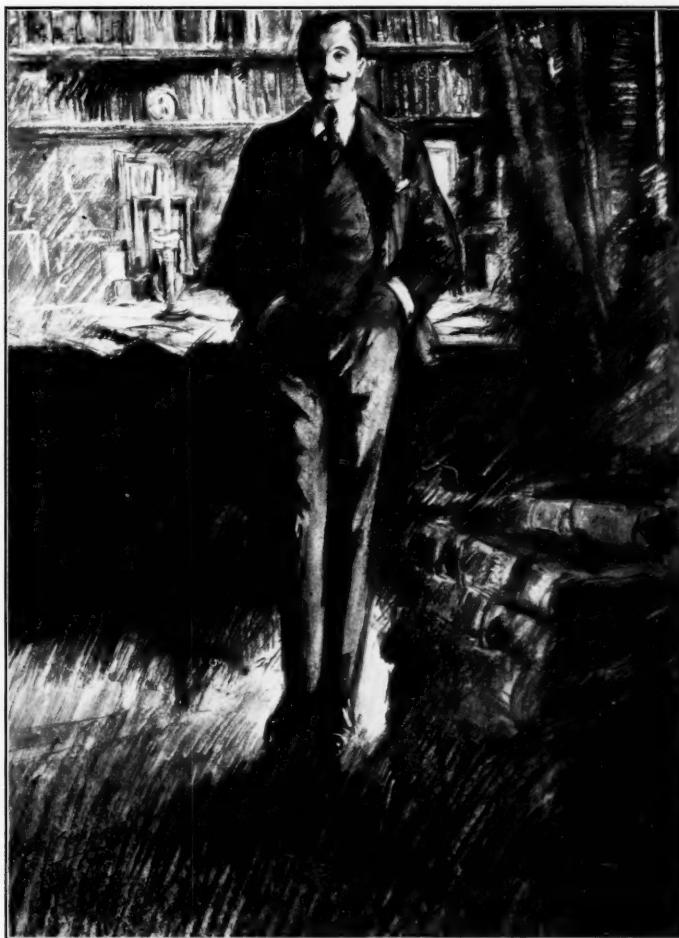
Clyde Fitch had not been a playwright he would have been a novelist. He was a keen observer of men and women, particularly of women, and he could have put them into books as well as he did into plays. He had a woman's love for beauty and luxury, and his surroundings indicated the indulgence of expensive tastes. Pictures and bric-a-brac were to him what gambling and drinking are to some men. He could not resist them, and his houses in town and country were overloaded with objects that he had collected in his travels along the beaten paths or in out-of-the-way places.



Mr. Fitch left a number of plays

ready for production, some already in rehearsal, and he had planned many more. Not to see his familiar face before the curtain on a Fitch first night will be a sad reminder that he is no longer with us. It was

he was gone. That Clyde Fitch was the cleverest American playwright goes without saying. It will be many a long day before we have one as prolific and as evenly good. He was born to write for the theatre, for he



From a pastel by Everett Shinn

THE LATE CLYDE FITCH  
(In the library of his town house)

always a pleasure to see him come before the curtain, for he seemed to be in such a hurry to get away. He never wasted time in speech-making. A few words of thanks and

knew human nature and he knew the stage. The *New York Times* does not exaggerate when it says of Clyde Fitch:

He will surely rank with Augier and

not below Farquhar and Vanbrugh, if not with Congreve and Sheridan. The author of the first and second acts of "The Climbers," the first half of "The Truth," two or three scenes in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" and the love scenes of "Barbara Frietchie," certainly did something well worth doing for American fiction, quite apart from his material service to the contemporary stage.

Just now we are a little too near him to place him without prejudice. Posteriority, however, will do him justice.



So we are no longer to see "W. W." signed to the dramatic reviews in the *Tribune*. Even when I was a youngster I have read Mr. Winter's criticisms and enjoyed them, whether I agreed with them or not. They were as much a feature of the *Tribune* as were Horace Greeley's agricultural editorials. The trouble was in the counting-room. Mr. Winter dared speak his mind, and this interfered with the advertising accounts of the theatres; so off came his head. More than forty years of honorable and valuable service counted for nothing. Mr. Winter's copy was "blue-pencilled," and Mr. Winter resigned. That was not so strange as that his resignation should have been accepted. Something similar is said to have happened a year or so ago with Mr. W. P. Eaton and the *Sun*. Interfere with the cash receipts at your peril! Critics may go just so far but no farther. They can hit the small fry as hard as they like, thus showing their independence to a doubting world; but let them hit "higher up," and they might as well resign, for they will be asked to if they don't.

The *Outlook* speaks its mind freely on this subject, and it expresses the views of thousands of people. It quotes part of a letter written by the editor of the *Tribune* to Mr. Winter, of which there can be but one interpretation:

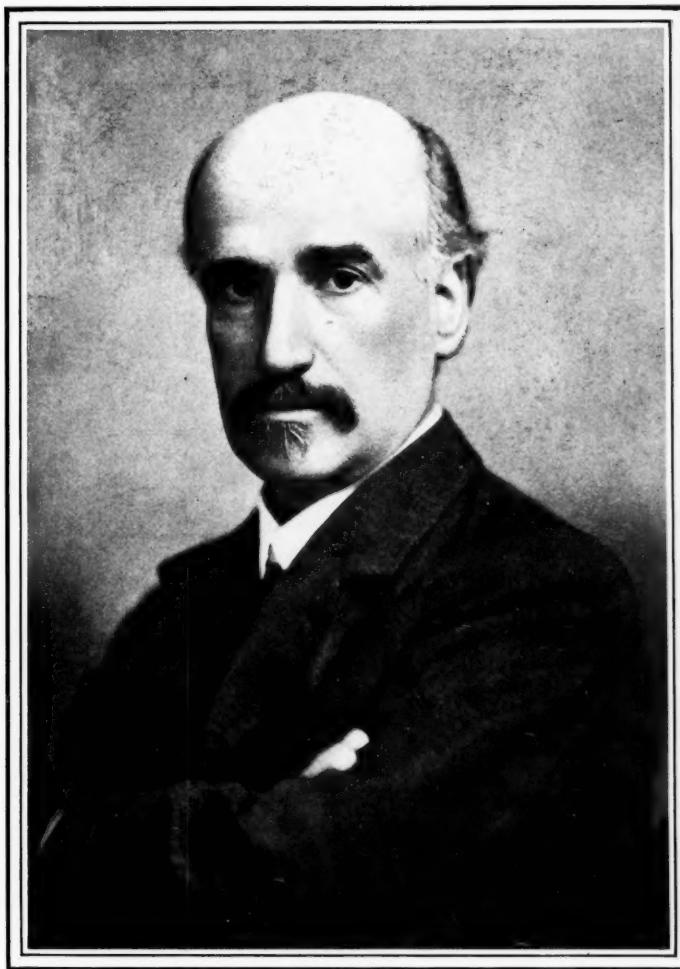
"It is my opinion that the theatrical news published on Sunday should not be condemnatory. . . . That a play is well attended, that there has, or has not, been

a change in the cast, etc., etc.—these are facts which can be properly stated, whether the play is good or bad."

If we understand the English language, this is a clear statement that in the *Tribune*, at least in its Sunday edition, there must appear no criticism which will offend any of its theatrical advertisers. We have no wish to interfere in the private affairs of our neighbors, but this does not seem to us to be a private affair. The public has a right to know whether the theatrical criticisms which it reads are the opinions of competent and impartial critics, or are dictated by the theatrical managers. There have been of late a few American plays of dramatic and literary power, and more plays which, though ephemeral and unliterary, touched pertinently public and social questions. Yet there is a general feeling that the American stage has in very recent years degenerated, and that the American playwright is too often, not a literary and dramatic artist, but a hack employee of the great managers. Is it any wonder that the stage is looked upon with distrust and contempt by free and enlightened people when its dominant spirits in this country are able and willing to dictate the kind of criticism that shall be published in a paper of such a distinguished literary and artistic history as the New York *Tribune*? The editors of some of our great metropolitan newspapers indulge occasionally in a good deal of lofty talk about the glories of "a free press" and the danger to our institutions if we make our libel laws so severe that the editors may occasionally be restrained by the courts. What kind of a free press have we when the receipts of the counting-room determine the opinions of the editorial room?



With his tragic death fresh in their minds, his fellow-poets and fellow-craftsmen generally said some kind but rather foolish things about the lack of appreciation of John Davidson shown by the general public. Now they are looking at the matter in a truer light. The man who chose to write such verse as Davidson wrote could not expect to win popular acclaim, much less the ducats of the reading public. The critics always,



Photograph by Elliot & Fry, London

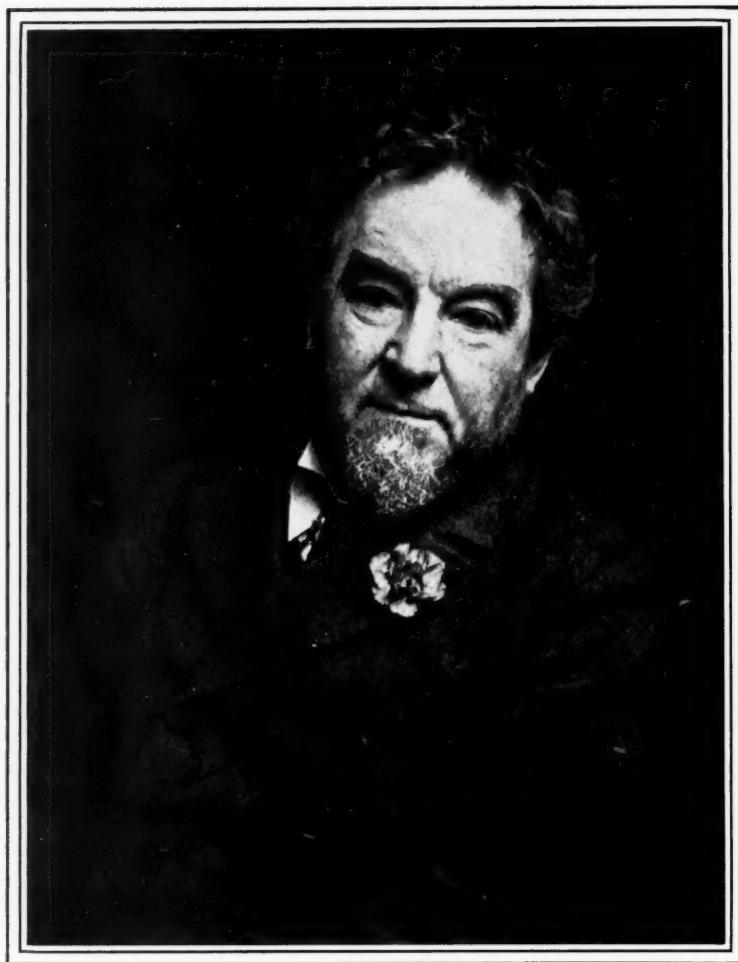
THE LATE JOHN DAVIDSON

or nearly always, praised his work, but that did not put money in his purse. There were a few dissenting voices, but as a rule, it seems to me, he got all the praise that he deserved. His verse is not only eccentric, but his subjects were as a rule sordid and hardly adapted to poetic treatment.

22

I have been just reading David-

son's posthumous volume, "Fleet Street, and Other Poems," and I am surprised that he came off so well at the hands of the reviewers. Great fun was poked at Walt Whitman for his "catalogue" verse, and here we have it in Davidson, only in a more exaggerated form. The book is published over here by Mitchell Kennerley, a young Englishman who came to this country under the banner of the



EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

The poet-mayor of San Francisco. See page 230

Bodley Head, and therefore has a special leaning towards books of verse. Not to condemn Davidson unheard, I will quote:

Fleet Street was once a silence in the ether.  
The carbon, iron, copper, silicon,  
Zinc, aluminium vapours, metalloids,  
Constituents of the skeleton and shell  
Of Fleet Street—of the woodwork, metal-  
work,

Brickwork, electric apparatus, drains  
And printing-presses, conduits, pavement,  
road—

Were at the first unelemented space,  
Imponderable tension in the dark  
Consummate matter of eternity.  
And so the flesh and blood of Fleet Street,  
nerve  
And brain infusing life and soul, the men,  
The women, woven, built and kneaded up  
Of hydrogen, of azote, oxygen,

Of carbon, phosphorus, chlorine, sulphur,  
iron,  
Of calcium, kalium, natrum, manganese,  
The warm humanities that day and night  
Inhabit and employ it and inspire,  
Were in the ether mingled with it, there  
Distinguished nothing from the road, the  
shops,  
The drainpipes, sewage, sweepings of the  
street:  
Matter of infinite beauty and delight  
Atoning offal, filth and all offence  
With soul and intellect, with love and  
thought;  
Matter whereof the furthest stars consist,  
And every interstellar wilderness  
From galaxy to galaxy, the thin  
Imponderable ether, matter's ghost,  
But matter still, substance demonstrable  
Being the icy vehicle of light.

That almost sounds like a burlesque of Whitman. Do you wonder that it was not popular? Another unpoetic subject is that of London railway stations. He takes them up in turn and describes their unpicturesqueness. I can imagine a description of railway stations that might be interesting and characteristic, but that given by Davidson is neither. The Crystal Palace one would think would have given him a chance to paint a gayly colored picture, but it only suggests gloom and ugliness to this poet:

The light is artificial now; the place  
Phantasmal like a beach in hell, where  
souls  
Are ground together by an unseen sea.  
A dense throng into the central Transept,  
wedged  
So tightly they can neither clap nor stamp,  
Shouting applause at something, goad  
themselves  
In sheer despair to think it rather fine:  
"We came here to enjoy ourselves. Bravo,  
Then! Are we not?" Courageous folk  
beneath  
The brows of Michael Angelo's Moses dance  
A cake-walk in the dim Renascence court.  
Three people in the silent Reading-room  
Regard us darkly as we enter: Three  
Come in with us, stare vacantly about,  
Look from the window and withdraw at  
once.

A drama; a balloon; a Beauty-Show—  
People have seen them doubtless, but  
none of those  
Deluded myriads walking up and down  
The north nave and the south nave anx-  
iously—  
And aimlessly, so silent and so sad.

The strongest poem in the book is devoted to Cain, whom Davidson, in a spirit akin to that of Bernard Shaw, defends for his slaughter of Abel. If it was right in the sight of the Lord for Abel to slaughter animals on the altar of sacrifice, was it not more welcome to Heaven to offer up the life of a man? If he had not slain Abel he would have been slain by him, he argues, for there was a look in Abel's eye that said as plain as words, "You may be the next; I'm turning it over in my mind." So as much in self-defence as to please God, Cain slays his brother. But it did not please God—much to the murderer's surprise.



It is said that Stephen Phillips, the poet, is living at Brighton in such straitened circumstances that he has not the price of even a third-class railway ticket to London. I do not suppose that Phillips ever made a fortune out of his poetry, but as it used to be said that his poems "sold like fiction," and as most of them were written for the stage, and several of them had fairly long runs in London theatres, it would seem as though he might have the price of a short railway journey in his pocket. Undaunted by the example of Phillips and the late John Davidson, young Alfred Noyes announces his intention to write poetry and nothing else, and declares that so far he has made a living by it, and he believes he will continue to do so. Let us hope that he will. Mr. Noyes is young—somewhere under thirty, I believe,—which accounts for his optimism. He has had good fortune so far,—his latest work is a stirring epic called "Drake," which enjoyed the distinction, unique in the annals of



Crayon portrait by Antonio Arganani

MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

poetry, of being run as a serial in *Blackwood's*—but he has never had the good fortune to have his dramatic poems performed on the stage of leading London theatres, as has been the lot of Mr. Phillips. I am afraid that the author of "Paolo and Francesca" and of "Herod" is not a good financier; in any case, I trust his pecuniary embarrassments are only temporary.

## 22

M. Antonio Arganani is a most fortunate man. It is generally understood that he chooses only beautiful women for his subjects, hence beautiful women flock to his studio. Crayon is his medium and he completes a picture in two or three sittings. This would seem to prove that M. Arganani is a most self-de-

nying man that he can bring his mind to the dismissal of a charming sitter in so short a time. Other artists boast of twenty—even fifty sittings; which must be delightful to them but somewhat exhausting to the sitter. Three of these portraits are of well-known women; that is my reason for publishing them. Mrs. Guinness can hardly be called "in the public eye," but as beauty is its own excuse for being, I offer no apology for giving her portrait with the others.

## 23

We can ill afford to lose so gifted an architect as Charles F. McKim. He was more than an architect: he was an artist of a very high type.

The firm of which he was the dominant member, McKim, Mead & White, has done more for architecture in this country than has any other. It was a pioneer in making our architecture beautiful. When the University of Pennsylvania conferred a degree upon Mr. McKim less than a year ago, Professor Warren P. Laird said in nominating him:

During your career architecture has advanced in this country from obscurity to its rightful position as the master art. In this development your influence has been supreme by reason of a noble purity of style, exalted professional ideals and passionate devotion to the cause of education.

Mr. McKim was an expensive archi-

tect to employ, for he never regarded the cost to attain an art ideal. There are hundreds of anecdotes in illustration of this peculiarity. I quote one from an article by Albert Kelsey printed in the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

It is said that when he was completing the Morgan Library—one of the most finished and elegant buildings in the world—he suggested to its wealthy owner, who, until then, had given him *carte blanche*, that he knew where a large disk of porphyry could be purchased abroad which would just complete the floor under the beautiful vestibule dome. When the price was mentioned, Mr. Morgan was more than forcefully indignant, and gave his architect a stern lecture upon the vice of extravagance. The subject was dropped and other matters were discussed; but just before the interview concluded Mr. McKim whispered in the great man's ear that "Emperors had been crowned upon that stone!" Some days later, Mr. McKim was notified that the porphyry had been cabled for, and it is now said by those who should know that at the famous midnight meeting the Tsar of Wall Street received the great bankers of the country while standing upon it. At any rate, be this as it may, it is in the floor where Mr. McKim wanted it to go, and it completes his color scheme as he wished to have it completed.

22

To-day the name of the late E. H. Harriman fills the railway and financial worlds almost to the exclusion

of all others. Fifty years hence he may still be vaguely remembered in these two worlds, though the general public will have forgotten his name entirely. But for a century to come the scientific world will hold him in respect as the "only begetter" of the great work on Alaska that he made possible. Wishing to visit, not many years ago, what was then our remotest possession, and finding the regular boats too small for comfort, he chartered a big steamship, and rather than rattle round in it alone with his family, took with him a picked band of scientific investigators, paying all their travelling expenses to and from Seattle, or wherever else the vessel sailed from, to give them the holiday of their lives, and published their reports in eighteen portly volumes!



Crayon portrait by Antonio Arganani

MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS

The first two of these volumes, which are narrative in form, were written by John Burroughs, John "Glacier" Muir, George Bird Grinnell and Charles A. Keeler—from which one may judge the character of the sixteen others presenting the scientific results of the expedition. And this lasting monument to the memory of the millionaire is merely the by product of a summer holiday!



The letter here quoted *verbatim* speaks for itself:

HAVERFORD, PENNA.

My dear Lounger,

It is with no hope of producing an impression on you that I take the pains to sit down and tell you a few of the things your attitude towards woman's suffrage has made me think of you. One hardly

expects a man or woman who writes for publication really to say what he thinks, or she as the case may be. However I have a lurking suspicion that you do think which makes me wonder at your shall I say cowardly attempt to identify this movement with socialism. Not that socialism is bad per se, but it has got itself into discredit these days by the company it keeps. It is easy for you to sit back and cast inuendoes at this and that, and I have no doubt that there are many ready to tell you how clever you are. It is easy to be clever in that way; and of course cleverness in these days of Elbert Hubbard and Bernard Shaw Must be looked on, like beauty, as its own excuse.

I am not attempting a defense of woman's suffrage—I don't even spell it with capitals—but I have too friendly a feeling toward you and the magazine in which you vent yourself to hesitate in

telling you what impression your attitude has had on one of your most humble readers. I really doubt whether my words will affect you to anything but ridicule if they produce that much effect: but the next time your mind turns in the direction of the suffrage question, I hope you will be able to do at least as well as the ancient Greeks who, even in those benighted times, were always ready to recognize that "There is much to be said on both sides." Your sincere admirer in many things,—

Far be it from me to ridicule a letter written in so fair and friendly a spirit. I quite agree with the ancient Greeks that there is much to be said on both



Crayon portrait by Antonio Arganani

MISS KATHERINE ELKINS

sides, but I think there has been too much said on one side, and too noisily said.

22

Had I written the article by Mr. Thomas L. Masson "Concerning Authors as Editors See Them," it could not better have expressed my views. It is possible that all editors have the same experiences. Take these two paragraphs, for instance. How many times have I said virtually the same thing in these columns.

There has been a great deal of nonsense written about the relationship of the contributor to the editor. I cannot begin to tell the number of times the old question has been asked me as to whether the contribution of an unknown contributor receives the same attention as that of the contributor who is known. The personal equation is also considered to be a matter of the utmost importance. Letters of introduction to an editor, on the part of a budding contributor, are thought to be a great help toward success.

How absurd! An editor is like any other human being. If he is of any value at all in the economy of things, he is so because of the judgment which he exercises in the selection of his material, and of his ability to know what his readers want. He may be mentally independent enough to select the thing only that he himself cares for, taking the chances that, in the long run, his own individuality will win out, and that he may be in accord with the majority of his readers. Or he may select his material without regard to his

own personal predilections, hoping, by experience and observation, to select only those things which he has come to learn the public wants. But whichever path he chooses, he cannot afford to neglect the new contributor. The new contributor, indeed, is his one salvation. It is through the "finds" that he makes among the new contributors that he hopes to raise the standard of his own publication and thus add to his own reputation.

22

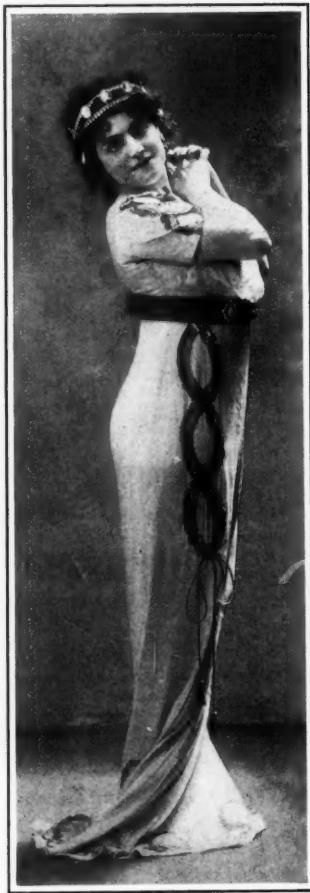
There is nothing new in what Mr. Masson says about the pay of authors, but the subject is so interesting to the layman that it is always readable. He speaks of the days when Bill Nye received \$200 a week for a syndicated letter, with no allowance for travelling expenses when in search of



Crayon portrait by Antonio Arganani

MME. LINA CAVALIERI

material, and contrasts this with the \$1000 a week that is paid to an American humorist to-day, who can sit at his



MARGUERITE SYLVA AS "TOSCA"

desk at home and write every line of his letter. Fifty-two thousand dollars a year for a weekly letter on any old subject that comes along, is good pay. This throws the popular novelist into the shade, for the novelist has to labor with a plot and disport himself amongst a dozen or more characters, while this humorist has his plots made to his hand, and his three characters are always with

him. Mr. Masson speaks of the "good old days" (for editors), when a cent and a half or two cents a word was considered liberal pay for a story. Now the most popular writers get ten and twelve cents a word, and there are two well-known instances of \$1.50 per word being paid. He also mentions an author who gets \$1200 for a



FREDERICO CARASA

short story, and who cannot supply the demand even at this price. No wonder that every one who wants money turns to story-writing. These

tales of high pay are, however, very misleading. An editor must want a story more than he wants anything else in the world, to pay such a price for it. There are thousands of good stories, and stories by well-known and popular writers, that are not sold at all. An editor is an unknown quantity. You can no more tell what he wants than you can read the answer in the stars. I am often of the opinion that he is not sure in his own mind on this subject. If I wanted to disclose the secrets of the prison-house, I could make my readers sit up with surprise, as I myself have done.



Signor Bonci writes very illuminatingly in the *Etude* of his experiences as a singer and a student of singing. He argues that it is far easier to sing in the operas of to-day than in the classics. "The Barber of Seville," for instance, is now almost always cut, because the difficulties are such that few singers of to-day can overcome them. For one thing, the orchestra does not cover up the deficiencies of the singer's voice or art in the old operas as it does in the new. Signor Bonci advises the student above all things to be patient. He himself spent nine years in studying before he made his operatic débüt. At one time he lived with three other young students, all of whom, like himself were "desperately poor." They could not afford to have a piano, and did all their studying with the aid of a pitch-pipe. In this way Bonci practised for hours, spending so much time on exercises for attack, sung *mezzo voce*, that his companions declared that he was mad. "The Delle Sedie method and vocalizers filled three large volumes. I studied them all." Evidently singers are not only born but made; and every word that Bonci has to say on the art of singing is of interest and value,

since no tenor now living is a more perfect master of what he calls "the true art of *bel canto*" than he.



Mr. Hammerstein has a tenor who looks like Caruso and whose name resembles Caruso's; and—what is more to the point, he has another tenor who sings like Caruso. Señor Carasa, to whom the Metropolitan Opera House star gave a world-wide advertisement by complaining of his name, has not fulfilled the expectations that were aroused by preliminary announcements—though he looks enough like Caruso to be his brother. But Signor Zerola, who came to America unheralded and unknown, aroused the enthusiasm of his hearers; so much so, that Mr. Hammerstein, who urgently needed him in his business, promptly appropriated him, and left the Italian Opera Company at the Academy of Music shorn of its bright particular star. Signor Zerola has a beautiful and powerful voice, and takes his high notes in the good old-fashioned way that never fails to stir the pulses of the most jaded opera-goer. Unlike any other tenor the Manhattan has had, the newcomer may be depended on to attract the public as popular prima-donnas do. As for Señor Carasa, the exaggerated accounts that preceded his débüt were really unjust to him. He is still very young, and though his singing is full of promise, it will take time and experience to put him where his press-agent tried to land him in a night.



One of the most popular members of the company that Mr. Hammerstein had got together for his preliminary season of "educational" opera, is Marguerite Sylva, who used to sing here in light opera on Broadway. Her "Carmen" made her a favorite from the very beginning.



# Noteworthy Books of the Month



## Poetry and Belles-Lettres

Burton, Richard  
Cary, Elisabeth Luther  
Moody, William Vaughn  
Neihardt, John G.  
Noyes, Alfred  
Symons, Arthur  
  
Wilcox, Louise Collier  
Zangwill, Israel

From the Book of Life  
Artists Past and Present  
The Great Divide  
Man-Song  
Drake  
The Romantic Movement in English Poetry  
The Human Way  
The Melting Pot

Little, Brown  
Moffat, Yard  
Macmillan  
Kennerley  
Stokes  
  
Dutton  
Harper  
Macmillan

## Travel and Description

Hardie, J. Keir  
Holland, Clive  
Johnson, Clifton  
Milmine, Georgine  
  
Van Dyke, John C.

India, Impressions and Suggestions  
Tyrol and Its People  
The Picturesque Hudson  
The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and the History of Christian Science  
The New New York

Huebsch  
James Pott & Co.  
Macmillan  
  
Doubleday, Page  
Macmillan

## Fiction

Beach, Rex  
Chambers, Robert W.  
Crawford, F. Marion  
Goodwin, Maude Wilder  
Garland, Hamlin  
Hall, Eliza Calvert  
James, Henry  
Kipling, Rudyard  
Lincoln, Joseph C.  
McCutcheon, George Barr  
Oppenheim, James  
Parker, Gilbert  
Stevens, Ethel Stefana  
Vance, Wilson  
Vielé, H. K.

The Silver Horde  
The Danger Mark  
Stradella  
Veronica Playfair  
The Moccasin Ranch  
The Land of Long Ago  
Julia Bride  
Actions and Reactions  
Keziah Coffin  
Truxton King  
Doctor Rast  
Northern Lights  
The Veil  
Big John Baldwin  
On the Light Ship

Harper  
Appleton  
Macmillan  
Little, Brown  
Harper  
Little, Brown  
Harper  
Doubleday, Page  
Appleton  
Dodd, Mead  
Sturgis & Walton  
Harper  
Stokes  
Holt  
Duffield

## History and Biography

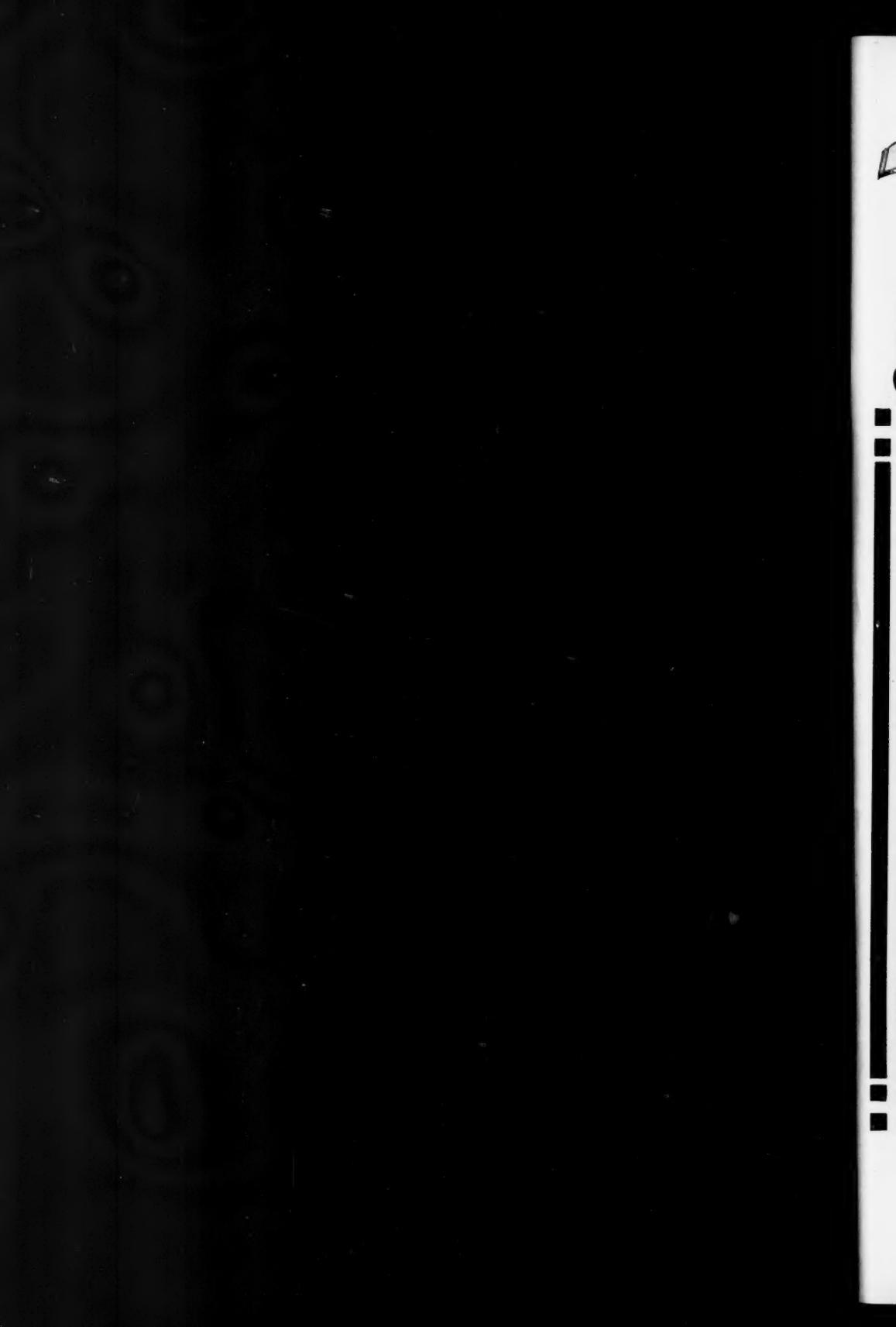
Abbott, Frank F.  
Botsford, George W.  
Brandes, Georg  
Dunn-Pattison, R. P.  
Endell, James  
Wallace, Lew  
Newman, Ernest

Society and Politics in Ancient Rome  
The Roman Assemblies  
Anatole France  
Napoleon's Marshals  
The Love Story of Empress Josephine  
The Boyhood of Christ  
Hugo Wolf

Scribner  
Macmillan  
Doubleday, Page  
Little, Brown  
James Pott & Co.  
Harper  
Lane

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.







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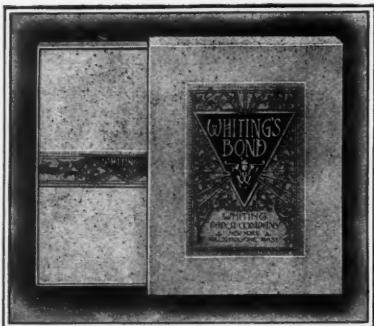
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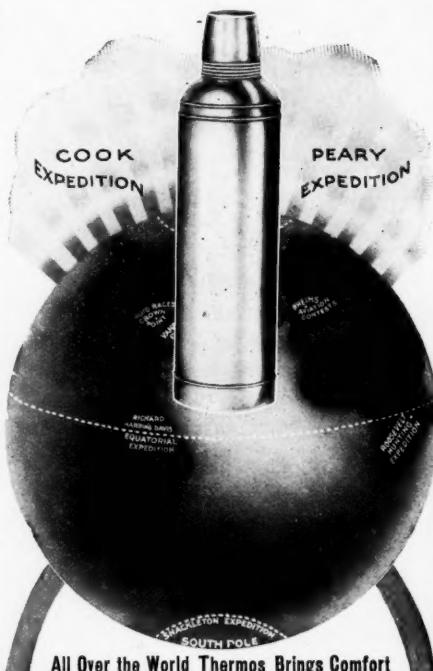
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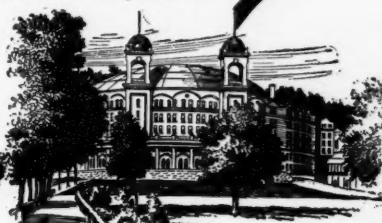
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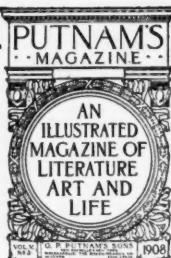
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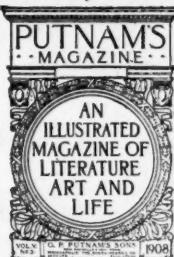
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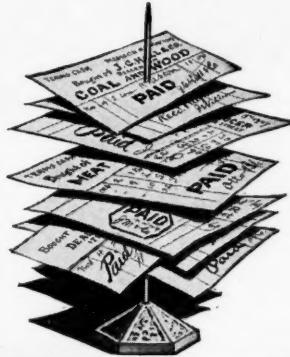
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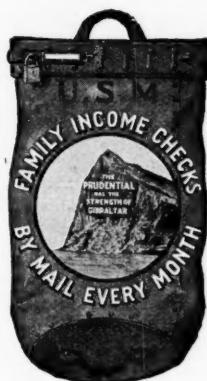
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